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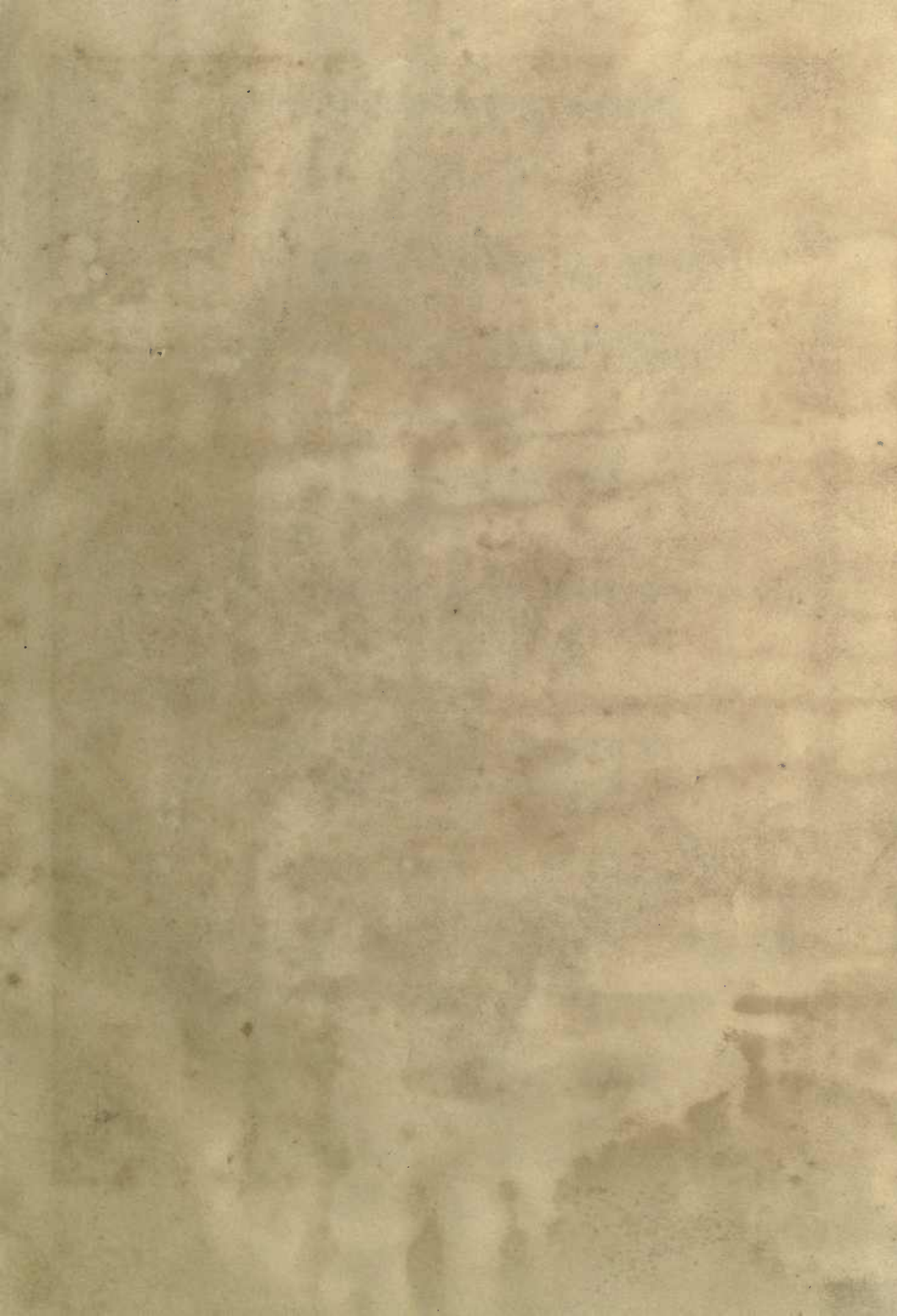
THAMES
SCENERY

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Stammack



Thomas S. Parry, from the Parry House





A

PICTURESQUE TOUR

OF THE

RIVER THAMES

IN ITS WESTERN COURSE;

INCLUDING

PARTICULAR DESCRIPTIONS

OF

RICHMOND, WINDSOR, AND HAMPTON COURT.

BY

JOHN FISHER MURRAY,

AUTHOR OF THE WORLD OF LONDON, ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH

UPWARDS OF ONE HUNDRED HIGHLY-FINISHED WOOD ENGRAVINGS,

BY ORRIN SMITH, BRANSTON, LANDELLS, AND OTHER EMINENT ARTISTS.

LONDON:

HENRY G. BOHN, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

MDCCCXLV.

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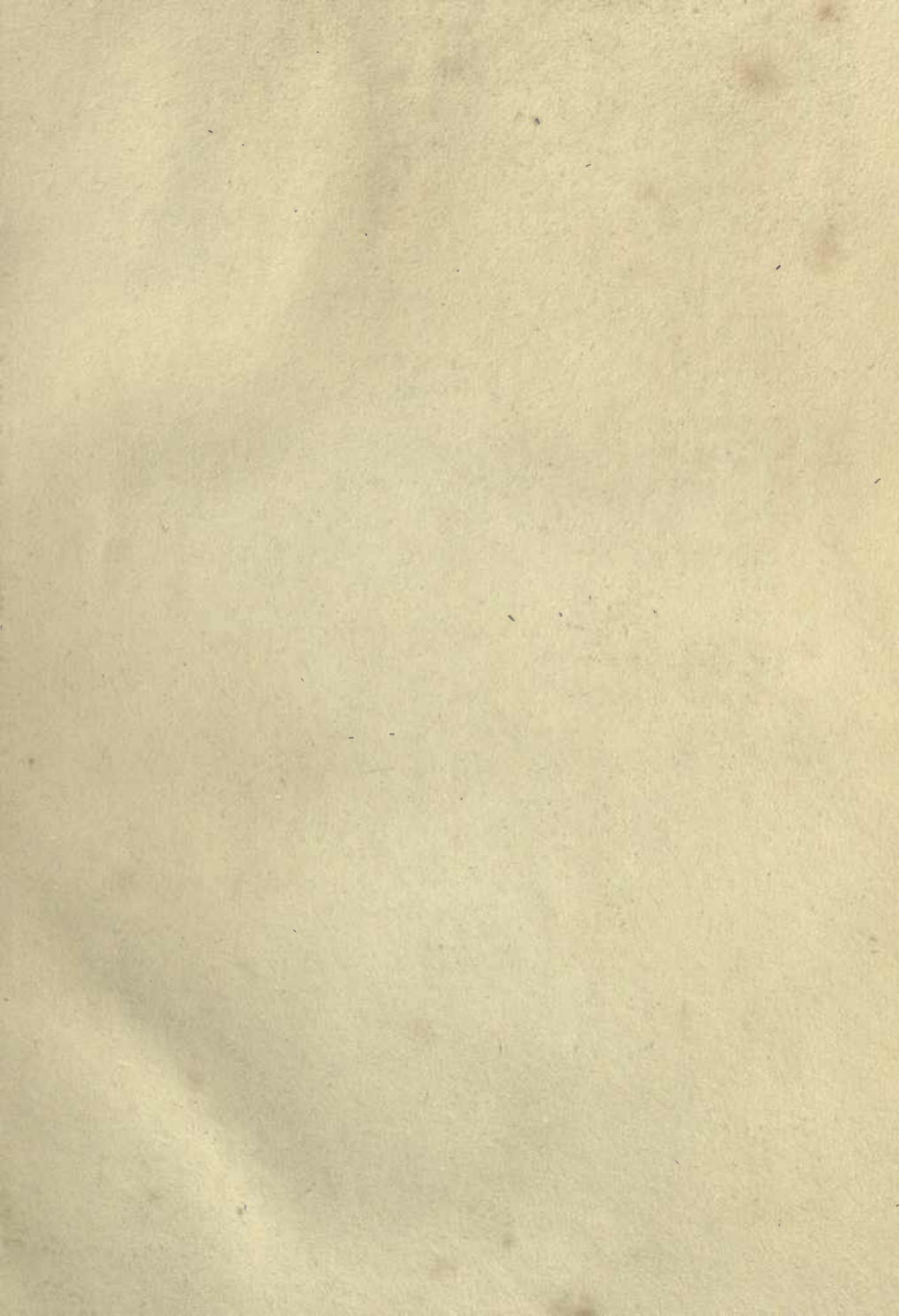
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BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF HAMPTON-COURT PALACE.





THE ENVIRONS OF LONDON.

EXCURSION TO RICHMOND BY THE RIVER THAMES.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire ;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.—MILTON.

“GIVE me,” said Sterne, “a companion of my way, were it only to inform me how the shadows lengthen as the sun declines.” So say we—let us have a companion, though he were a finger-post ; though his faculties extended no farther than with outstretched arm to point out to us places of superior interest, and to remind us of their names : to say, for example, “In that house lived St. John ; there Fox and Canning died, and beneath that stone repose the mortal remains of Hogarth.”

We want a companion who shall be to us as a catalogue in a gallery of pictures—less a companion than an indicator ; we can criticise for ourselves. So we can, in making these our excursions, reflect for ourselves ; and there appears somewhat of assumption in a topographer teaching his readers to think. His duty is, to furnish them with materials for thinking ; his task is, to inform them of their near approach to places enriched with classical

associations—the recollections called up by those associations arise spontaneously in the minds, and form the highest enjoyment of those qualified by mental constitution to indulge them.

The tourist of a less imaginative class, however indifferent he may feel with respect to the associations of places on his route, is yet anxious to be informed of their names : they who are incurious of reflection, are yet curious of inquiry.

The topographer is expected to do two things, incongruous and incompatible : he must think for such as are incapable of thinking for themselves ; those who have ideas of their own, and want not his, desire facts, abundance of facts. If he write for the former, he is flowery, excursive, superficial, and impertinent ; if for the latter, he must needs be hard, arithmetical, dry, and dull. If he attempt to combine both styles, he is as successful as if he were to sprinkle broad-cloth with spangles, or trim robes of frieze with copper lace.

We take it, therefore, that we are only doing justice to those who may invite us of their company, in concluding that they are able to think for themselves ; and in this belief, we will endeavour to refrain from vain “bibble-babble,” and merely fulfil our humble but useful office of conductor ; raising our arm here and there, at intervals, like the telegraph on One Tree Hill, whenever we would signal the tourist that there is something in view upon which he may “chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancies.”

We hope to find our readers in good humour this fine May morning, when the yearning after the country, and rural sights and sounds, comes upon us like a home sickness ; and the glittering sun looks joyously down upon our stony streets and our dull brick walls, as if he were laughing at us, while we look up wistfully at his bright face, wishing ourselves lying at full length on some velvet sward, fifty miles from town, our hat over our eyes, kicking our heels for very wantonness, and carolling aloud in the hilarity of our hearts !

Pleasant it is to reflect that in devoting a day to nature and her charms, we are guilty of a dissipation leaving behind it no unpleasant reminiscences ; that what we lose in time and money, we will be more than repaid in rudeness of health and buoyancy of spirit, without which what are time and money ? Without these, blessings as they are, not of man’s giving, time but marks the continuity of pain, and money is but the means to purchase that

which cannot longer be enjoyed. While those sources of enjoyment which enervate the mind and enfeeble the frame are expensive as they are hurtful, pleasant it is to reflect that *our* enjoyments, *our* excursions, are of little cost: that those delights which raise the mind above low pursuits and sordid considerations, lie open to us without trouble or difficulty, and that our most inexpensive pleasures are at once the most elevating and the most innocent.

While the pursuit of wealth is attended with doubt, uncertainty, and care—while the paradise of fashion is delicious only as it is exclusive—while the workings of ambition are dashed with perpetual fear of fall, communion with Nature is free from every unpleasant feeling, every jarring sensation. From the troubles of working-day life (and every man finds his troubles, if he does not make them), from the heartlessness and sordid ways of our fellow-men, or it may be of ourselves; from the hand-to-hand struggles of human competition, we turn to Nature, as the tired infant turns to the mother's breast.

And oh! is it not good that the God of nature thus spreads a feast for us in the desert? though we neglect the country of His making for the town which is of our own; though we refuse the invitation that comes to us in our city homes, borne on every breath of spring; though the lark and nightingale sing, and the primrose and violet bloom for us in vain, while all goes well with us, and certainty, like her shadow, waits on hope, whatever we may pursue in the business of life: yet, let a change come over our fortunes—let sickness blanch the cheek—let the worse than sickness come upon us, when the cankered mind eats into itself, and all that the saddened eye looks upon is distasteful—whither then do we turn? Then to thee, Nature, we return! The heart leaps up at thy approach, and the face of sickness looks smilingly: the weary mind is refreshed, the broken spirit finds balm for its wounds with thee, fair minister of quiet pleasures, and not unpleasing cares!

Yet—even yet, there is more to say for the country, and a reason of more moment why it is good to commune with her. There is an upward tendency of thought, a purification of spirit, an alienation of mind from the world and worldly things, that are more to the immortal part of our nature than the song of birds, the budding flowers, or the bubbling of waters. The spirit of peace descends upon us, the heart grows and swells with a sober

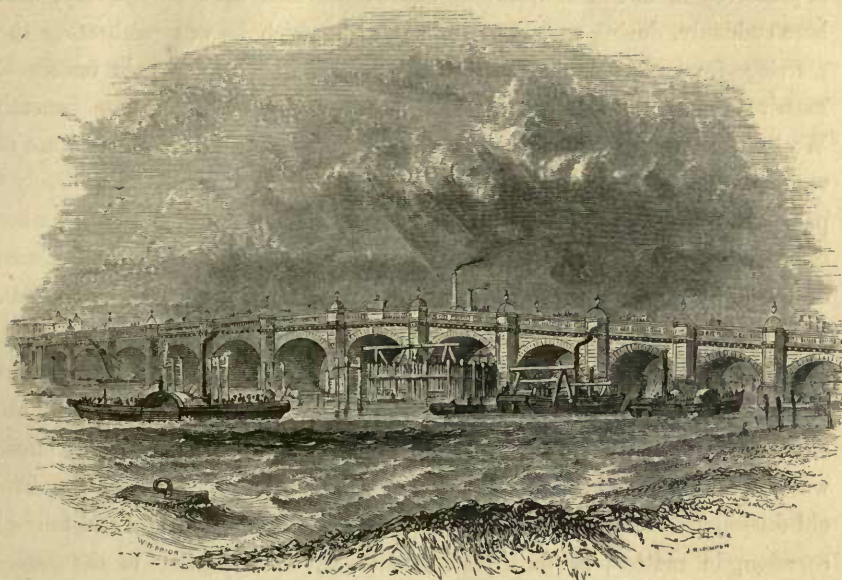
ecstasy, and is lifted up in grateful homage to the Giver of this good, eloquent though speechless. Whatever of good town may have left in the recesses of man's heart, the country brings to the surface. The poetry of the country is a poetry of devotion; for is not the country a huge temple, wondrous in its azure roof fretted with "patines of bright gold;" its verdant carpet overspread with thousand divers hues and shapes of beauty; its pillars, aisles, chapels, in trees, groves, glens; the pure soft air of May, is it not incense, and are there not choristers on every bough?

Verily, in this temple, with lowly heart, will we this day worship.

On such a soft, sunny, balmy morning as this, the eye and the mind are athirst for a green field: desire of the country asserts its supremacy like an instinct, and we cannot, do what we will, expel it from our thoughts: we are restless, unsatisfied, and melancholy, like men in love, and so we are—in love with Nature; and it is the memory of her sweet face, and the pleasures we have erewhile enjoyed in her society, that now haunt us like a vision of delight. We cannot get on with our work within-doors; and without, how tantalising the clear blue sky, transfixed by thousand staring chimney-pots, and the balmy breeze wafting along city odours and city dust! The sunbeams gilding puddles that the watering-carts have left, mock our town imprisonment with their glancing: we feel as prisoners in a dungeon, when noontide lets a downward ray of sun-light into their miserable cell: we are mewed up, and while flowers are springing from the grassy turf, the birds singing on every spray, and the little flies swarming in the sunny beam, we are here impounded between double files of ugly brick houses, hard flags under our feet, a Babel of discordant sounds around us, and nothing of quiet, beautiful nature visible but the narrow strip of heaven's azure overhead.

All this we must know, and feel, and suffer; for the cares and necessities of the world are too many for us, and though Nature invite us as she will, still we are slaves of the lamp and of the town: let it go—resume our pen. Hardly have we lifted it, when a sparrow on the overhanging spout exults in song, as it were a very nightingale:—provoking little wretch! it is too much; we can stand it no longer. Seizing our hat, stick, and sandwich-box, we rush distractedly to Hungerford or Queenhithe, and without a moment's consideration, enter for the day on board a Richmond steamer!

Ah! this will do; the river alone is worth the time and money; and looking towards Westminster and its bridge, we cannot but recall to memory



WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

the sonnet of Wordsworth, composed upon that very bridge in the calm of a summer's, perhaps a May, morning.

“Earth has not anything to show more fair :
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty :
 This City now doth, like a garment, wear
 The beauty of the morning : silent, bare,
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres and temples, lie
 Open unto the fields, and to the sky ;
 All bright, and glittering in the smokeless air.
 Never did sun more beautifully steep
 In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill,
 Ne’er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
The river glideth at his own sweet will :
 Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still !”

While our little vessel is getting her steam up, or awaiting the completion of her living cargo, we may as well amuse ourselves with the historical associations of LAMBETH, over the way ; especially as we have nothing of picturesque description to employ our pen in that densely populated locality.

Yet few of the circumjacent towns of the city of London have historical recollections of greater interest than Lambeth. Hardicanute, whose memory is preserved in one of the famous ballads collected by Bishop Percy, died here suddenly, during an entertainment with which he was celebrating the marriage-feast of a noble Dane. The palace, whose lofty twin towers of massive brick by the river-side attract our notice when we pass beneath Westminster Bridge, is a large pile of building exhibiting the architecture of various ages. Nor have its vicissitudes been without a moral. Alternately a palace, a prison, a barrack, and a place of public entertainment, we are reminded of the strange and uncongenial uses to which even the high places of the church may be applied in times of civil war or popular commotion. The worn, crumbling tower, east of the gateway, is the Lollards' Tower. Within the prison-room, which is boarded over, resembling much the cabin of a ship, being about thirteen feet by twelve, and about eight feet high, are eight rings, to which the chains of the unhappy prisoners, whose only crime was the fidelity with which they clung to their belief, were attached. The old dilapidated tower stands a monument at once of the cruelty and folly of coercion, in matters of faith and conscience. The portion of the palace occupied by the present archbishop is from designs by Mr. Blore, and is justly considered a work of great architectural taste and merit. The Great Hall, also, is a conspicuous object from the river: this magnificent room is supposed to have been erected by Archbishop Boniface, and was rebuilt by Archbishop Juxon after the Restoration. This spacious room, adorned with a lofty and beautiful painted window, contains portraits of Archbishop Chicheley, the founder of that part of the palace containing the Lollards' Tower; of Philip and Mary; and of Archbishop Juxon. The roof of this hall is of oak, elaborately carved, and of exquisite construction. The library of the archbishop now occupies this venerable hall: during the civil war the books were all seized by the Parliament, and afterwards given to Sion College; but at the suggestion of Selden, both houses of parliament concurred in an ordinance for removing the library to Cambridge. At the Restoration it was demanded of the university by Archbishop Juxon, and restored to his successor. The Guard-Chamber of Lambeth Palace is one of the most nobly-proportioned apartments anywhere to be seen; but its grand attraction consists in the portraits of successive Archbishops of Canterbury, wherewith it is adorned. Here is that of Arundel, the earliest compurgator of heresy

by fire; Chichely, another bigot of the same class; Cranmer, Grindall, Whitgift, Abbot, and subsequent archbishops, from Laud to the late Archbishop Sutton, inclusive. The gardens and park, containing about thirteen acres, are laid out with great taste. The celebrated fig-trees, of the white Marsilles sort, planted by Cardinal Pole, and noted in their day for producing abundance of delicious fruit, no longer exist, unless we consider the small shoots growing between the buttresses of the Great Hall to appertain thereto; the whole east end of the former building was overshadowed by one of these fig-trees, whose trunk was twenty-eight inches in circumference. The prospects from the windows of the palace are magnificent.

Queen Elizabeth was several times an honoured guest at Lambeth Palace. An account of one of her visits is given in Archbishop Parker's *Antiquities*:—"The queen, removing from Hampton Court to Greenwich, visited the archbishop at Lambeth, where she staid all night. Here, on Tuesday, the archbishop invited a large party of the inferior courtiers. In the same room, on the Wednesday, he made a great dinner; at his own table sat down nine earls and seven barons; at the other table, the comptroller of the queen's household, her secretary, and many other knights and esquires; besides the usual table for the great officers of state, where sate the lord treasurer, lord admiral, the chamberlain, and others. The whole of the charge was borne by the archbishop. At four of the clock on the Wednesday afternoon, the queen and the court removed to Greenwich." During the commotions that preceded the civil war, Lambeth felt the first effects of the popular fury. Archbishop Laud was attacked in his palace with great fury, by "the apprentices," instigated, it is said, by John Lilburne: soon after, the unhappy prelate was committed to the Tower.

Lambeth was famous for astrologers: Moore, the almanac-maker, Simon Forman, and many others of that once popular profession, resided here. It is a curious fact, and one worthy of record, as an illustration of the tenacity with which certain classes adhere to certain neighbourhoods, that to this day Lambeth forms the winter quarters of the greater part of that wandering population which in the summer migrates from fair to fair, with shows and catch-pennies of every description. Here, in plots of waste ground, you may see their vans, caravans, and waggons, laid up like so many privateers in ordinary, until the return of summer puts them into commission, and enables them to cruise about, levying contributions upon credulous rustics. We are

not to suppose, however, that there are no astrologers in our own day; ignorance and credulity appear to belong to no century, and knaves find dupes in all ages. There are two or three individuals in London, moving in apparently respectable situations in life, who are known at this day to earn large sums, calculating nativities and practising astrology and palmistry, at the expense of the upper classes. These persons, of course, have some ostensible pursuit, but the main source of their incomes is understood to be astrology.

LAMBETH CHURCH is conspicuous from the river, the tower being at no great distance from the gate of the archbishop's palace. Beneath the walls of this church Mary D'Este, queen of James II., took refuge on the night of the 6th of December, 1688, with her infant son, awaiting a means of conveyance from the country that no longer owned her husband's sway. It is said that she was altogether unattended, being conveyed in a wherry by an ordinary waterman from Whitehall. Moore, the author of the "Gamester," and editor of a periodical called "The World," in which he was assisted by Horace Walpole, Richard Owen Cambridge, and other literary characters, died and was buried here.

Dr. Perne, Dean of Ely, and Master of Peterhouse College, Cambridge, who was accused of having changed his religion four times in twelve years, was buried here. Dr. Perne was much given to jesting, of which the following instance is told among others:—One day he happened to call a clergyman a fool, who was not wholly undeserving of the title; and on his threatening to complain to his diocesan, the Bishop of Ely—"Do," says the doctor, "and he will *confirm* you." "The doctor was at court one day," says Fuller, "with Archbishop Whitgift, who had been his pupil; the afternoon was rainy, yet the queen was resolved to ride abroad, contrary to the inclination of the ladies of the court, who were to attend her on horseback. They employed Clod, the queen's jester, to dissuade Her Majesty from so inconvenient a journey. Clod readily undertook the task, and addressed Her Majesty thus:—'Heaven dissuades you, it is cold and wet; earth dissuades you, it is moist and dirty; heaven dissuades you, this heavenly-minded man, Archbishop Whitgift; and earth dissuades you, your fool Clod, such a lump of clay as myself: but if neither will prevail, here is one also, who is neither heaven nor earth, but hangs between both, Dr. Perne, and he also dissuades you.' Hereat," says the chronicler, "the queen and the courtiers laughed heartily, whilst the doctor looked sadly, and going over with

His Grace to Lambeth, *soon died!*" The archbishops of Canterbury, who died at Lambeth, are Wittlesey, Kemp, Dean, Parker, Whitgift, Baneroff, Juxon, Sheldon, Tillotson, Tenison, Wake, Potter, Cardinal Pole, Seeker, Cornwallis, Moore, and Sutton : of these the three first were buried in the cathedral of Canterbury ; Whitgift, Wake, and Sheldon, at Croydon ; Juxon in St. John's chapel, Oxford ; Tillotson in the church of St. Lawrence, Jewry ; the rest in Lambeth.

In the Churchyard is the tomb of the Tradescants, father and son, founders of the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford.

Of the Tradescants and their Museum, Izaak Walton speaks in his "Complete Angler."—

"There be so many strange creatures to be now seen, many collected by John Tradescant, and others added by my friend, Elias Ashmole, Esq., who now keeps them carefully and methodically at his house, near to Lambeth, near London, as you may get some belief of some of the other wonders I mentioned. You may there see the Hogfish, the Dogfish, the Dolphin, the Coney-fish, the Parrot-fish, the Shark, the Poison-fish, Sword-fish, and not only other incredible fish, but you may there see the Salamander, several sorts of barnacles, of Solan Geese, the Bird of Paradise : such sorts of snakes, and such birds' nests, and of so various forms, and so wonderfully made, as may beget wonder and amusement in any beholder ; and so many hundred of other varieties in that collection as will make the other wonders I spake of the less incredible."

Cooke, the translator of Hesiod, author of a *Life of Andrew Marvell*, translations of Terence and Cicero, an edition of Virgil, and for some years editor of a paper called *The Craftsman*, resided at South Lambeth ; and, true to the destiny of literary men, died there in a state of extreme poverty. He was buried by subscription, the surplus being handed over to his wife, who survived him but a few months, his daughter dying in Lambeth workhouse the year after.

The massive and clumsy St. John's Church, Westminster, the fertile subject of many ludicrous similes, as a four-post bedstead, an elephant with his legs in the air, and the like, nearly opposite to Lambeth Palace, is *too* conspicuous. The towers and roof of Westminster Abbey form a background to the buildings lying between that sacred edifice and the river : these last are unworthy adjuncts to the noble stream, consisting of a chaotic mass of rubbishy,

tumble-down, tiled edifices, huddled upon one another. The long-delayed project of embanking the Thames, so important in every utilitarian point of view, would remove the reproach of meanness from the immediate neighbourhood of the river.

A few more turns of the paddle-wheel and we are opposite the Milbank Penitentiary, a polygonal building with circular turrets at the angles, happily situate in a swamp, below the tide level of the river, as it would seem, for the express, though not avowed, purpose of superadding the horrors of bad air, bad water, and malaria to the customary rigours of prison discipline. It has been stated that, upon the projection of this establishment, a site not necessarily fatal to health and life was offered for a less sum than that paid for this morass. Wonder has been expressed that another site, with some semblance of fitness for its purpose, was not adopted; but wonder now is equally absurd and vain. The erection of this pest-house, upon its present plan, was a carrying out of the *panopticonic* views of the celebrated philanthropist Jeremy Bentham. Eighteen acres of swamp are included within the walls; the interior buildings are intended to immure four hundred male and a like number of female prisoners sentenced to transportation, and commuted for a greater or less term of imprisonment, which *here* may be considered almost equivalent to sentence of death without the public exposure.

VAUXHALL, and its iron bridge of nine arches, erected at an expense of £150,000, we have leisure to look at for a moment. Vauxhall, one of the six precincts of Lambeth, has not much remarkable; it is admitted that meetings of the Gunpowder-plot conspirators were held here, in a private house, which was burned down by accident in 1635. Ambrose Phillips, author of the "Distrest Mother," "Pastorals," and some other works, but better remembered by his quarrel with Pope, whom he threatened with personal chastisement for having ridiculed his Pastorals in a paper in the "Guardian," died of a paralytic seizure, at Vauxhall, June 18th, 1749.

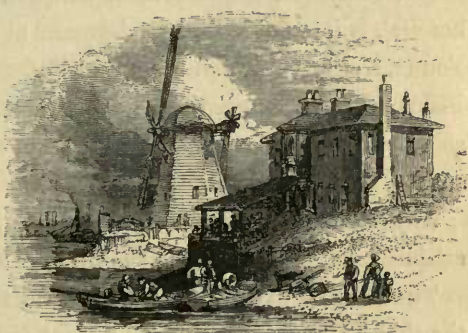
The Gardens, to which Vauxhall is indebted for so much celebrity, have passed into other hands,—no more of them remains than the ground whereon stood the various buildings that adorned them. The buildings have been levelled with the ground; the interior decorations, some from the pencil of Hogarth, the day and night scenes, artificial cascades, statues, grottoes, walks, arcades, booths, pavilions, rotundas, and temples of Concord, have been sold by public auction; the trees cut down, the walks cut up, and the ground advertised to

be let for "building." The memory of the place, with its concerts, balls, rope-dancing, juggling, aeronauts, gooseberry wine, and ham shavings, with all its gaiety and frolic, will soon have passed away, or, surviving at all, will live only in the classic papers of Addison, and the humorous essays of Goldsmith.

Yet it is worth while recollecting that such a place existed, were it only to recall the exquisite scene of Beau Tibbs, the widow, and the man in black in the "Citizen of the World," or the no less admirable account of the visit of Sir Roger De Coverley to Vauxhall in the company of the Spectator. Thus only will Vauxhall be remembered; not by its fine gentlemen or finer ladies, not by its rope-dancers, opera-singers, conjurors, or balloons: touched by the hand of genius, and fixed by the magic of association, it will be present to our memories long after all traces of its whereabouts shall be forgotten.

To the left we observe the RED-HOUSE, a noted place of resort for those who find entertainment in pigeon-shooting, and a favourite haunt of Sunday citizens. Beyond is a level plain of considerable extent, called Battersea Fields, where duels were frequently fought.

CHELSEA is now visible, the Hospital forming a point of direction to the sight. This noble rival to Greenwich Hospital, intended for invalids in the



BATTERSEA RED HOUSE.

land service, was begun by Charles II., and completed by William III. It was built by Sir Christopher Wren, on the site of an old college which had escheated to the crown, at an expense of £150,000.

The principal building consists of a large quadrangle, open at the south side; in the centre is a bronze statue of Charles II. in a Roman habit. The apartments for the pensioners are on the east and west sides, in buildings each 365 feet in length. The governor's house, a plain structure, is at the extremity of the former. The chapel is adorned with an altar-piece, by Sebastian Ricci. The hall wherein the pensioners dine is situated on the opposite side of the vestibule; it is of the same dimensions as the chapel, 110 feet in length, and at the upper end is a picture of Charles II. on horseback,

a gift of the Earl of Ranelagh. To the north of the College is an inclosure of thirteen acres, planted with avenues of limes and horse-chesnuts ; towards the south are extensive and well-kept gardens.

The celebrated Eleanor Gwynne, mistress of Charles II., is vulgarly supposed to have originated the idea of this asylum for those brave men who have worn out their strength in the service of their country. There is no shadow of foundation for this supposition ; nor is it at all likely that the interests of worn-out soldiers would attract the attention of the minion of a profligate court.

Sir Stephen Fox, grandfather of the Right Hon. Charles James Fox, is said, with more probability, to have taken an active part in the establishment of the hospital. "He could not bear," he said, "to see the common soldiers, who had spent their strength in our service, reduced to beg ;" and contributed to the establishment of the institution, upwards of thirteen thousand pounds.

Mr. Cheselden, the celebrated surgeon, many years connected with the hospital, is interred in the burial-ground attached to the institution. William Young, a clergyman, and the original of the immortal "Parson Adams" of Fielding, is also interred here : the eccentric Dr. Monsey was for a considerable time physician to the hospital ; and Philip Francis, translator of Horace and Demosthenes, one of the chaplains.

Any pensioner will be happy to conduct the stranger over such parts of the establishment as are publicly shown, for a small gratuity.

THE ROYAL MILITARY ASYLUM, for the maintenance and education of the children of soldiers, is at no great distance from the hospital ; and is a handsome spacious edifice, well adapted to its intended purpose. The number of boys here, according to the original intention, was not to exceed seven hundred, and that of girls three hundred, who remain until of a proper age, when they are disposed of as apprentices and servants : the boys are at liberty, if they please, to make choice of the army. Parliament gave a sum of money towards the erection, and each regiment contributes one day's pay towards its support. In the selection of children for admission, preference is given first to the orphans of soldiers : second, to those whose fathers have been killed : third, to those whose fathers are on foreign service. The establishment is conducted according to a strict system of military discipline, and the utmost order and decorum pervade the whole.

The boys form a regiment in miniature ; their uniform, band, colours and

appointments, arms, of course, only excepted, resembling those of troops of the line : on stated days, they are reviewed by the commandant, and at such times, this Lilliputian regiment attracts numbers of spectators ; and their mimic evolutions, and miniature representations of “the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war,” form a really curious and interesting spectacle.



CHELSEA FROM THE RIVER.

CHELSEA town is a large and straggling place, the parish extending almost to Hyde Park Corner, and including a part of Knightsbridge. Cheyne Walk, where the tourist may disembark, contains some fine houses, once the residence of persons of distinction, now, by the caprice of fashion, comparatively deserted. In this handsome promenade, at the upper end, stood the palace of the Bishops of Winchester, and still remains a once noted place of entertainment, called Don Saltero's Coffeeshouse, from one Salter, a barber, who attracted many visitors to his house by a collection of rarities, to which Sir Hans Sloane contributed largely from the superfluities of his collection. The Tatler more than once notices this eccentric character, whose museum was disposed of at the close of the last century. Pennant, in his history of Holywell and Downing, says that his father used to visit him, when a boy, at Chelsea, and that he was frequently taken by him to the coffeeshouse, which he supposes with much reason to have been Don Saltero's,

and that there he used to see poor Richard Cromwell, "a little and very neat old man, with a placid countenance."

If it were for nothing else than to muse upon the various fate of sublunary things, it were worth while to take a turn in the coffeeshouse where an ex-Protector of an extinct Commonwealth was accustomed to resort: to see, or recal by imagination, the man who had wielded supreme power settling a tavern score; or, instead of deciding upon the destinies of nations, criticising the beer, or approving the tobacco. We can imagine how many curious spirits must have thronged Don Saltero's to catch a glimpse of the placid son of a fearful father; the fool and coward who stole away from his palace with "the lives and fortunes of the people of England" in his pocket: or, if you will, the truly wise man, who was content to be obscurely happy, rather than miserably great. Richard may have been wise, but he could not have been great. The tastes of the man who *was* Protector of England must have indeed been of a low kind, to have carried him into the vulgar mediocrity of tavern companionship; respect for the pre-eminent position he once held should have restrained him from becoming the lion of a pot-house, if he had not been withheld by respect for himself. The truth is, Richard Cromwell was a placid, and, to an unmanly extreme, a timid man: he was probably ashamed, even while Protector, of the memory of his father, and of the elevation procured for him by that ferocious and bloodthirsty fanatic, who used to call man's murder by the name of God's mercy. When danger threatened he became afraid; the king's son returned to his kingdom, and the brewer's son to his beer.

In the hamlet of LITTLE CHELSEA, resided Lord Shaftesbury, author of "The Characteristics;" Sir Bulstrode Whitelock, Commissioner of the Great Seal during the Usurpation; the profligate and witty Duke of Buckingham, author of "The Rehearsal;" Pym, the celebrated member of the House of Commons; the Duchess of Mazarin, one of the many favourites of Charles II.; Bishop Fowler, Sir Robert Walpole, Sir Richard Steele, Dr. Mead, Addison, the celebrated John Locke, and Dr. Smollett, have resided in Chelsea. The quarrel between Lord Mohun and the Duke of Hamilton, which ended in a duel in Hyde Park, proving fatal to both parties, commenced about an estate here. The celebrated Dr. Atterbury resided at Chelsea several years; there he commenced an intimacy with Dr. Jonathan Swift, who in the year 1711 accidentally took lodgings opposite his house.

"I lodge," says Swift in his *Journal to Stella*, "just over against Dr. Atterbury, and perhaps I shall not like the place better for that;" an acquaintance nevertheless commenced, and soon improved to intimacy. Arbuthnot also resided for a time at Chelsea.

But the most illustrious name associated with this place is that of Sir Thomas More, who resided in a mansion afterwards called Beaufort House, situated at the north end of Beaufort Row, extending westward to the distance of about a hundred yards from the water-side, and which, after having stood empty for some years, was purchased by Sir Hans Sloane, and taken down in 1740. Here this truly great man lived happy in the converse of ingenious men, and in the society of his family: Holbein was patronised by him, residing in his house for three years, where he executed many of his works. Erasmus visited Sir Thomas here, and a description of his manner of living with his family, from the pen of that learned man, is highly characteristic:—"There he converses," says Erasmus, "with his wife, his son, his daughter-in-law, his three daughters and their husbands, with eleven grand-children. There is not any man living so affectionate to his children as he, and he loveth his old wife as well as if she was a young maid. Such is the excellence of his temper, that whatsoever happeneth that could not be helped, he loveth it as if nothing could have happened more happily. You would say there was in that place Plato's Academy, but I do his house an injury in comparing it to Plato's Academy, where there were only disputations of numbers and geometrical figures, and sometimes of moral virtues. I should rather call his house a school or university of Christian religion; for though there is none therein but readeth or studieth the liberal sciences, their special care is piety and virtue: there is no quarrelling or intemperate words heard; none seem idle; that worthy gentleman doth not govern with proud and lofty words, but with well-timed and courteous benevolence; everybody performeth his duty, yet there is always alacrity; neither is sober mirth anything wanting."

Sir Thomas was a great benefactor to the church of Chelsea, constantly attending divine service, and frequently assisting at its celebration. Among other instances of his benevolent disposition, we are told that he hired a house at Chelsea, for the reception of aged people, who were supported by his bounty, and that it was the province of his amiable daughter, Margaret, to see that all their wants were duly relieved. A few years before his death, Sir Thomas caused a vault to be made in the south side of Chelsea church, to

which he removed the bones of his wife, designing it for the place of his own interment.



CHELSEA CHURCH.

The inscription upon the monument of the great man, serving as well for a biographical memoir as for an epitaph, and being from his own pen, I give at length, translated from the original Latin: "Thomas More, of the city of London,—was descended from an honourable, though not distinguished family, and possessed considerable literary acquirements. After having for some years, during early manhood, practised at the bar, and served the office of sheriff for his native city, he was, by that invincible monarch Henry VIII. (who received the distinguished honour unattained by any other sovereign, of being justly called the Defender of the Faith, which he had supported alike by sword and pen), summoned to the palace, and constituted a member of the Privy Council. He was then created a knight and vice-treasurer, and through the royal favour was appointed chancellor, first of the duchy of Lancaster, and afterwards of England. Meanwhile, he had been returned to serve in parliament, and was frequently appointed ambassador by His Majesty. The last time he filled this high office was at Cambray, where he had for his colleague, as chief of legation, Tunstall, Bishop of London, shortly afterwards of Durham, a man hardly surpassed by any of his contemporaries in erudition, prudence, and moral worth; at this place he was present at the assembly of the mightiest monarchs of Christendom, and beheld with pleasure ancient treaties renewed, and a long wished-for peace restored to the world. Vouchsafe, ye gods, this peace to make eternal!

"While attaining these high honours, pursuing his official career, he con-

ciliated the esteem of the *best of princes*, of the nobility and the people, and proved himself a stern foe to thieves and murderers. At length his father, Sir John More, was nominated by the king a member of the Privy Council. He was a man of a mild, harmless, and gentle disposition, imbued with a strong sense of justice, and remarkable for the purity of his life; he was now advanced in years, but in the enjoyment of remarkably good health. After he had seen his son chancellor of England, he considered that his life had been sufficiently extended, and cheerfully left this world for a better.

“At his death, his son, who during his father’s life-time was looked upon both by himself and others as a young man, now deeply lamenting the loss of his father, and seeing around him four sons and eleven grand-children, began to feel the hand of time press heavily upon him. This feeling was increased by a delicacy of the chest, which shortly after afflicted him, and which he looked upon as a sure signal of rapidly approaching old age. Wearied accordingly with sublunary enjoyments, he obtained permission from the *best of princes* to resign his dignities, in order to spend the latter years of his life free from care, his desire from his earliest youth, and that, estranging his mind from worldly affairs, he might devote himself solely to the contemplation of hereafter. To put him in mind of the inevitable approach of death, he caused this vault to be constructed, whither he has removed the remains of his first wife. That he may not have built it in vain; that he may feel no terror at the approach of death, but on the contrary may meet it with cheerfulness through love of Christ; that he may find death not death eternal, but the gate of a happier life; I beseech thee, good reader, favour him with thy prayers, both living and dead.”

This biographical epitaph is concluded by the following example of elegant Latin, not excelled by any epitaph in that or any other language, and which it would be an impertinence in any (save a poet) to render into English:—

“Chara THOMÆ jacet hic JOANNA uxoreula Mori
 Qui tumulum ALICIÆ hunc destino, quique mihi.
 Una mihi dedit hoc conjuncta virentibus annis
 Me vocet ut puer, et trina puella patrem.
 Altera privignis (quæ gloria rara novercæ est)
 Tam pia, quam gnatis, vix fuit ulla suis.
 Altera sic mecum vixit, sic altera vivit,
 Charior incertum est, quæ sit an illa fuit.
 O simul, O juncti poteramus vivere nostros,
 Quam bene, si fatum religioque sinant.
 At societ tumulus, societ nos, obsecro, cælum!
 Sic mors, non potuit quod dare vita, dabit.”

Lest we should be led into the fallacy of supposing that the author of the above touching and beautiful composition was more than man, we must not neglect to observe that the application of the term "*best of princes*," to Henry VIII., was not quite apposite, or that the term "*heretiques*," which originally occupied a blank space in the epitaph, immediately following the words "*thieves and murderers*," and the expression of his unmitigable hostility towards the last of the three classes, thus so unceremoniously united, does the memory of this great man little credit. A letter is said to be extant, in which Sir Thomas boasts of having expressed his enmity to heretics upon his epitaph.

Such is the poisonous nature of religious bigotry, that it impresses its venom upon the very tombs of the otherwise wise and great, damning their memories, until some friendly hand, as in this case, charitably erases the disgraceful record of the unworthy rancour of the dead!

His monument appears to have been erected in his life-time, in the year 1532. This great man was beheaded in 1535 for refusing to take the oath which acknowledged the king's supremacy. After the attainder of Sir Thomas, Henry VIII. seized upon all his possessions, without any regard to his widow and family, whom he left so poor that his great-grandson says they had not money wherewith to buy him a winding-sheet.

In this church is also a monument to the memory of Lady Jane Cheyne, of the Newhaven family, within a spacious niche, supported by columns of veined marble, of the Corinthian order; upon a black sarcophagus lies the effigy of the deceased, as large as life. This monument is the work of the celebrated Bernini.

At the east end of Sir Thomas More's Chapel, against the south wall, is the monument of the Duchess of Northumberland. This lady, says the Rev. Mr. Lysons, was a singular instance of the vicissitudes of fortune. Having been the wife of one of the greatest men of that age, she lived to see her



SIR THOMAS MORE'S MONUMENT

husband lose his head upon the scaffold; to see one son share his father's fate; another escape it only by dying in prison, and the rest of her children living but by permission. Amidst this distress, which was heightened by the confiscation of her property, she displayed great firmness of mind, though left destitute of fortune and of friends, till the arrival of some of the nobility from the Spanish court, who interested themselves so warmly in her favour, that they prevailed upon the queen to restore her some of her former possessions; and she conducted herself with such wisdom and prudence, as enabled her to restore her overthrown house even in a reign of cruelty and tyranny. Her surviving progeny were no less remarkable for their prosperity, than their brethren for their misfortunes. Ambrose was restored to the title of Earl of Warwick, and enjoyed many other honours and preferments. Robert was created Earl of Leicester, and became one of Queen Elizabeth's prime ministers; and her daughter Mary was the mother of Sir Philip Sidney.

The will of this duchess is a testamentary curiosity; one sentence especially is worthy of observation, perhaps of imitation. "My will is earnestly and effectually, that little solemnitie be made for me, *for I had ever have a thousand-foldes my debts to be paid, and the poor to be given unto, than any pomp to be shewed upon my wretched carkes*: therefore to the worms will I go, as I have before written in all points, as you will answer y^t before God. And if you breke any one jot of it, your wills hereafter may chance to be as well broken. After I am departed from this worlde, let me be wonde up in a sheet, and put into a coffin of woode, and so layde in the ground with such funeralls as parteyneth to the burial of a corse. I will at my years mynde have such divyne service as myne executors thinke fit, with the whole arms of father and mother upon the stone graven: nor, in no wise to let me be opened after I am dead. I have not lived to be very bold afore women, much more wolde I be lothe to come into the hands of any lyving man, be he physician or surgeon."

Cheyne Walk is the promenade of Chelsea, and a delightful promenade it is; remaining somewhat in the fashion of the olden time, its stately old piles of building, a row as it were, of goodly manor-houses; its elms, planted at regular intervals, recal to us the days of hoops, brocade, and powdered periwigs; a vivid imagination may readily picture that silver-headed *collegian*, as the pensioners delight to call themselves, in his lappelled waistcoat,

long-tailed coat, knee buckles, and cocked hat, an antiquated beau of the olden time. But the grand attraction of Cheyne Walk is, that it is one of those few places about town where a sight of the silvery Thames, and a stroll along the river's brink, is not a breach of privilege. Thames is treated at Chelsea with respect. Cheyne Walk approaches him in a proper manner; and instead of condemning him to grope his way through stores, warehouses, soap manufactories, timber-yards, vinegar works, or the filthy and squalid hovels of eel fishers and flounder catchers, invites him to linger by Chelsea, and to let the natives have a look at him. Chelsea deserves our humble tribute of respect, for affording us what we look for in vain, save in one or two other places, an opportunity of enjoying the freshness of the breeze, the unwonted openness of prospect, and the animated scene upon the bosom of the waters.

Let any one show us a minister desirous of immortality, and we will point out to him a mode by which his name will be remembered with respect and gratitude for ever. Let him borrow from the Thames as much of his bed as will make a Cheyne Walk from Chelsea to London Bridge: let him plant it with rows of fair elms: let him make a broad carriage-way in the midst, and by the water-side a causeway for pedestrians. Noble mansions, spacious warehouses, and structures of all kinds worthy such a river, will grow up, as if by enchantment, upon its margin. The huddled sheds and tumble-down tenements that now shut us from a sight of it would vanish, and be no more seen; and only think, what a beautiful sight a Cheyne Walk or a Temple Garden, miles in length, opening an avenue of fresh air, and a new element of health to the entire population of our vast metropolis—as much a blessing as a beauty! Imagine how much longer we should live, how much more healthy, and therefore how much more happy, we should be, if, when wearied with confinement, enfeebled by sickness, or oppressed by toil, we could enjoy in its plenitude the health and pleasure dwelling by the river-side! Now, if one would stroll by the river, he must explore Billingsgate, the Temple, or the fishy lanes of Lambeth, ere he can have a turn on the Custom House wharf, the Bishop's Walk, or the Temple Gardens; and even these neighbours of the river are hemmed in on the land side by lofty buildings, intercepting sun and air. Our Parks might well tremble for their supremacy, if a promenade extended along the shore of Thames. What a solid practical good such a work would be, and how much honour would attach to those who might be engaged upon it! Nor,

in a utilitarian point of view, could anything be lost ; while in that, and every other way of viewing the matter, the gain would be incalculable. You take from the river what the river can so well afford—a strip of muddy bank, and you convert it into a noble quay ; you set the mirror of Thames in an appropriate and costly frame ; you bestow upon the river-side proprietary a broad expanse of wharfage ; you facilitate communication to and from either end of the town ; you let in a succession of interesting objects, beautiful points of view ; you give the entire world of London a new, innocent, and exhaustless source of health and recreation.

Surely, the embankment of Thames is an undertaking worthy the greatest minister—the greatest sovereign !

Against the north wall of the churchyard is a monument to the memory of Admiral Munden ; near the south wall stands that of Sir Hans Sloane, Bart. and M.D. This eminent physician, a native of Kilileagh, in the north of Ireland, but of Scottish extraction, is a striking example of the force of talent, industry, and uniform good conduct, in raising men from comparatively obscure conditions to opulence and respect. At an early age his love of nature predominated ; and, in due time, determined his choice of the profession of physic, as the one most congenial with the tastes and pursuits of the naturalist. Pursuing his studies with diligence at Paris and Montpellier, where he took medical degrees, he returned to London, and engaged in the active duties of his profession. Having been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, he soon after went out to Jamaica as physician to Christopher, Duke of Albemarle, Governor of that island. The death of that nobleman, shortly after his arrival at the seat of his government, occasioned the return of Dr. Sloane to England, after an absence of about fifteen months ; which period he had most sedulously employed in collecting, from Jamaica and some of the Caribbee Islands, plants and other objects of natural history, serving as the foundation of a splendid work soon after published.

His reputation and practice increasing, honours and profit flowed fast upon



SIR HANS SLOANE'S MONUMENT

him. He became a graduate in medicine of Oxford, an associate of the Academy of Science at Paris, Physician to Christ's Hospital, and Secretary to the Royal Society.

He attended Queen Anne in her last illness, and was created a baronet by George I., being the first medical man upon whom that honour had been conferred. He succeeded, in 1719, to the Presidency of the College of Physicians; and had the still greater honour of succeeding Newton in the chair of the Royal Society. Sloane was a man of great information, an active and inquiring mind, and great energy of character; but he enjoys the more valuable reputation of having been a benevolent, humane, and liberal citizen. Few charities were unassisted by him; he originated the dispensary system for the relief of the sick poor, and was a governor and benefactor to most of the metropolitan hospitals.

The collection of books, medals, manuscripts, objects of natural history, amassed by Sir Hans Sloane, and much augmented by donations and bequests from other professional and scientific men, among others the Museum of William Curten, the traveller—was bequeathed by Sir Hans to the nation, on condition that the sum of 20,000*l.* should be paid to his executors, being little more than the intrinsic value of the medals, metallic ores, and gems, comprised in his collection.

After his death, Parliament fulfilled the intentions of the legacy by passing an act "for the purchase of the Museum or Collection of Sir Hans Sloane, Bart., and of the Harleian Collection of MSS., and for procuring one general repository for the better reception and more convenient use of the said collection, and of the Cottonian library, and additions thereto."

Sir Hans retired in the year 1742 to Chelsea, whither he removed his library and collection of natural curiosities. "He did not, however, pass into that kind of solitude which excludes men from society. He received at Chelsea, as he had done at London, the visits of persons of distinction, of learned foreigners, of the royal family; and, what was still more to his praise, he never refused admittance or advice to rich or poor, who came to consult him concerning their health. During his residence at Chelsea this eminent man was so infirm as to be wholly confined to his house, except occasionally taking the air in his garden in a wheeled chair. Edwards the naturalist used to visit him every Saturday, and inform him what was passing among his old acquaintance in the literary world." Sir Hans pur-

chased the manor of Chelsea, and his name is still perpetuated in many of the streets and squares, as Hans-town, Sloane Street, &c. The late Lord Cadogan inherited a moiety of the manor through his father's marriage with a daughter of Sir Hans.

Chelsea now gives a title to the eldest son of Earl Cadogan.

Among other eminent persons buried at Chelsea, we may enumerate Thomas Shadwell, poet laureate, whose misfortune it was to have engaged in an unequal contest with Dryden, who held him up to ridicule under the name of Mac Flecknoe, in one of the severest satires ever penned; Dr. Martyn, translator of the *Bucolics* and *Georgics* of Virgil; Mossop, the actor; Dr. Kenrick, the annotator of Shakspeare, and dramatist; Sir John Fielding, brother of the well-known Henry, and his successor as magistrate at Bow Street; Cipriani, the painter, many of whose works were engraved by Bartolozzi; Boyer, author of the *Dictionary of the French Language* bearing his name, and translator of Racine. Boyer was a native of France, leaving his country through religious persecution, and became tutor of Mr. Bathurst's son, the future Lord Bathurst. Boyer engaged in various literary adventures; had the management of a newspaper called the *Postboy*; published a work entitled *The Political State of Britain*, and wrote a *Life of Queen Anne* in folio. Woodfall, the printer, and editor of the *General Advertiser* for thirty-three years, during which time his paper was enriched by the pens of *Junius*, Garrick, Colman, Goldsmith, Smollett, Hawkesworth, and other wits of the day, with whom he lived on terms of intimacy; Philip Miller, the botanist, and others, are interred here. In a cemetery, adjoining the King's Road, given to the parish by Sir Hans Sloane, was buried Mr. Andrew Millar, the eminent bookseller, founder of the long-celebrated house of Cadell and Co. in the Strand.

The Physic Garden, belonging to the Apothecaries' Company, is a conspicuous object from the river. Two cedars of large growth and singular form, overhanging the river, were planted one hundred and sixty years ago, being then about three feet high. The centre of the garden is occupied by a statue in marble, by Rysbrack, of Sir Hans Sloane, who presented the Company with the freehold of the premises.

Admission to these gardens may be obtained by tickets, procurable at the hall of the Apothecaries' Company, or of Dr. Lindley, Professor of Botany.

Eastward of the Royal Hospital, once stood the famous RANELAGH, so

called from an earl of that title, who had here a house and extensive pleasure-grounds ; the estate was, after his lordship's death, disposed of to an association, for the purpose of opening to the public an entertainment, of a kind till then unattempted in this country.

The Rotunda, in which concerts were performed, and which answered the purpose to which some of our theatres have been of late years applied, that of promenade concerts, was a spacious building, tastefully decorated, lit up with coloured lamps, and furnished with numerous boxes where the company took refreshment. The concerts commenced about seven o'clock, and were ended about ten ; morning concerts were also given, consisting chiefly of selections from oratorios. Masquerades were also attempted ; but this amusement, unsuitable alike to the genius, taste, and feeling of the English, was not attended with any lasting success. The principal amusement of the frequenters of this place, next to hearing the music, would appear to have consisted in walking round and round the circle, conversing and animadverting upon the appearance of each other. There was a fashion in Ranelagh, as in everything else ; and, while it lasts, fashion is pleasure. The amusements of fashionable life are not pursued for enjoyment, but for fashion's sake ; it is not what there is to be there, but *who* is to be there, that determines the popularity of such places : if a certain amount of exclusiveness be attained, the pleasure, that is, the *fashion*, is complete. Ranelagh, however, has long since been deserted by the capricious goddess, and no trace of its former splendour remains.



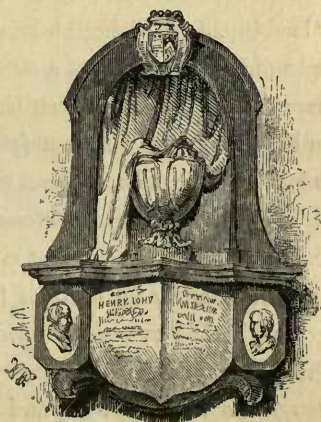
BATTERSEA BRIDGE.

Having satisfied his curiosity with the "memorials and things of note" in Chelsea, the tourist re-embarks ; and passing under BATTERSEA Bridge,

built in 1772 at an expense of 20,000*l.*, is directed to the village of that name on the left bank of the river. Battersea Church, a conspicuous object, abutting upon the Thames, is a clumsy but commodious structure, rebuilt about twenty years ago. In the east end is a window, in which are three portraits. The first, that of Margaret Beauchamp, ancestress (by her first husband, Sir Oliver St. John,) of the St. Johns, and by her second husband, John Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, grandmother to Henry VIII.; the second a portrait of that monarch; the third that of Queen Elizabeth, placed here by her grandfather Thomas Boleyn, Earl of Wiltshire, father of Queen Anne Boleyn, being great-grandfather of Anne, daughter of Sir Thomas Leighton, and wife of Sir John St. John, the first baronet of the family.

The village of Battersea will always be remembered in connexion with the name of Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, the friend of Swift, Pope, and Gay, author of many political and metaphysical works, and Secretary of State in the reign of Queen Anne; he was born here, and here died in 1751, aged 79. His history may be read in his epitaph, which is as follows:—

“Here lies HENRY ST. JOHN, in the reign of Queen Anne, Secretary of War, Secretary of State, and Viscount Bolingbroke; in the days of King George I. and King George II. something more and better. His attachment to Queen Anne exposed him to a long and severe persecution; he bore it with firmness of mind. He passed the latter part of his life at home, the enemy of no national party, the friend of no faction; distinguished under the cloud of proscription, which had not been entirely taken off, by zeal to maintain the liberty, and to restore the ancient prosperity of Great Britain.”



MONUMENT OF BOLINGBROKE

“In this manner,” says Dr. Goldsmith, in his elegant *Life* of this distinguished person, “lived and died Lord Bolingbroke; ever active, never depressed, ever pursuing Fortune, and as constantly disappointed by her. In whatever light we view his character, we shall find him an object rather more proper for our wonder than our imitation; more to be feared than

esteemed, and gaining our admiration without our love. His ambition ever aimed at the summit of power, and nothing seemed capable of satisfying his immoderate desires, but the liberty of governing all things without a rival."

Of Lord Bolingbroke's genius as a philosopher, the same author observes, that "his aims were equally great and extensive. Unwilling to submit to any authority, he entered the fields of science with a thorough contempt of all that had been established before him, and seemed willing to think everything wrong, that he might show his faculty in the reformation. It might have been better for his quiet as a man, if he had been content to act a subordinate character in the state; and it had certainly been better for his memory as a writer, if he had aimed at doing less than he attempted. As a moralist, therefore, Lord Bolingbroke, by having endeavoured at too much, seems to have done nothing; but, as a political writer few can equal, and none can exceed him."

Lord Chesterfield confesses, that until he read Bolingbroke's letters on Patriotism, and his idea of a Patriot King, he "did not know all the extent and powers of the English language. Whatever subject," continues his "lordship, Lord Bolingbroke speaks or writes upon, he adorns with the most splendid eloquence; not a studied or laboured eloquence, but such a flowing happiness of diction, which (from care perhaps at first) is become so familiar to him, that even his most familiar conversations, if taken down in writing, would bear the press, without the least correction either as to method or style."

Tindal the historian confesses St. John to have been, occasionally, perhaps the best political writer that ever appeared in England.

Unfortunately for him, all that he gained by his talent, or we might say genius, he lost by want of fixed principles of action. Alternately rejected by the advisers of King George I. and of the Pretender, his support seemed dangerous to all parties, and all parties concluded him an unsafe man to meddle with; nor is there perhaps a more lamentable position in which a man of high intellect and spirit can find himself, than when thus neglected, not because of his want of talent, but because of possessing too much. When deprived of power, and persecuted unrelentingly by Walpole, who pursued him with the petty vindictiveness of a little mind, he flattered himself with the hope of finding that pleasure in retirement which ambition could not give; and retired to Dawley, near Uxbridge, where Pope, in a

well-known letter to Swift, playfully describes his mode of passing away his time. Whenever men fly from business in disgust, and take refuge in a solitude ill adapted to their ideas, habits, and modes of life, we may always conclude a defect in the judgment or the will. A good and wise man, when he finds the paths of ambition closed against him, will content himself with the discharge of his duties in an humbler sphere; spoiled children only refuse food altogether, because they may have once suffered from a surfeit.

The monument to the memory of Lord Bolingbroke in Battersea Church, is from the chisel of Roubilliac.

The manor of Battersea belonged to King Harold, and being exchanged by him with the monks of Westminster for Windsor, came into possession of the St. Johns in the reign of James I., and is now the property of Earl Spencer. By custom of this manor, lands descend to the youngest son, and in default of sons, are divided among the daughters equally. At Battersea was a palace, called York House, of the Archbishops of York. This has been confounded with York House, Whitehall, where Cardinal Wolsey entertained Queen Anne Boleyn. The greater part of Bolingbroke House was pulled down in 1775; but a few of the rooms remained, one wainscotted with cedar, said to have been Lord Bolingbroke's favourite apartment, which were incorporated into the dwelling of a maltster, who built mills upon the site of the ancient dwelling-house. Williams the actor, Astle the antiquary, and Curtis the botanist, were buried in the church-yard. The northern extremity of Clapham Common is called BATTERSEA-RISE, and is a favourite site for suburban villas.

WANDSWORTH, at some distance from the brink of the river, on the left, so called from its situation on the banks of the river Vandal or Wandle, immortalised by Pope, who calls it

“The blue, transparent Vandalis,”

next demands our attention. Many French refugees, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, settled in Wandsworth; where, as in other places, they pursued manufactures with spirit and success. The first Presbyterian congregation in England was established at Wandsworth.

GARRAT is a hamlet close to Wandsworth, where took place a mock election after the meeting of every new parliament, when some well-known characters of low life appeared as candidates, and much merriment was the

result. This burlesque is still revived in Foote's popular farce of the Mayor of Garrat, but in practice has been long discontinued.

PUTNEY is now at hand; and as there is much to interest us, the traveller will have the goodness to disembark, while we consider what are the chief objects of note in this place, and in its opposite neighbour, Fulham.



PUTNEY.

And first, of Putney. This pleasant village, from its situation a place of considerable intercourse, and from its agreeable air, and proximity to the river, a favourite place of resort for the citizens, has had the honour of producing two eminent statesmen: West, Bishop of Ely, a favourite ambassador of Henry VIII., an eminent scholar, and magnificent in his way of living, keeping in his house a hundred servants; to fifty of whom he gave four marks wages, to the other fifty forty shillings, allowing every one four yards of cloth for his winter livery, and three yards and a half for his summer livery. Bishop West was buried in Ely Cathedral.

Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, was the son of a blacksmith of Putney. The place of his birth is yet pointed out by a tradition, which is in some measure confirmed by a survey of Wimbledon manor taken in 1617, describing the spot as "an ancient cottage, called the smith's shop, lying west of the highway leading from Putney to the Upper Gate, and on the south side of the way from Richmond to Wandsworth, being the sign of

the Anchor." It is remarkable, that among the numerous possessions which this eminent statesman acquired during his prosperity, may be reckoned the manor of the place where he was born. The striking features of his history, his introduction at court by Wolsey, his sudden rise, the active part he took in the Reformation, and his subsequent disgrace and fall, are well known. His master Wolsey, to whose power he succeeded, was going up Putney Hill, on his road to Esher, when he was overtaken by Norris, who there presented him with a ring, as a token of the continuance of his Majesty's favour. Stowe declares that "when the Cardinal had heard Master Norris report these good and comfortable words of the king, he quickly lighted from his mule all alone, as though he had been the youngest of his men, and incontinently kneeled down in the dirt upon both his knees, holding up his hands for joy of the king's most comfortable message. Master Norris lighted also, espying him so soon upon his knees, and kneeled by him, and took him up in his arms and asked him how he did, calling upon him to credit his message. 'Master Norris,' quoth the Cardinal, 'when I consider the joyful news that you have brought to me, I could do no less than greatly rejoice. Every word pierces so my heart, that the sudden joy surmounted my memory, having no regard or respect to the place; but I thought it my duty, that in the same place where I received this comfort, to laud and praise God upon my knees, and most humbly to render unto my sovereign lord my most hearty thanks for the same.'"

Queen Elizabeth frequently visited the house of a Mr. Lacy, citizen and cloth-worker, at Putney, staying sometimes two or three nights. The courtesy shown by this great queen to eminent citizens of London appears to have been very great, and was equally wise and politic.

During the civil war, in 1647, Cromwell established his head-quarters here, for the double purpose of overaweing the king, then at Hampton, and the parliament. Fairfax, Ireton, Fleetwood, and Colonel Rich, had quarters in the town. These worthies held their councils in the church, sitting with their hats on round the communion-table, here entertaining fanatic preachers, native and foreign, and dividing their time between plotting treason and singing psalms. The church is a handsome structure, with a stone tower; to the east of the south aisle is a little chapel, built by Bishop West, the roof adorned with rich Gothic tracery, interspersed with the bishop's arms and the initials of his name.

Toland the deistical writer, author of the *Pantheisticon* and other works, had lodgings at a carpenter's in Putney; and dying here, was decently interred in the churchyard.

Robert Wood, a native of Meath, in Ireland, Under Secretary of State during the administration of the Earl of Chatham, and well known as author of "*The Ruins of Balbec and Palmyra*," was buried here in 1771.

The great historian, Edward Gibbon, was born, and spent his earliest years, at Putney. At the Bowling-green House, on Putney Heath, the Right Hon. William Pitt breathed his last on the 23rd of January, 1806.



BOWLING-GREEN HOUSE.

Pitt, the great son of a great father, was born May 28th, 1759. He was the second son of the great Earl of Chatham, a man of whom it was said that his character was "stained by no vice, nor sullied by any meanness." Under the eye, and beneath the roof of his father, William, his second son, acquired his early education; but at the age of fourteen, quitting the paternal home, was entered of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. On leaving the university he visited France, studying at Rheims; and on his return entered himself a student of Lincoln's Inn, a society numbering among its members more of the aristocracy of talent and genius, than any other in the land. In due time, being then of age, he was called to the bar, making choice of the western circuit, which he attended once or twice, but relinquished when introduced to Parliament by Sir James Lowther, as representative for the nomination borough of Appleby. Like many other young men, Mr. Pitt began life as a reformer. His maiden speech was delivered in support of Mr. Burke's financial reform bill. His energetic support of reform, and his having been chosen and having acted as a delegate in one of the popular assemblies held at Westminster for the promotion of that measure, was long after thrown in his teeth by political adversaries.

In the short-lived administration called the Rockingham, he took no

share; but upon its dissolution, became, at the early age of twenty-three, Chancellor of the Exchequer under the ministry of the Earl of Shelburne. On his retirement from office, during the ill-assorted coalition of Fox and Lord North, Pitt resumed his efforts in favour of a reform in Parliament, supported by Fox, but without success. The failure of the memorable India Bill, and the dismissal of the Coalition ministry, raised Mr. Pitt, though at this time only in the twenty-fourth year of his age, to the lofty station of Premier Minister of England, and to the unlimited support and confidence of his sovereign, who stood by him, though in opposition to a large majority in the House of Commons; which, before he had done with them, he converted by degrees into a large minority. We now hear no more of the patriot or the reformer. Gaining, at so early a period of life, supreme power, his efforts were chiefly directed to the security and consolidation of the power he had gained. His first measure, when a large majority in his favour, in the election after the memorable dissolution in 1786, assured him of his strength, was passing the India Bill to which we are indebted for the establishment of the Board of Control. The establishment of the ingenious, but as to its consequences delusive, scheme of a sinking fund, was his next great measure, supported and advocated as a master-stroke of financial policy and wisdom. Notwithstanding the miracles of liquidation it was intended and expected to perform, the working of the scheme in practice has not justified the national expectation.

In 1787, he ratified a commercial treaty with France, and began to exhibit that jealousy of Russian aggrandisement, which, but for the manifest unpopularity of hostilities which shook his resolution, might have involved the two countries in war. A quarrel with Spain was approximated, respecting the right of free trade at Nootka Sound, an object for which war might be considered just, but could hardly be esteemed necessary.

But in 1788, on the memorable Regency Question, Pitt displayed his wisdom, firmness, and, we may add, power, by resisting the *too* liberal doctrines of the Opposition that, during the king's indisposition, the regency devolved by right upon the Prince of Wales. The minister, on the contrary, maintained the constitutional right of the two remaining branches of the legislature to fill up the office as they should think proper, admitting, at the same time, the propriety of appointing the heir-apparent, with restricted powers.

The storm which had been so long gathering in France, now burst upon the astonished world in all the horrors of the French revolution, and an immediate change in the state of parties in this country was the necessary consequence. The inevitable result of violence and outrage was the betrayal of both our political factions into great, but natural and pardonable errors and excesses. Reformers, elated by what they imagined the triumph of their principles in another country, became violent and even outrageous; while with the conservative party of that day, reform became synonymous with revolution, and all abuses at home found their apology in the violence attending the abrogation of abuses abroad. It seemed that there was nothing for it but to resist all concession, lest concession should leave nothing worth resistance. A war against French principles was declared on the one side; while on the other the friends of temperate reform, and rational liberty, found themselves unavoidably confounded with a mass of unreasoning enthusiasm, espousing not only the wildest and most visionary notions of the French revolutionists, but going so far as to give a dangerous approval to the means they took to accomplish their purposes—means that after deluging first France, then Europe, with blood, wasting millions of money, and retarding all the truly glorious and useful arts, have left that *too* brave nation almost where they found her.

It was at this time that the genius of Pitt began to show itself; and that admiration on the one hand, and hatred on the other, began to confess his talent for command. There can be no doubt that at the commencement of the revolutionary war, Pitt had the voice of the nation strongly with his measures and his policy; but as these became more and more developed by the urgencies and necessities of the times, that enthusiasm which rushed into foreign warfare without staying to calculate consequences, cooled amazingly; while the power of withdrawing from the contest was denied, if not to prudence, at least to national honour. While Great Britain triumphed upon her native ocean, the revolutionary armies of France were on the Continent almost uniformly successful; while at home distress and discontent, the suspension of cash payments, stagnation of trade and productive industry, and state prosecutions, taught us a lesson we shall not soon forget—how little, namely, is to be gained by interference, unless when we are driven to it, with even the wildest political extravagances of foreign nations. Pitt's inability to bring this war to a satisfactory termination, induced him to retire; unless

we are to take it for granted that his secession from power was occasioned by the opposition he encountered, in the highest quarter, to all further concessions to the great mass of the people of Ireland, in religious and political matters, to which he had solemnly pledged himself when carrying the Act of Union with Ireland. The ministry of Lord Sidmouth, who had concluded the peace of Amiens, Pitt supported for a season; but, joining the opposition, was found once again on the side of his old antagonist, and less successful rival, Charles James Fox.

Once more, in 1804, we find Pitt in his position for the second time as war minister, exerting all the energy of his character to destroy Napoleon; but again without success,—the coalition he succeeded in effecting between Russia and Austria having been dissolved by the battle of Austerlitz.

Now it was that the hitherto unexampled energy and self-sustainment of this great man began to fail; or rather, failing health, and a constitution broken by hereditary gout, and injured by a too liberal use of wine, yielded to the joint attacks of disease, bodily and mental. The impeachment of his colleague and friend, Lord Melville, is thought to have weighed heavily upon him, and to have completed his mental depression.

To form a correct estimate of the character of William Pitt belongs to the calm and impartial historian, who, far removed from the prejudices of contending factions, can weigh at leisure the value of the evidence for and against him, and determine whether posterity has or has not done him sufficient justice. As a minister, however, it is pretty generally conceded that his genius was better adapted to the regulative process of peaceable and domestic government, than for the arrangement and conduct of that warlike exertion which, with its consequences, his policy entailed upon the country. At the same time, it must be confessed, that he had to encounter the career, not then to be repressed, of gigantic and overwhelming energies, the result of a crisis of unprecedented political and social magnitude. Had it not been for his committal to a policy founded upon the extinction of revolutionary tendencies in Europe, instead of an enormous debt and questionable advantages, we should have found the great son of the great Chatham pursuing the career of his father;—reducing into practice constitutional and political improvements, and persisting in the advocacy of those great principles of temperate and rational reform, with the profession whereof he set out in his career of political life. His early accession to power was injurious to him as a

statesman; a longer career of opposition would have produced better fruit for the country, and for his own reputation.

The man who has never known adversity, or who only knows it at the decline of life, can hardly be truly great. True greatness, taught by suffering, has a moderation, a stability, and a modesty, Pitt had not the opportunity to learn till too late.

He has had praise for his indifference to the opportunities his position gave him of amassing wealth for himself; he deserves none. Negligence did for him the duty of extravagance; and it would have been more creditable to him to have paid his debts, by carefully husbanding his resources, than to leave the nation a legacy of his private as well as of his public incumbrances.

In person and physiognomy Mr. Pitt possessed no surpassing advantages. A loftiness, approaching to arrogance, the result, probably, of his position, was his habitual expression in public: in private, he has been described by an intimate friend as peculiarly complacent and urbane. His eloquence, if not more elevated or profound, was, upon the whole, more perfect than that of any other orator of his time, being remarkably correct, well-arranged, and copious. Although neither illuminated by the flashes of genius which characterised his father's oratory, or by the imagination which distinguished the eloquence of Burke, it was more uniformly just and impressive than that of either; while the indignant severity and keenness of his sarcasm were unequalled.

On the whole, Mr. Pitt was a statesman of commanding powers, and still loftier pretensions; and, however painful the pecuniary burdens to which he left the nation inheritor, it is certain that he paved the way for that final overthrow of a power which, beginning by the assertion of principles of liberty and equality, ended in aiming at universal empire—at universal despotism.

In estimating the characters of public, as of private men, circumstances must ever be taken as the first principle of modification of the character, whether it be for evil or for good. To circumstances Pitt was a slave: originally a temperate reformer, he was compelled during a long life of power to antagonise intemperate reforms; originally a patriot, his early assumption of the reins of government, the confidence of his king, and the support of a perhaps too compliant House of Commons, gave him too much of the arrogance of the secure placeman. Much must be allowed for the

great crisis of his time ; his warlike administration was the result of circumstances, his pacific measures were his own.

Upon Putney Heath, not far from the Bowling-green House, a Mr. Hartley erected a building, for the purpose of proving the efficacy of iron plates to preserve houses from fire. An obelisk, built at the expense of the city of London, records the success of the experiments ; but it does not appear that the invention was ever generally applied to practical purposes. One of the signal-posts, or telegraphs, communicating between the Admiralty and Portsmouth, stands near the above-mentioned obelisk.

PUTNEY HEATH, owing to its salubrity, elevated situation, beauty of prospect, and proximity to town, is a favourite site for aristocratic villas, as is also ROEHAMPTON, pleasantly situate at the western extremity of the heath. At Roehampton dwelt Christina, Countess of Devonshire, daughter of John Earl Spencer, a woman of considerable celebrity and very singular character. Although extolled for her devotion, she retained Hobbes, the free-thinker, as tutor to her son ; and although remarkable for hospitality, so judicious was her economy that, having procured the wardship of her son, she managed his affairs so skilfully as to extricate his estates from a vast debt, and thirty law-suits ; having ingratiated herself so far with the judges of the law, that Charles II. said jestingly to her—"Madam, you have all my judges at your disposal." Her Grace deserves more particularly to be remembered as the associate of the wits of her age. Waller frequently read his verses to her, and Lord Pembroke wrote a volume of poems in her praise, afterwards published and dedicated to her by Donne. She was herself a poetess of no mean merit, leaving a pleasing monument of her taste and genius in a poem on the Passage of Mount St. Gothard, which has been translated into French by Delille. General Monk corresponded with her, and is said, at a time when his conduct was most mysterious, to have made known to her by a private signal his intention of restoring the king. Talent seems to rejoice in commingling, both by birth and alliance, with the blood of the noble house of Devonshire.

Roehampton is a favourite abode of the fashionable and wealthy, and justifies their choice. Its proximity to Richmond Park, to the river, to Putney, its pleasant and secluded situation, make it every way desirable : nor is there, perhaps, anywhere within the same distance from the metropolis, a situation combining so many and various advantages.

Return we to Putney, and crossing the bridge, devote a few minutes to

FULHAM, in Middlesex, a manor belonging to the see of London a considerable time before the Conquest. The earliest historical association connected with Fulham is an encampment of the Danes in the year 879. The manor-house, or palace, of Fulham has been, from a very early period, the principal summer residence of the Bishops of London. The present structure is of brick, and of the modern domestic class of mansions, occupying a low site, in tastefully-disposed grounds of thirty-seven acres, surrounded by a moat, over which are two bridges. The Gothic gate, and picturesque lodge, forming the principal entrance to the palace, are worthy observation ; nor should an avenue of noble lime-trees be forgotten. From the palace-gate a pleasant secluded foot-path conducts the pedestrian to Hammersmith. The grounds of Fulham Palace have been remarkable since the time of Bishop Grindall, who was one of the earliest encouragers of botany, for the variety and rarity of their trees and shrubs ; of which some, the parent stocks of their kind in the kingdom, yet remain. In the hall of the palace are preserved portraits of the Bishops of London ; among which we may enumerate those of Laud, King, Juxon, Sheldon, Compton, Sherlock, and Lowth ; of Bishop Bonner, whose intolerance and cruelty to those who conscientiously differed from him in religious matters are well known, and of whom little that is worthy of a Christian is remembered. During the civil war, the excellent Bishop Juxon was suffered to remain undisturbed at Fulham, where he was visited by persons of all parties, and respected, though he walked steadily in his old paths of loyalty and devotion.

At PARSON'S, or PARSONAGE GREEN, a hamlet appurtenant to Fulham, dwelt the celebrated Earl of Peterborough, not more distinguished for his skill in arms, than as the associate of Locke, Swift, and other distinguished literary characters. Swift, in one of his letters, speaks of Lord Peterborough's gardens as the finest he had ever seen about London. Peterborough House is now in the occupation of — Sampayo, Esq. Indeed, the neighbourhood of Fulham is highly botanical, the example set by Bishop Grindall having smitten the proprietors of the neighbouring estates with the love of botanical and arboretic knowledge, the fruits whereof are yet visible in this richly-cultivated vicinity.

At Parson's Green lived the celebrated Samuel Richardson, author of *Clarissa Harlowe*, which, with some other of his works, he composed here,

during the intervals of his professional avocations. Richardson delighted in the society of ladies, from whose criticism he was never known to appeal. He was said to have been a vain man ; but nothing could exceed his modesty, piety, moral worth, and general benevolence. It is to be regretted that his masterly conceptions, and delicate delineations of character, should have been diluted by a tedious and verbose style. Had he written less, he had written more.

Thomas Edwards, author of the *Canons of Criticism*, then on a visit to Richardson, died here. Sir Francis Child, a wealthy citizen and alderman of London, lived at Parson's Green ; as did also Admiral Sir Charles Wager. Sir Thomas Bodley, founder of the Library at Oxford bearing his name, resided here ; as did the great Lord Bacon for a time, at the house of his friend Lord Chief Justice Vaughan, founder of the noble house of Lisburne.

Fulham has ever been a favourite retreat of persons engaged in literary and scientific pursuits. Among others, Florio, the translator of Montaigne ; Catesby, the naturalist ; Jacob Tonson, and Bernard Lintot, the eminent booksellers ; Samuel Foote, the comedian and dramatist ; the Margravine of Anspach ; and the late admired humourist, Theodore Hook.



FULHAM.

The church, an ancient stone building, with a conspicuous tower, contains a monument to the memory of Sir William Butts, physician to Henry VIII., introduced in one of Shakspeare's plays ; another of Dr. Barrow, physician and judge-advocate to Charles II., the work of the celebrated Grinlins Gibbons ; a third, with a statue of Lord Viscount Mordaunt, and some others. In the churchyard are monuments to the memories of several Bishops of

London; to Dr. Dwight; Mr. Joseph Johnson, the bookseller, and publisher of Cowper's Poems; Sir Arthur Aston, Governor of Drogheda when that place was taken by Cromwell, who with the garrison and inhabitants was butchered by that fanatic with his accustomed ferocity; Dr. Zouch, the civilian; and the well-known physician, Dr. Cadogan.



REACH IN THE RIVER BETWEEN FULHAM AND HAMMERSMITH.

Returning, we proceed once more up the river, nothing of interest occurring to detain us, except the groves of Barnes Elms to the left, which we shall consider hereafter, until our arrival at

HAMMERSMITH, whose light and elegant suspension bridge, from a design of Mr. Tierney Clarke, forms a beautiful object seen from the river. Hammersmith, together with Brook Green, Stanbrook Green, and Shepherd's Bush, are hamlets appurtenant to Fulham. Here Sindercount contemplated the assassination of the usurper Cromwell. He hired a house by the side of the road, where it was very narrow and rough, so that carriages were obliged to go slowly, a circumstance favourable to his shooting the usurper in his coach as he passed from Hampton Court to Whitehall.

The poet Thomson resided here for some time, and was said to have composed part of his "Seasons" in the Dove Coffeehouse, a little, yellow, tiled place of entertainment, still existing, which the tourist will not fail to notice in passing Hammersmith Suspension Bridge. Close to this tavern, His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex has a little box, where he was accustomed to steal an hour from state and ceremony, and indulge in that humble seclusion which princes must find the greatest possible luxury.

A mansion here, lately called BRANDENBURGH HOUSE, now pulled down, is remarkable as the former residence of several distinguished persons. Sir Nicholas Crispe, the inventor of brick-making as now practised, built the mansion with his favourite material, at a cost of 23,000*l*. Fairfax resided in



SUSPENSION BRIDGE AT HAMMERSMITH.

Designed by & executed under the direction of

WM. TERRY CLARK, ESQ.

it when his army lay in the vicinage. Prince Rupert acquired the mansion by purchase, and gave it to his mistress named Hughes, an actress of some celebrity. George Bubb Doddington, Lord Melcombe, popularly known in his day as *Silly-bubb*, modernised the house, calling it *La Trappe*, and filling it, to repletion, with statuary and mosaics. Lord Melcombe erected in the grounds of *La Trappe* a monumental obelisk to his lady. This having been removed, now stands in the park of Lord Ailesbury, at Tottenham, in Wiltshire, commemorative of the *recovery* of his late Majesty George III.; affording a useful hint of the various purposes to which obelisks may be applied when purchased at second-hand.

Lord Melcombe was the son of an apothecary in Dorsetshire, named Bubb, which name he changed for Doddington, out of compliment to a relative, one of the lords of the Admiralty, whose large fortune he inherited. A Diary from the pen of his lordship testifies his weakness, puerility, and conceit. He had a paltry affectation of patronising literary men, which Thomson and Young the poets, to their lasting discredit, recognised by servile dedications.

The Margravine of Anspach was the next distinguished occupant of Brandenburg House, as it now was called. Here her highness, who appears to have been a woman of varied accomplishments, frequently entertained her friends with dramatic exhibitions, exerting her talents both as a writer and performer, for their amusement.

Queen Katharine, dowager of Charles II., resided for some years at Hammersmith in a house by the water-side. Dr. Radcliffe, the Abernethy of his day, resided here several years before his final removal to Carshalton. It was his intention to have founded an hospital upon his estate here, and the buildings were in a forward state, but left unfinished at his death. In Hammersmith Chapel is a monument to the memory of Sir Nicholas Crispe, a distinguished adherent of Charles I., and an eminent sufferer in his cause. He entered into business as a trader to Guinea with a larger fortune than most people retire with, and pursued it with unusual success, after losing an immense fortune in the royal service, and materially assisting the cause by his bravery in the field, and diplomacy. Crispe submitting to a robbery, called a commutation, under the Commonwealth, retrieved his losses by trade; and having lived to see the son of his friend restored to his crown and kingdom, was rewarded by being created a baronet the year before his death, leaving a large fortune to his descendants.

Arthur Murphy the dramatist, author of "All in the Wrong," "Know your own Mind," and "The Way to Keep Him," translator of Tacitus, editor of the works of Fielding and Johnson, an accomplished gentleman and scholar, lived for several years on Hammersmith Terrace, and was buried in the Chapel, near his mother, whom he tenderly loved. Sir Samuel Moreland, the lessee of Vauxhall, and noted hydraulic engineer, resided at Hammersmith, where he sunk a well for the use of the public, adjoining his own house, recorded by the following inscription:—"Sir Samuel Moreland's Well, the use of which he freely gives to all persons; hoping that none who shall come after him will adventure to incur God's displeasure by refusing a cup of cold water provided at another's cost, and not their own, to either neighbour, stranger, passenger, or poor thirsty beggar."

A short way above Hammersmith is CHISWICK, with which is intimately connected TURNHAM GREEN, where a sharp action was fought between Prince Rupert and the Earl of Essex with doubtful success, eight hundred of the Cavaliers being found dead on the field. The chief attractions of Chiswick are the Gardens of the Horticultural Society, and the mansion of the Duke of Devonshire. The last Earl of Burlington, whose skill and taste as an architect are well known, erected this small but beautiful villa from a design of Palladio. The Right Hon. Charles James Fox breathed his last at Chiswick House, whither he was removed for change of air during his last illness, on the 13th of September, 1806.

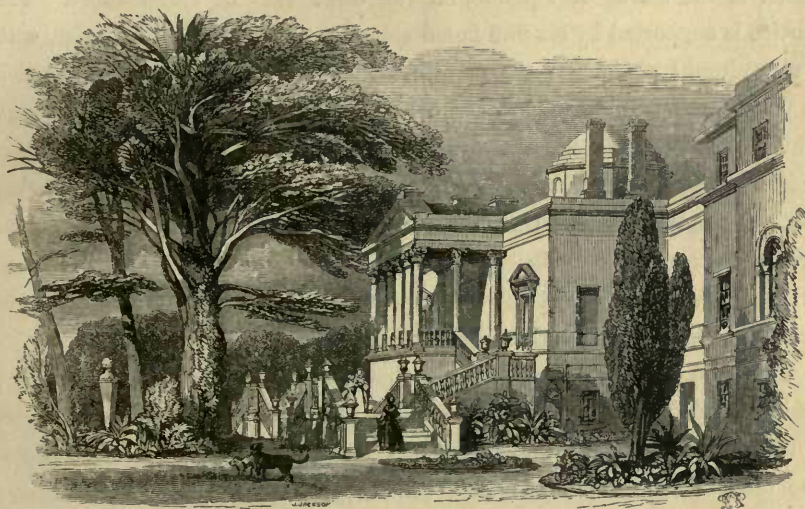
The Right Hon. George Canning, first lord of the Treasury, and Premier minister, died also here.

There is a painful interest in contemplating the spot where Fox and Canning breathed their last. The abodes

"Where lonely want retires to die—"

are the source of no disquieting reflections: death comes *there* rather as a friend than enemy. He removes the wretched from neglected disease, unpitied want, and unrelieved distress; he robs of life the unfortunate who have nothing of life's portion but its toil, misery, and neglect. But when Death knocks at the palatial gates of Chiswick, dunning for the life of men who, like Fox, have wantoned in every enjoyment from their cradles; or like Canning, have stepped, after a life of ambitious dreams, upon the giddy height of power, there is something appalling in his approach. No more gaiety and dissipation for the one, no more indulgence of the

insolence of power for the other. On that bed those mighty men were laid, helpless as children, looking up for hope of life in the face of the physician, or drawing faint consolation from the matter-of-course aspirations of the nurse. Admiration, adulation, fled; wit, eloquence, intellect, forgotten: rising leaders take their places in the tribune, and usurp their fame; the senate, where they shone, already rings with acclamations in which they have no share; and no prospect fills those eyes, already dimmed by approaching death, than that of a tablet of brass in an abbey, or a statue of bronze in a square.



CHISWICK HOUSE.

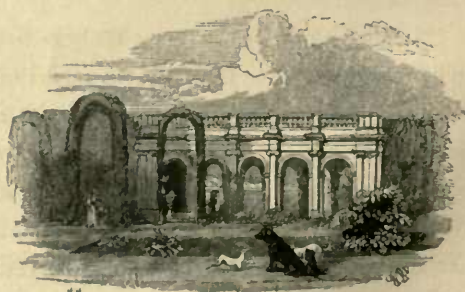
Of Chiswick House, Horace Walpole, whose judgment in the fine arts is well known, observes that it is "a model of taste, though not without faults, some of which are occasioned by too strict adherence to rules and symmetry. Such are too many corresponding doors in spaces so contracted, chimneys between windows, and what is worse, windows between chimneys, and vestibules, however beautiful, yet little secured from the damps of the climate. The trusses that support the ceiling of the corner drawing-room are beyond measure massive; and the ground apartment is rather a diminutive catacomb than a library in a northern latitude. Yet these blemishes, and Lord Hervey's wit, who said the house was 'too small to inhabit and too large to hang to one's watch,' cannot depreciate the taste that reigns

throughout the whole. The larger court dignified by picturesque cedars, and the classic *scenery* of the small court that unites the old and new house, are better worth seeing than many fragments of ancient grandeur which our travellers visit under all the dangers attendant on long voyages.

“The garden is in the Italian style, but divested of conceit, and far preferable to every style that reigned till our late improvements. The buildings are heavy, and not equal to the purity of the house. The lavish quantity of urns and sculptures behind the garden front, should be retrenched.”

The ascent to the house is by a double flight of steps, on one side of which is the statue of Palladio, on the other that of Inigo Jones. The portico is supported by six fine fluted columns, of the Corinthian order, with a very elegant pediment; the cornice, frieze, and architraves, being as rich as possible. The octagonal saloon, which finishes at top in a dome, through which it is enlightened, is truly elegant. The inside of the structure is finished with the utmost elegance; the ceilings and mouldings are richly gilt, upon a white ground, giving a chaste air to the whole interior. The principal rooms are embellished with books, splendidly bound, and so arranged as to appear not an incumbrance but ornament. The tops of the book-cases are covered with white marble, edged with gilt borders.

The gardens are laid out in the first taste, the vistas terminated by a temple, obelisk, or some similar ornament, so as to produce the most agreeable effect. At the end opposite the house are two wolves by Scheemaker; the other exhibits a large lioness and a goat. This view is terminated by three fine antique statues, dug up in Adrian's garden at Rome, with stone seats between them. Along the ornamental waters we are led to an inclosure, where are a Roman temple and an obelisk; and on its banks stands an exact model of the portico of St. Paul's Covent Garden, the work of Inigo Jones. The arched gate, formerly of Beaufort House at Chelsea, also the work of Inigo



GARDEN SCENE, CHISWICK HOUSE.

Jones, and the gift of Sir Hans Sloane to the Earl of Burlington, was removed here. The pleasure-grounds and park include about ninety acres,

together with an orangery, conservatory, and range of forcing-houses, three hundred feet in length.

Horace Walpole, being a *connoisseur*, must needs find fault with something. He desires that the lavish quantity of urns and statues behind the garden front should be retrenched; and this might be desirable if these urns and statues were not exquisite gems of art, and individually of great beauty and value, demanding a more undivided attention than would be given them, if considered merely as ornamental appendages to the grounds. The bronze statues of the Gladiator, Hercules with his club, the Faun, are worthy a place in any gallery. Three colossal statues, removed hither from Rome, although mutilated, are very fine, as are also the profusion of minor marbles scattered throughout the grounds. Nothing can be more exquisite than the taste that presides over this Versailles in little. The lofty walls of clipped yew, inclosing alleys terminated by rustic temples; the formal flower-garden, with walks converging towards a common centre, where a marble copy of the Medicean Venus woos you from the summit of a graceful Doric column; the labyrinthic involution of the walks, artfully avoiding the limits of the demesne, and deceiving you as to its real extent; the artificial water, with its light and elegant bridge, gaily painted barges, and wild-fowl preening themselves upon its glassy surface; the magnificent cedars feathered to the ground, kissing with pendent boughs their mother earth; the temples and obelisks, happily situate on the banks of the river, or embowered in wildernesses of wood; the breaks of landscape, where no object is admitted but such as the eye delights to dwell upon; the moving panorama of the Thames, removed to that happy distance where the objects on its surface glide along like shadows; the absolute seclusion of the scene, almost within the hum of a great city, make this seat of the Duke of Devonshire a little earthly paradise. The house, notwithstanding Lord Hervey's sarcasm, is a perfect gem, and a worthy monument of the genius and taste of the noble architect. Nowhere in the vicinity of London have wealth and judgment been so happily united; nowhere in the neighbourhood of the metropolis have we so complete an example of the capabilities of the Italian or classic style of landscape gardening.

The Horticultural Gardens were established at Chiswick in the years 1818 and 1819, and are held under His Grace the Duke of Devonshire. The objects of the society may be best understood from the

Report of the proceedings lately published, from which we quote as follows :—

- I.—THE INTRODUCTION OF NEW, USEFUL, AND ORNAMENTAL PLANTS.
- II.—THE ESTABLISHMENT AND MAINTENANCE OF A COMPLETE COLLECTION OF AUTHENTIC SPECIMENS OF USEFUL OR ORNAMENTAL TREES, SHRUBS, AND PLANTS.
- III.—THE PROSECUTION OF EXPERIMENTS TO ASCERTAIN THE MERITS OF ANY NEW PROCESSES OR METHODS OF CULTIVATION CONNECTED WITH HORTICULTURE.
- IV.—THE DETERMINATION OF THE COMPARATIVE VALUE OF SPECIES OR VARIETIES, EITHER NEWLY INTRODUCED OR ALREADY IN CULTIVATION.
- V.—PUBLICATION OF HORTICULTURAL PAPERS AND REPORTS, EITHER THE RESULT OF EXPERIMENTS AND OBSERVATIONS MADE BY THE SOCIETY, OR COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED FROM FELLOWS AND OTHERS.

The Gardens, approached by a handsome broad avenue leading from the high road at Turnham Green to Chiswick House, contain thirty-four acres,



HORTICULTURAL GARDENS, CHISWICK.

the surface rather flat, and not boasting any particular natural attractions, but laid out with considerable taste and judgment. There are three distinct departments of horticulture.

- I.—THE ARBORETUM.
- II.—THE ORCHARD, FORCING-HOUSES, AND KITCHEN-GARDEN.
- III.—CONSERVATORY, HOTHOUSES, AND PLANT-HOUSES.

The conservatory, as yet incomplete, is the chief ornament of the Gardens. This frail but beautiful structure is one hundred and eighty-four feet long,

five-and-twenty feet high, and about thirty feet wide. It is intended merely as one wing of a grand vitreous mansion, to consist of a lofty dome, and another wing of the same extent as that already completed. When finished, this will be the most splendid structure of the kind near the metropolis. In addition to the conservatory, the plant-houses are worthy of notice. One is devoted entirely to plants from Australia, another contains the natives of the tropics, a third defends the orchideous tribes; there are also numerous forcing-houses, heated by the most approved contrivances. One gardener, three superintendants, and twenty-one assistant gardeners, are permanently employed; there are occasional supernumeraries.

Visitors are admitted by tickets from Fellows of the society. Three annual exhibitions take place. For the present year they are fixed for

SATURDAY	MAY 14.
SATURDAY	JUNE 11.
SATURDAY	JULY 9.

The intermediate exhibition, should the weather prove favourable, is generally considered the most attractive. Bands of music are in attendance, the gardens are crowded with the best company; and even to those not particularly attached to horticultural pursuits, a visit upon one of these gala days cannot fail to be productive of much gratification.

Tickets for the exhibition days are purchased by Fellows at the cost of three-and-sixpence each, if purchased before the fifth of April; after that date, at five shillings each. All tickets issued at the garden on the days of exhibition, are at the advanced price of ten shillings each.

In the churchyard is a monument to the great painter of human character and life, HOGARTH, whose remains, with those of his wife, and her mother Judith, wife of Sir William Thornhill, lie in a vaulted grave beneath. We need not look here, however, for the monument of Hogarth; wherever his works are to be found, there will be found his monument. To dwell upon the merits, or repeat the excellences, of this admirable satirist, humourist,



HOGARTH'S TOMB.

and historian of ordinary life, would be a gross impertinence. That he was a great painter; that he originated a line of art at once novel, exciting, and instructive; that he was original, having no master; unrivalled, none equal coming after him, we may say, if there is any necessity for repeating that which everybody knows and feels.

Of Hogarth Charles Lamb has eloquently said :—"The quantity of thought which Hogarth crowds into every picture would alone *unvulgarise* every subject which he might choose. The faces of Hogarth have not a mere momentary interest, as in caricatures, or those grotesque physiognomies which we sometimes catch a glance of in the street, and, struck with their whimsicality, wish for a pencil and the power to sketch them down, and forget them again as rapidly; but they are permanent, abiding ideas. Not the sports of nature, but her necessary eternal classes. We feel that we cannot part with any of them, lest a link should be broken. Hogarth's mind was eminently reflective; and, as it has been well observed of Shakspeare that he has transfused his own poetical character into the persons of his drama, Hogarth has impressed a thinking character upon the persons of his canvas. This reflexion of the artist's own intellect from the faces of his characters is one reason why the works of Hogarth, so much more than those of any other artist, are objects of meditation. Our intellectual natures love the mirror that gives them back their own likenesses. The mental eye will not bend long with delight upon vacancy." Coleridge, with truth, observes, "Another line of eternal separation between Hogarth and the common painters of droll or burlesque subjects, with whom he is often confounded, is the sense of beauty which, in the most unpromising subjects, seems never wholly to have deserted him;—Hogarth, in whom the satirist never extinguished that love of beauty which belonged to him as a poet." While the testimonies of such men as Lamb and Coleridge, to the excellences of a kindred spirit, exist, we trust the reader will see the propriety of our abstinence from criticism of the works of such a man as Hogarth.

Fielding pays a very just and happy tribute to the genius of Hogarth, saying :—"He who would call the ingenuous Hogarth a burlesque painter, would, in my opinion, do him very little honour: for sure it is much easier, much less the subject of admiration, to paint a man with a nose, or any other feature, of a preposterous size, or to expose him in some absurd or monstrous attitude, than to express the affections of men on canvas. It hath

been thought a vast commendation of a painter to say his figures seem to breathe; but surely it is a much greater and nobler applause that they appear to *think*."

When his health, about the sixty-fifth year of his age, began to decline, Hogarth purchased a small house at Chiswick, to which he retired during the summer, amusing himself with making slight sketches, and re-touching his plates. "This house stood till lately on a very pretty spot; but the demon of building," says Cunningham, "came into the neighbourhood, choked up the garden, and destroyed the secluded beauty of Hogarth's cottage. The garden, well stored with walnut, mulberry, and apple trees, contained a small study, with a head-stone placed over a favourite bulfinch, on which the artist had etched the bird's head, and written an epitaph. The cottage contained many snug rooms, and was but yesterday the residence of a man of learning and genius, Mr. Cary, the translator of Dante."

The inscription upon the tomb is from the pen of the equally celebrated David Garrick:—

"Farewell, great painter of mankind,
Who reached the noblest point of art;
Whose pictured morals charm the mind,
And through the eye correct the heart.
If genius fire thee, reader, stay;
If nature move thee, drop a tear;
If neither touch thee, turn away!
For Hogarth's honour'd dust lies here."

The Earl of Macartney, well known as the ambassador to China, was buried in the churchyard; as also Louthembourg, the painter, of whose character as a painter Fuseli says that—"As an artist Mr. De Louthembourg exhibits an uncommon example of the possession of faculties directly opposed to each other. In his landscapes, and indeed his performances in general, he is not less remarkable for the most admirable dexterity of hand, and the most captivating facility of pencil, than for a seductive, though meretricious, gaudiness in his colouring, which is too frequently in opposition to the chaste and sober tinting of nature. The readiness with which he composed and executed his pictures could scarcely fail of betraying him into the foibles of a mannerist. Individual parts of his pictures are frequently uncommonly fine; but either from inattention to, or an ignorance of, the first principles of chiaro-scuro, there is often a want of generality in the effect, which is frequently scattered

and fluttering; and we look in vain for that tempered harmony in the whole, which distinguishes the most admirable productions of the art."

Dr. Griffiths, the first editor of, and Dr. Rose, translator of Sallust and a distinguished contributor to, the *Monthly Review*; Dr. Duck, an eminent civilian; Mary, Countess Falconberg, daughter of Oliver Cromwell; Ralph, the historian and political writer, ridiculed in the *Dunciad*—

"Silence, ye wolves, while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
Making night hideous; answer him, ye owls!—"

the Duchess of Cleveland, a well-known beauty in the court of Charles II. and one of his most distinguished favourites,—were buried at Chiswick. Kent, the gardener, painter, and architect, lies interred in the church, in the vault of his patron, Lord Burlington. Holland, the actor, and friend of Garrick, was interred here. Among the illustrious inhabitants of Chiswick we must by no means overlook Joseph, popularly called Joe Miller, of facetious memory. Miller was a comic actor of considerable merit, who resided many years at Strand-on-the-Green, near Chiswick, and died there in August 1738, the putative father of a thousand jokes and comicalities not his own. Chiswick churchyard is rich in epitaphs, there being no less than three from the pen of David Garrick, two from that of Arthur Murphy, and many others.

BARNES, on the Surrey side, now claims its share of our attention. The great Sir Francis Walsingham, Secretary of State to Queen Elizabeth, resided at Barn-Elms, so called from its mystic trees, now no more; having chosen it as a place of retirement from the fatigues of state. The queen frequently honoured that great and good statesman with visits. The daughter and heiress of Sir Francis (who died so poor that he was obliged to be buried late at night, in the most private manner) was wife successively to three of the most distinguished men of his age, Sir Philip Sidney, the unfortunate Earl of Essex, and the Earl of Clanrickarde. The mansion came into possession of the Hoare family, who modernised it, but it has long since disappeared. Adjoining the mansion was a house belonging to Jacob Tonson the bookseller, at the time he was secretary to the Kit-Cat Club. Here he built a room for their reception, in which they held their meetings. This apartment, which existed in a miserably neglected state, being converted into an apple store in 1805, was ornamented with portraits of the members by Sir Godfrey Kneller, but has been pulled down, no trace of it remaining.

Barn-Elms was the temporary residence of Cowley the poet, who, swan-

like, appears to have migrated from place to place along the banks of the Thames. "Out of haste," says Spratt, in his *Life of Cowley*, "to be gone out of the tumult and noise of the city, he had not prepared so healthful a situation as he might have done, if he had made a more leisurable choice. Of this he soon began to feel the inconvenience at Barn-Elms, where he was afflicted by a dangerous and lingering fever. He afterwards removed to Chertsey, where he died." In the grounds of Barn-Elms is a rustic temple to the memory of this exquisite poet and amiable man. Henry Fielding the novelist, and Handel the composer, resided at Barnes for a time. Beale, well known in connexion with the fate of the unfortunate



BARN-ELMS HOUSE.

Mary Queen of Scots, with the warrant for whose execution he was despatched to Fotheringay, where he read the fatal instrument upon the scaffold, was buried at Barnes. "He was a man," says Camden, "of a most impetuous and morose disposition," and probably the fittest man who could be found to go upon so infamous an errand. The Right Hon. Sir Lancelot Shadwell, Vice-Chancellor of England, is the present occupant of Barn-Elms.

MORTLAKE, a little higher, also upon the Surrey side, next obtrudes upon the view, demanding a brief notice.

The manor of Mortlake belonged to Westminster Abbey before the Conquest, confirmed by a charter of Edward the Confessor. A considerable part of the parish is enclosed in Richmond Great Park. The Archbishops of Canterbury had a palace and occasionally resided here, until the alienation of the manor to Henry VIII. by Archbishop Cranmer. Sir John, father of

the celebrated Sir William Temple, Master of the Rolls in Ireland, was buried at Mortlake.

Sir Francis Crane, under the patronage of James I., and encouraged by Charles, Prince of Wales, established a manufactory of tapestry on an extensive scale at Mortlake, about 1619.

There is extant a letter from Crane, addressed to King James, complaining of non-payment of debts owing to him by the King and Buckingham, and making mention of 300*l.* expended by him for certain drawings as designs for tapestry, made originally for Pope Leo X. by Raphael d'Urbino, the subject being the Twelve Months of the year. In the first year of Charles's reign, Crane received a pension of 1000*l.* a year.

Rubens has the merit of having mentioned the existence of the Cartoons now at Hampton Court to Charles I., and having advised him to purchase them for the use of his tapestry weavers at Mortlake.

John Barber, printer, Alderman and Lord Mayor of London, known in connexion with Lord Bolingbroke, Pope, and more especially Swift, was buried here, where is the following inscription to his memory:—"Under this stone are laid the remains of John Barber, Esq., Alderman of London, a constant benefactor to the poor, true to his principles in church and state. He preserved his integrity and discharged the duty of an upright magistrate in the most corrupt times. Zealous for the rights of his fellow-citizens, he opposed all attempts against them; and being Lord Mayor in the year 1733, was greatly instrumental in defeating a scheme of a general excise, which, had it succeeded, would have put an end to the liberties of his country."

It is a melancholy, and to the nation rather degrading circumstance, that the immortal author of *Hudibras* should have been indebted for a memorial to the munificence of Barber the printer; and that the place where repose the remains of the great John Milton should have been unmarked with a stone until rescued from the herd of vulgar graves by the brewer Whitbread.

At Mortlake is also buried the patriotic Sir John Barnard, immortalised by Pope in the same couplet with the Man of Ross. It is mentioned, as an instance of his modesty, that he never could be induced to enter the Royal Exchange after his statue was placed there. Partridge, the astrologer, quack, almanack-maker, and physician to Charles II. and William and Mary, who, in spite of all his asseverations to the contrary, was *put to death* so mercilessly by Swift in the *Tatler*, and whose unceasing exertions to convince the public that he was yet alive even now amuse every

reader, was at last, in point of fact, buried at Mortlake, where he rests from his labours, and his works have followed him. The extraordinary conjuror and supposed magician, Dr. Dee, a man of considerable learning, varied abilities, and no ordinary talents, although tainted with the scientific empiricism of the age in which he lived, resided and died here. Dee was a great favourite of Queen Elizabeth, who often went to his house to consult him, and have peeps at futurity. When he was sick, the queen ordered her own physicians to attend him, "sent him divers rarities to eat, and the Honourable Lady Sidney to attend on him and comfort him with divers speeches from her majesty, *pithy* and *gracious*." In concert with two other knaves, Dee pretended to carry on conversations with spirits by means of a show-stone, which he averred was given him by an angel. One, who acted as seer, reported what spirits he saw, and what they said; whilst Dee, who sat at a table, reported the spiritual intelligence. A folio volume of their notes was published by Casaubon; and many more, containing the most unintelligible jargon, remain in MS. in the British Museum, together with the *consecrated* cakes of wax, marked with mathematical figures and hieroglyphics, used in these mummeries. The show-stone, which is a round piece of volcanic glass finely polished, was in the far-famed collection formed by the late Earl of Orford at Strawberry Hill. The mob, who had been always prejudiced against him as a magician, broke into his house, destroying his chemical apparatus, a fine quadrant, and a magnet, which he valued at large sums before commissioners appointed by the queen to hear his grievances. Upon this report, the queen "willed the Lady Howard to write some words of comfort to his wife, and send some friendly tokens besides." He was at length made Chancellor of St. Paul's and Warden of Manchester; whence, having quarrelled with the Fellows, he returned to Mortlake. As illustrations of the ignorance and superstition of the age, we may observe, that Dee was employed to determine, according to the opinion of the ancient astrologers, what day would be most fortunate for Queen Elizabeth's coronation. Some time afterwards he was sent for by the lords of the council to counteract the ill effects which it was apprehended would befall the queen from a waxen image of her majesty, stuck full of pins, which was picked up in Lincoln's Inn Fields. This, we are told, he performed "in a godly and artificial manner," in the presence of the Earl of Leicester and Mr. Secretary Wilson.

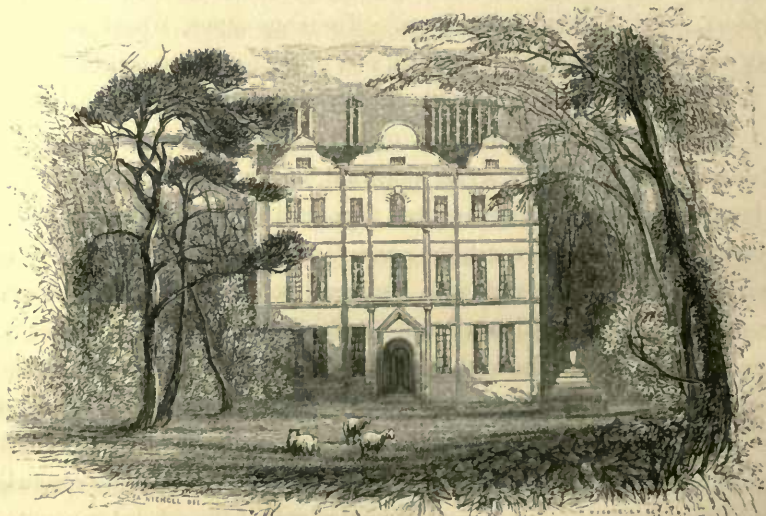
After all his tricks and conjurations, Dee died, as may be supposed, in

miserable circumstances, having been so poor in the latter part of his life as to be obliged to sell his library piecemeal for subsistence.

Kew, from a remote period a royal residence, is the next point of interest as we proceed in our voyage up the river. The scenery about Kew has had the advantage of an elegant compliment from the pen of Goldsmith, in an ode upon the death of the Princess Dowager of Wales, mother of George III.

“ Fast by that shore where Thames’ translucent stream
Reflects new glories on his breast ;
Where splendid as the youthful poet’s dream,
He forms a scene beyond Elysium blest ;
Where sculptured elegance and native grace
Unite to stamp the beauties of the place :
While sweetly blending, still are seen
The wavy lawn, the sloping green ;
While novelty, with cautious cunning,
Through every maze of fancy running,
From China borrows aid to deck the scene.”

Kew House or Palace, for many years the occasional residence of his late Majesty George III., formerly belonged to the Capel family ; and even in



KEW PALACE.

their day the gardens were celebrated for the rarity of their shrubs and fruits. Molyneux the astronomer was for a time the possessor of Kew, in right of his wife, the Lady Elizabeth Capel. Dr. Bradley’s discovery of the *parallax* of the fixed stars is said to have been made with an instrument of

Molyneux's construction. The pleasure-grounds, notwithstanding the disadvantage of a flat surface, are laid out with much taste, and exhibit a considerable variety of prospect. They are ornamented with a ridiculous profusion of temples, grottoes, artificial ruins, imitative mosques and pagodas, by Sir William Chambers, in the very worst taste. The architect published a tedious account of his expensive trumpery. A Chinese pagoda, forty-nine feet in diameter at the base, and one hundred and sixty-three feet in height, is a conspicuous object. The greenhouse is of large dimensions. The Exotic, or, as it is called, Botanic Garden, was established in 1760 by the Princess Dowager of Wales. A catalogue of the plants contained therein has been published by the gardener, Mr. William Aiton, under the title of *Hortus Kewensis*. In the year 1803 the gardens of Richmond were united with those of Kew.

The Botanical Garden and Arboretum are open to the public daily, from one to three, all the year, Sundays excepted.

The pleasure-grounds are open from Midsummer till the beginning of October, on Sundays and Thursdays, from noon till sunset.

In the chapel at Kew is a monument to the memory of Meyer, a native of Germany, a famous painter in enamel and miniatures. In the Churchyard, near the schoolhouse door, lies Gainsborough the painter, one of the most original and successful masters of the British school, whose merit Sir Joshua Reynolds has worthily recorded in his immortal "Discourses."

Gainsborough was born at Sudbury, in Suffolk, in 1727, and had the good fortune to take Nature for his mistress in art, and her to follow through life. Respecting Gainsborough, memory is still strong in his native place. A beautiful wood of four miles' extent is shown, whose ancient trees, winding glades and sunny nooks, inspired him, while yet a schoolboy, with the love of art. Scenes are pointed out where he used to sit and fill his copy-books with pencillings of flowers and trees, and whatever pleased his fancy. No fine clump of trees, no picturesque stream nor romantic glade, no cattle grazing nor flocks reposing, nor peasants pursuing their work, nor pastoral occupations, escaped his diligent pencil. With these tastes, and this education, it is not wonderful that Gainsborough should have succeeded in the profession which he loved. He received some instruction from Gravelot, and from Hayman, the friend of Hogarth. Having married, he settled in Ipswich; but in the thirty-first year of his age removed to Bath, where he was appreciated as he deserved, and was enabled by his pencil to live respectably.

But a man like Gainsborough is not long in discovering that provincial places are not the places for him ; and, as was said by one of his friends, his remove from Bath to London proved as good a move as it was from Ipswich to Bath. In London he added the lucrative branch of portrait-painting to his favourite pursuit of landscape. The permanent splendour of his colours, and the natural and living air which he communicated to whatever he touched, made him at this time, in the estimation of many, a dangerous rival of Sir Joshua himself. Gainsborough was quite a child of nature, and everything that came from his easel smacked strongly of that raciness, freshness, and originality, the study of nature alone can give. "The Woodman and his Dog in the Storm" was one of his favourite compositions, and most deservedly so ; yet while he lived, he could find no purchaser at the paltry sum of one hundred guineas. After his death, five hundred guineas were paid for it by Lord Gainsborough, in whose house it was subsequently burnt. "The Shepherd's Boy in the Shower," and his "Cottage Girl with her Dog and Pitcher," were also his prime favourites. Although having the good taste to express no contempt for the society of literary or fashionable men, Gainsborough, unlike the courtly Sir Joshua, cared little for their company. Music was his passion—or rather, next to his profession, the business of his life. Smith, in his *Life of Nollekens*, relates that he once found Colonel Hamilton playing so exquisitely to Gainsborough on the violin, that the artist exclaimed, "Go on, and I will give you the picture of the Boy at the Stile, which you have so often wished to purchase of me." The colonel proceeded, and the painter stood in speechless admiration, with the tears of rapture on his cheek. Hamilton then called a coach and carried away the picture.

Gainsborough seems to have passed a tolerably happy life, steering clear of those quarrels and irritations that embittered the lives of Hogarth, Barry, and many other great names in his profession. Between him and Sir Joshua "there was no love lost ;" but this was to have been expected from men moving so nearly in the same orbit. He was a welcome guest at the table of the elegant and accomplished Sir George Beaumont, and lived on terms of great affection with the talented and versatile Richard Brinsley Sheridan. The chief misery of his life, next to a cancer, which brought him to his grave, was the unrelenting and cruel patronage of a vain fool, called Thicknesse, some time governor of Landguard Fort ; who having in the artist's early day ordered of him a thirty-guinea picture, in conse-

quence of this exertion of liberality, employed the remainder of his life in publishing to the world the ingratitude of the artist, whom he had rescued from obscurity, and *chaperoned* into fame. It is much to the credit of Gainsborough, that through a long and creditable life, he never forgot the independence of the position he had acquired by his industry, good conduct, and talent. He painted his pictures, took his money, thanking his head and right hand that enabled him to earn it, and laughed at the would-be patronage of Thicknesse, who had the bad taste to inform the public that "*he* dragged him (Gainsborough) from the obscurity of a country town at a time when all his neighbours were as ignorant of his great talents as he was himself." Such is the modesty of patronage, and such the methods by which patrons pay themselves!

When assured that the progress of his fatal malady precluded all hopes of life, he desired to be buried in Kew Churchyard, and that his name only should be cut on his grave-stone. He sent for Sir Joshua, and was reconciled to him; then exclaiming, "We are all going to heaven, and Vandyke is of the company!" immediately expired, in the sixty-first year of his age. Sheridan and Sir Joshua followed him to the grave.

Of his works, Walpole exclaims, "What frankness and nature in Gainsborough's landscapes, which entitle them to rank in the noblest collections!" Allan Cunningham remarks: "The chief works of Gainsborough are not what is usually called landscape, for he had no wish to create gardens of paradise, and leave them to the sole enjoyment of the sun and breeze. The wildest nooks of his woods have their living tenants, and in all his glades and his valleys we see the sons and daughters of men. A deep human sympathy unites us with his pencil, and this is not lessened because all its works are stamped with the image of Old England. His paintings have a national look; he belongs to no school; he is not reflected from the glass of man, but from that of nature. He has not steeped his landscape in the atmosphere of Italy, like Wilson, nor borrowed the postures of his portraits from the old masters, like Reynolds. No academy schooled down into uniformity and imitation the truly English and intrepid spirit of Gainsborough. There is a charm about the children running wild in the landscapes of Gainsborough, which is more deeply felt by comparing them with those of Reynolds. There is a rustic grace, an untamed wildness about the children of Gainsborough, which speak of the country and of neglected toilets. They are the offspring of nature, running free amongst woods as wild as themselves."

Of the works of Gainsborough, every visitor to the National Gallery is familiar with "The Market Cart:" "The Blue Boy," and the yet more celebrated "Cottage Door," are in the collection of the Marquis of Westminster. As one of the founders, and a chief ornament, of the truly British school of painting, Gainsborough is entitled to somewhat more than the ordinary space we can afford to bestow upon biographical notices of those who are identified in life or death with the Environs of London.

BRENTFORD,

"Tedious town,
For dirty streets and white-legged chickens known,"

appears on the right, or Middlesex side of the river, soon after passing beneath Kew Bridge. Edmund Ironside defeated the Danes with great slaughter at this ford in 1016; and, six hundred and twenty years later, a memorable battle was fought here between the troops of King Charles and some regiments belonging to the Parliament, with success variously related by historians of the antagonist parties. It appears, however, that in the assault the Cavaliers had the upper hand, but without any lasting advantage, having retreated next day, on the approach of a strong force of Roundheads, to Hampton Court. Among the prisoners taken in this battle was the famous John Lilburne.

An interesting narrative of this struggle has been transmitted to us from one of the Cavaliers engaged in the action; who says—"On Saturday, very early, we marched from Ashford, and at Hounslow Heath all the king's foot met, expecting a battle; but none offered. On still we went to Hounslow town; thence to Brentford, where unexpectedly we were encountered by two or three regiments of theirs, who had made some small barricadoes at the end of the first town, called New Brentford. The van of our army, being about a thousand musqueteers, answered their shot so bitterly, that within an hour or less they forsook their work in that place, and fled up to another which they had raised betwixt the two towns; from whence, and a brick house by, with two small ordnance they gave us a hot and long shower of bullets. My colonel's (Sir Edward Fitton's) regiment was the sixth that was brought to assault, after five others had all discharged, whose happy honour it was (assisted by God and *a new piece of cannon newly come up*) to drive them from that work too, *where it was a heart-breaking object to hear and see the miserable deaths of many goodly men.* But what was most pitiful, was to see how many poor men ended and lost their lives striving to

save them ; for they ran into the Thames, and about two hundred of them, as we might judge, were there drowned by themselves, and so were guilty of their own deaths ; for had they staid and yielded themselves, the king's mercy is so gracious that he had spared them all. We took there six or eight colours, also their two pieces of ordnance, and all this with a very small loss, God be praised ! for, believe me, I cannot understand that we lost sixteen men. Then we, thinking all had been done for that night, two of our regiments passed up through the old town to make good the entrance ; but they were again encountered with a fresh onset, which, scattered like the rest after a short conflict, fled away towards Hammersmith, and we were left masters of the towns. That night most lay in the cold fields."

At the chapel here officiated for a time the well-known John Horne Tooke, author of the *Diversions of Purley*. Noy, the attorney-general of Charles I., with whom the unlucky exaction of ship-money had its origin, or at least revival, was interred at Brentford. He was an able and learned lawyer, but morose and unpopular. The writ for the obnoxious tax, for which, it is said, he had discovered a precedent among the records of the Tower, and which he brought forward in the House, was drawn and prepared by his own hand. Before his appointment to the attorney-general's office, Noy was a most strenuous opposer of the king's prerogative ; but was much less dangerous to His Majesty as an enemy than as a friend. At Brentford the freeholders of Middlesex are accustomed to hold elections of their representatives in Parliament. The bridge over the little river Brent is of great antiquity, and in the time of Edward I. was toll-free, Jews and Jewesses only excepted. Before the railways diminished so materially intercourse by road, Brentford was one of the greatest thoroughfares in England.

SION HOUSE, one of the seats of His Grace the Duke of Northumberland, between Brentford and Isleworth, is a beautiful object, beautifully situated. This noble mansion, in the form of a quadrangle, with square embattled turrets at the angles, was fitted up at great expense by the late Duke. The Great Hall, paved with black and white marble, is sixty-six feet by thirty-one, and thirty-four feet in height. It contains some antique statues, and a cast of the Dying Gladiator. The great attraction of this magnificent mansion is the Vestibule, adorned with twelve pillars of the Ionic order, and sixteen pilasters of that rare and valuable material, the *verd antique*, being probably a greater quantity of that marble than can be found in any other

mansion in Europe. The Library, extending through the east side of the quadrangle, is one hundred and thirty feet by fourteen. The book-cases are formed in recesses in the wall, and receive the books so as to make them



SION HOUSE.

part of the general finishing of the room. Below the ceiling, which is richly adorned with paintings and ornaments, runs a series of large medallion paintings, exhibiting the portraits of all the Earls of Northumberland in succession, and other principal persons of the houses of Percy and Seymour, taken from original paintings in the possession of the families.

The Drawing-room has a carved ceiling, divided into two small compartments, richly gilt, and representing designs of many of the antique paintings that have been found in Europe, executed by the Italian masters. The sides are hung with a rich silk damask, the finest of the kind ever executed in England. The tables are two noble pieces of antique mosaic, found in the baths of Titus at Rome.

The Dining-room is ornamented with statues in marble, and paintings in *chiaro-scuro* after the antique.

From the east end of the Library are the private apartments, along which we return again to the Great Hall. Among the portraits that adorn the walls of this truly palatial edifice are those of Henry Percy, implicated in the Gunpowder Plot, for which he suffered a long imprisonment in the Tower; Lucy, Countess of Carlisle, daughter of His Grace, and one of the most admired beauties of her time; Algernon Percy, tenth Earl of Northumberland; Charles I., and one of his sons, probably the Duke of Gloucester, by Sir

Peter Lely; Charles I., and Queen Henrietta Maria, by Vandyke; the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Charles I.; and others.

The entrance to the mansion from the high road is through a noble gateway, having on each side an open colonnade, and on the top a lion *passant*, the crest of the noble house of Northumberland.

The gardens, although not boasting much diversity of surface, are very beautiful, rich in curious trees and shrubs, and adorned with a handsome piece of water; a gentle mound crowned with evergreens, and visible from the river, here winding round a verdant peninsula, whereon cattle and sheep browse tranquilly; the gardens of Kew on the opposite bank of the stream, the stately mansion, and the dense foliage, forming a back-ground to the whole, make altogether a *coup-d'-œil* of no ordinary pastoral beauty.

The attractions of a retirement, at once so near, and by its seclusion so distant from, the busy hum of men, as Sion House, must be complete. If there is any one charm wanting to the country, it is easy access to and from the town. There is a superadded pleasure in rambling through secluded glades, and over velvet lawns, with the hum of the neighbouring city in your ear, and the power of plunging into the vortex whenever meditation tends to melancholy, or solitude to satiety. There is another pleasurable idea the possessor of such a place as Sion must gratify himself with—the idea of power. Power cannot be shown in a more imposing shape than by inclosing within the immediate vicinity of a great city, where land is worth such enormous sums, a large tract, as a mere *pleasaunce*, without a view to any other interest for the money than that derivable from the enjoyment of absolute seclusion, where such seclusion is the most difficult of attainment, and purchased at what, to men of meaner fortunes, would be enormous pecuniary sacrifices. As far as purchase-money is concerned, a small demesne near London is a considerable estate at a distance from town: not only is there no return in rental, but there is a tremendous outlay, where labour is most expensive, in the preservation of the place and its adornment. Nothing can convey a better idea of the vast resources of our great aristocracy than the magnificence, beauty, and expensive establishments of their suburban retreats.

In contemplating—which is all we are permitted to do—the outward glories of Sion House, it is pleasant to be able to console ourselves with all philosophers have said, and poets sung, of peace avoiding palaces to take up her abode in cottages, and the like. This cant of philosophy and poesy

makes the consolation of the poor, but is contrary at once to probability and fact. We take it that the great, enjoying these little Edens about town, far removed from the wear and tear of working-day life, able to shut out at will every prospect, mental or physical, offensive to the eye or to the mind—to let in at pleasure all that unlimited resources can command of luxury, physical and intellectual; in close proximity at once to the companionship of nature and of man; wrapped up in comfort, the happiness of the body; and enjoying—for without that all the rest is nothing—a tolerable constitution, and a conscience as times go, must, all other things being equal, be the happiest of mortals. If to contemplate, without entering their terrestrial paradises, be to us of the vulgar a pleasure; if to perambulate them, by earnest solicitation, and fees conferred upon the under-gardener or his deputy, be a privilege granted to the favoured few; if to behold the mirrored and tapestried glories of the interior be the result of humble application, and half-a-sovereign addressed to the housekeeper when his Lordship or his Grace is from home—who must not envy his Lordship, or his Grace, who calls these charming places, which we are glad to be permitted to be smuggled in only to look at, his own? The wretchedness of the great, and the comparative happiness of the little, are pleasing paradoxes, invented to cheat men of humble life into a belief in their practical equality with their superiors: we know that the great not only enjoy life more than we do, but that they live longer; and, taking an equal number of peers and artisans, you will find that the former lead long and merry lives, the latter live short and comparatively miserable. But, to conclude, if there need be any other proof that this popular fallacy of the misery that inhabits palaces be an affectation of philosophers and poets, who is there among them who would not jump at an exchange of the garret in the city for the palace at the end of the town; or the cracked tea-pot with the cowslip-root in it for the conservatory, redolent with the transplanted fruits and flowers of either Ind?

Men fall into the error of attributing an undue share of misery to the great, because of the vulgar trick of not applying the leading principles of human nature to great as to little men. Nature, abhorring the vacuity of idleness, fastens unhappiness upon him who is born into the world only to be idle; conscience, in like manner, makes miserable the man who perverts the purposes of his being: but the nearest approach to the imperfect happiness this world has to bestow is made by him who, with station,

leisure, and independence of the world, in a pecuniary point of view, finds or makes employment, by which he may connect his being with purposes of utility, and turn that to life, which otherwise would be but existence.

The historical associations connected with Sion House are worthy of a few moments' attention. At Twickenham, further up the river, King Henry V. founded a convent of Bridgetine nuns; and his successor, eighteen years after the foundation, permitted their removal to a more spacious house, which they had built upon their demesnes in the parish of Isleworth, called Sion. The convent of Sion was dedicated to Our Saviour, the Virgin Mary, and St. Bridget, and consisted, according to the rules of the foundress, of sixty nuns including the abbess, thirteen priests, four deacons, and eight lay brethren; making in the whole the number of the apostles, and seventy-two disciples of Christ. It must be observed that it was only in convents of Bridgetines and Gilbertines that monks and nuns were permitted to live under one roof. King Henry's charter incorporated the convent under the name of the Abbess and Convent of St. Saviour and St. Bridget, of the order of St. Augustine, whose rules St. Bridget observed, with some of her own institution.

A munificent endowment was provided for this convent, and in the meanwhile King Henry granted for its sustentation a thousand marks out of the revenues of the Exchequer, until other revenues should be provided. At the dissolution of monasteries, the revenues of Sion amounted to the then considerable sum of £1731 per annum.

After the Dissolution, Sir John Gates was appointed keeper of the conventual house for the king, in whose hands it continued during the remainder of his reign. Katharine Howard, one of the unfortunate wives

of the brutal Henry, was imprisoned here from November till the February following, being kept very strict, but attended as queen. The corpse of King Henry VIII., whose



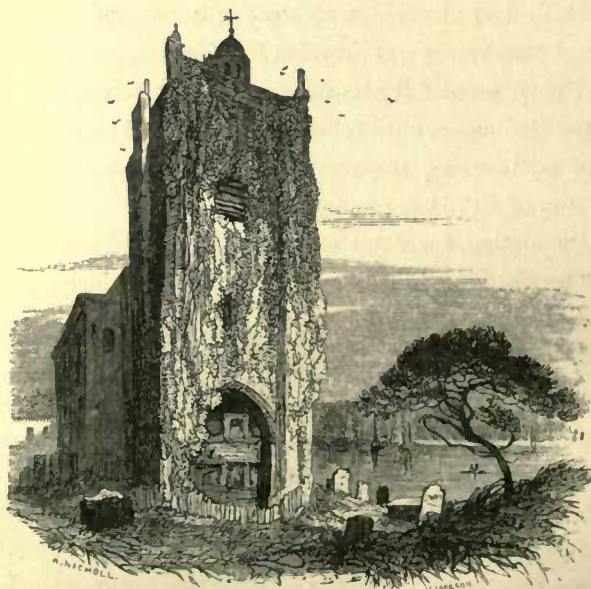
BOAT-HOUSE, SION HOUSE.

funeral procession is said to have exceeded in magnificence any ever seen in England before or since, rested a night at Sion on its way to Windsor. The

Protector Somerset had a grant of Sion from King Edward VI. From hence the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey was called to that dangerous eminence costing her life. Queen Mary re-established the convent, and it was finally suppressed by Queen Elizabeth. The successors of the nuns of Sion found an asylum at Lisbon so late as the year 1808, when, on the approach of the French, they were compelled to quit the convent, the greater part seeking shelter in England, where they were finally dispersed.

In 1604, Sion House and the manor of Isleworth were granted to Henry, Duke of Northumberland, who was imprisoned in the Tower and fined £30,000 for a supposed participation in the Gunpowder Plot. The children of Charles I. were in custody at Sion House, where the king was permitted to visit them, through the intercession of the Earl of Northumberland with the Parliament. Queen Anne, when Princess of Denmark, resided here for some time.

ISLEWORTH, with its handsome church and tower, is an attractive object from the river. Lord Baltimore, the original grantee of Maryland, resided



ISLEWORTH CHURCH.

at Isleworth. Sion Hill, a seat of the Duke of Marlborough, is in this parish. The Duchess of Kendal, mistress of George I., resided here. After her death, the grounds were opened as a place of public amusement.

The Duke of Shrewsbury, a conspicuous character in the reigns of King

William and Queen Anne, and who was at one and the same time Lord Chamberlain of the Household, Lord High Treasurer of England, and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, three offices never before united in the same person, resided at Isleworth, and there died.

Dorothy, daughter of Sir Robert Sidney and Lady Dorothy his wife, of the noble house of Penshurst, better known as the Sacharissa of Waller, was born at Isleworth.

George Keate, author of an "Account of the Government Laws and History of Geneva," a "Journey to Margate" in imitation of Sterne, two volumes of Poems, the subject of one being that upon which there can be no lack of inspiration, namely, the "Distressed Poet," but better known as the author, or rather compiler, of Captain Wilson's memorable Voyage to the Pelew Islands, was born and buried at Isleworth.

A sudden turn of the stream at Isleworth brings us within sight of the proposed termination of our little voyage. Rest and refreshment demand the attention of the reader, and the animal must needs usurp the intellectual for the present. While dinner is getting ready, we may bestow a word or two upon the picturesque of the Thames from London to Richmond, and its pretensions thus far to merely natural beauty. From our place of embarkation to Chelsea we may consider ourselves traversing a watery way, or high street; of which the sides, studded with a variety of buildings, few picturesque, some ugly, and very many mean, offer little upon which the eye curious of rural scenes, or spots of greenery, rests with gratification. From beneath Battersea Bridge we catch a glimpse of country, and may now begin to "babble of green fields;" but we have little to boast until Putney and Fulham come into view. Thence all the way, except where at Hammersmith we become rather townish for a short distance, we have at every turn something to admire. But when we pass the bridge, we feel that we are approaching the spot where the silver Thames first rural grows; we get among the swans; swan-like, pleasurable sensations of escape from the long-drawn and apparently interminable town, come freshly over the buoyant spirit; we breathe more freely, the brow becomes unclouded, and the mind participates in the calm and sunshine of external nature.

The Thames, at all times beautiful, like other beauties, has days of good and better looks, days of vapours and spleen, days of full dress, and days of dishabille. We need hardly add, that the judicious will take care that their visit shall be so timed so as not to catch the naiad of the stream when she is

not disposed to see company. Those who, without due consideration, pay a first visit to the river on a chilly, gusty day, when the tide is low, and the bed of the stream partly exposed, may chance to be disappointed, and look wondering around for those charms poet after poet has delighted to sing. It is on a clear, sunny Mayday, or we may say, a bright day throughout the summer months, when the tide is flowing, and near the flood, that the noble expanse and silvery surface of this classic river is seen to most advantage.



RICHMOND BRIDGE.

While other streams owe much of their reputation to their banks—as men rise in the world by the interest of patrons—Father Thames owes everything to himself. His banks are nowhere sublime, and although in the greater part of his career beautiful, yet it is a quiet beauty. But it is the gently gliding character of the stream itself—

“Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o’erflowing full;”

its transparent waters and silvery surface, its copiousness without profusion—these make the pretensions of the Thames. Then, how rich is it not in classic associations; and not merely in these, but in associations of national utility and glory! These last, however, belong to another portion of our subject. We are here at Richmond, metaphorically and literally, among the swans of Thames, and we must endeavour to catch somewhat of the inspiration of the place before inflicting more of our tediousness upon the indulgent reader who may have borne with us so long.

KENSINGTON.

THE reader will remember that in our last excursion, we had the pleasure of accompanying him to Richmond by the river Thames: to-day, we propose to conduct him thither by land, and to devote a long Midsummer's day to the delightful neighbourhood of "resplendent Sheen:" thence to wander by the river's brink to the classic shades of Twickenham; to bestow a few recollections upon the departed glories of Strawberry Hill, and to terminate our day in that favourite haunt of the disciples of Izaak Walton, Teddington.



KENSINGTON PALACE.

KENSINGTON, at the distance of a mile and a half from Hyde Park Corner, on the great western road, is a place of considerable interest. Kensington Palace was the seat of Sir Heneage Finch, afterwards Earl of Nottingham and Lord Chancellor of England, by whose son it was sold to King William soon after his accession to the throne. The palace is a large, irregular, and, as far as the *tout ensemble* is concerned, by no means royal

residence, built at various times, each successive addition rivalling in bad taste its predecessor. Within the walls expired King William and Queen Mary, Queen Anne, her consort Prince George of Denmark, and King George the Second. After the decease of the last-mentioned monarch, Kensington Palace has been usually occupied by some of the members of the royal family. Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline, resided here; as also the Duke of Kent, father of Her present Majesty. The Duke of Sussex now resides here, together with several favoured individuals who occupy apartments during the pleasure of the Crown.

KENSINGTON GARDENS, a favourite and delightful lounge in the season, are well worthy the attention of the tourist. Although disposed in the formal style introduced into this country by King William, and known to landscape gardeners as the Dutch taste, yet their formality is not offensive, as it uniformly is where space does not exist to give breadth and depth to the masses of foliage, or majesty to the walks and vistas. Tickell has invoked the Muse to the celebration of these gardens in song:—

“ Where Kensington, high o’er the neighbouring lands,
Mid greens and sweets, a regal fabric stands;
And sees each spring, luxuriant in her bowers,
A snow of blossoms and a wild of flowers;
The dames of Britain oft in clouds repair
To gravel walks and unpolluted air.
Here, while the town in damps and darkness lies,
They breathe in sunshine, and see azure skies;
Each walk with robes of various dyes bespread,
Seems from afar a moving tulip bed.
Where rich brocades, and glossy damasks glow,
And chintzes, rivals of the showery bow.”

These gardens consisted originally, as we are informed by Pennant, of only twenty-six acres: Queen Anne added thirty acres, which were laid out by her gardener Wise; but the principal additions were three hundred acres taken from Hyde Park, and disposed by Bridgeman. The gardens are now three miles and a half in circumference, including somewhere about three hundred and thirty-six acres, together with eight acres of water, forming a circular pond to the eastward of the palace. At this time of the year, these delightful gardens look remarkably well, having an air more park-like, more secluded, than any other of the public walks around the metropolis, and

affording a more unbroken shelter from the noonday heat. The trees here are more numerous and lofty, casting a greater breadth of shade than in the parks; but regarded individually, are comparatively insignificant, having been planted too close, and from want of room to expand their lateral boughs, running up to poles. The disposition of the trees in squares and battalions, is said to have been an attempt to display the position of the allied armies immediately before the battle of Blenheim. Whether this be the case or not, the union of a judicious formality and natural arrangement has been happily accomplished here. The long, unbroken, regular avenues of greensward, with the dense columnar masses of foliage between, give fine effect to the snatches of dusky town which terminate the view; while the absence of statues, hermitages, marble temples, spouting monsters, and sarcophagi relieves the scene from the constrained and artificial appearance of the vast majority of parks laid out in this style.

The view from the centre of the broad walk, exactly in front of the palace, is one of the finest anywhere around the metropolis. This walk is a favourite promenade, being at once dry and sheltered. During May, June, and July, the bands of the household troops assemble twice a week for practice in these gardens, near the bridge over the Serpentine, from four until six in the afternoon, when the concourse of fashionable people is immense, and the scene altogether one of great animation.

The Gardens of Kensington have been thought worthy of mention in the Pastoral Calendar and elsewhere. The best passage in Tickell's poem upon this subject, which is also the first, we have given above. We quote a few lines from another effusion descriptive of the character of the gardens, which, if they possess no other merit, have the advantage of sprightliness; and if not good, are at least not dull.

“ Far in the west, remote from citizens,
Where Hyde Park ends and Bayswater begins,
Imperial Kensington her groves extends,
And to the town her shade suburban lends;
Th' excursive beau defending from the power
Of sultry noon, or sudden summer shower.
There elms umbrageous fling their arms around,
And waxen flowers of chesnut strew the ground;
There, half across the sun-illumined glade,
Funereal firs project a blackening shade;
Borne on the breeze, there fragrant scents betray
The thorn prolific of the luscious may,
Laburnum pendulous, and lilac gray.

To staid pedestrians sacred is the shade
 Whose ample walks no rumbling wheels invade ;
 Here sprightly miss, here nurse and nursling rove ;
 And young-old gentlemen dream, too late, of love.
 Here happy pairs beguile the tedious day,
 And pairs, uncoupled, happier far than they.
 Here, with no sense of coming ill endued,
 To-morrow's mutton crops its grassy food ;
 Here, muttonless, the lonely poet stalks
 And raves, and rhymes, and, hungering as he walks,
 Envies the nibbling sheep—far happier they
 Who, if they die to-morrow, dine to-day."



KENSINGTON CHURCH.

Kensington Church is situate in the centre of the village,—or town as it might more properly be termed, and is a plain structure, with a low embattled tower of brick, surmounted by a wooden turret. This parish boasted a "Vicar of Bray," in the person of one Thomas Hodges, collated to the living by Archbishop Juxon ; he kept his preferment during the civil war and interregnum, by joining alternately with either party ; although a frequent preacher before the Long Parliament, and one of the Assembly of

Divines, he was made Dean of Hereford after the Restoration, but continued to his death Vicar of Kensington.

William Courten, the traveller and naturalist, who amassed in various countries a large collection of antiquities and natural curiosities, with which he fitted up a museum said to have occupied ten rooms in the Middle Temple, is buried here; and his name is worthy of record, from the fact that the bequest of his collection to Sir Hans Sloane was the nucleus of the British Museum.

The family of Rich, Earls of Warwick and Holland, and Barons of Kensington, have monuments in this church. There is also a monument to the memory of Francis Colman, British Minister at Florence, and father of George Colman the elder, who is interred here. This witty and eccentric character was educated at Westminster School, and afterwards became a barrister of Lincoln's Inn; but relinquished the drudgery of the law for pursuits more congenial to his nature. George Colman the elder is known to the world both as a classical scholar and dramatic writer. He translated the plays of Terence, and the Art of Poetry of Horace; his dramatic reputation rests chiefly upon the "Jealous Wife," and the "Clandestine Marriage," in which last he was assisted by Garrick. His theatrical management began with Covent Garden theatre; but after a few years he became sole patentee of the Haymarket, and so continued until his death. James Elphinstone, who translated Martial, better known as the friend of Dr. Johnson, with whose concurrence he published an Edinburgh edition of "The Rambler," kept a school for many years, first at Brompton, and afterwards at Kensington.

Holland House, an ancient and noble mansion, erected by Sir Walter Cope, father-in-law of the Earl of Holland, in the reign of James I., and affording a fine example of the architecture of that period, takes its name from one of the family of Rich, sometime Earls of Holland.

In this mansion is a celebrated chamber, called the Gilt-room, still remaining in its original state, presenting a very favourable example of the art of interior decoration in that day. The wainscot is in compartments, ornamented with crosslets and fleurs-de-lis, with the arms of the families of Rich and Cope, and the punning motto, *Ditior est qui se*—"Who more rich than he?"

The library is about one hundred and five feet in length, the collection of

books extensive and valuable ; the rooms are adorned with busts and pictures. The grounds include about three hundred acres, of which sixty-three are disposed in pleasure-grounds. Over a rural seat is inscribed the following couplet, from the pen of the late Lord Holland, whose literary tastes and acquirements are generally known :—

“ Here Rogers sat ; and here for ever dwell
With me those ‘ Pleasures ’ that he sang so well.”



HOLLAND HOUSE.

A tribute so pleasing, so considerate, and so just to the memory of the social and conversational excellences of this amiable nobleman, has been paid by an intimate friend well calculated to do the memory of Lord Holland every justice, that we imagine, especially as it is an agreeable picture of manners in high literary life, that portion of it more particularly associated with Holland House may be acceptable to some of our readers.

Speaking of the mansion, the writer eloquently, and we fear *prophetically*, says :—“ Yet a few years, and the shades and structures may follow their illustrious masters. The wonderful city which, ancient and gigantic as it is, still continues to grow as a young town of logwood by a water privilege in Michigan, may soon displace those turrets and gardens, which are associated

with so much that is interesting and noble ; with the courtly magnificence of Rich, with the loves of Ormond, with the counsels of Cromwell, with the death of Addison. The time is coming when perhaps a few old men, the last survivors of our generation, will in vain seek, amid new streets, and squares, and railway stations, for the site of that dwelling, which in their youth was the favourite resort of wits and beauties, of painters and poets, of scholars, philosophers, and statesmen ; they will then remember with strange tenderness many objects familiar to them—the avenue and terrace, the busts and the paintings, the carving, the grotesque gilding, and the enigmatical mottoes. With peculiar tenderness they will recall that venerable chamber, in which all the antique gravity of a college library was so singularly blended with all that female grace and wit could devise to embellish a drawing-room. They will recollect, not unmoved, those shelves loaded with the varied learning of many lands and many ages ; those portraits, in which were preserved the features of the best and wisest Englishmen of two generations : they will recollect how many men, who have guided the politics of Europe, who have moved great assemblies by reason and eloquence, who have put life into bronze or canvas, or who have left to posterity things so written that it will not willingly let them die, were there mixed with all that is loveliest and gayest in the society of the most splendid of capitals. They will remember the singular character which belonged to that circle, in which every talent and accomplishment, every art and science, had its place. They will remember how the last debate was discussed in one corner, and the last comedy of Scribe in another ; while Wilkie gazed with modest admiration on Reynolds' Barette ; while Mackintosh turned over Thomas Aquinas to verify a quotation ; while Talleyrand related his conversations with Barras at the Luxembourg, or his ride with Lannes over the field of Austerlitz. They will remember, above all, the grace, and the kindness far more admirable than grace, with which the princely hospitality of that ancient mansion was dispensed ; they will remember the venerable and benignant countenance and the cordial voice of him who bade them welcome ; they will remember that temper, which years of sickness, of lameness, of confinement, seemed only to make sweeter and sweeter ; and that frank politeness, which at once relieved all the embarrassment of the youngest and most timid writer or artist, who found himself for the first time among ambassadors and earls. They will remember that, in the last lines which he traced, he expressed his joy that

he had done nothing unworthy of the friend of Fox and Grey; and they will have reason to feel similar joy, if, in looking back on many troubled years, they cannot accuse themselves of having done anything unworthy of men who were distinguished by the friendship of Lord Holland."

On the death of the last Lord Holland of the Rich family, this mansion descended through the female line to William Edwardes, created Lord Kensington; and was sold by him to Henry Fox, whose family is now ennobled by the title of Lord Holland.

Holland House is rich in historical and classical associations. The celebrated Earl of Holland, who suffered death for his attachment to his Royal master Charles I., after having sided alternately with him and the Parliament, was imprisoned here in his own house, once by the king, and again by the House of Commons.

Addison became possessed of Holland House by his marriage with the Countess Dowager of Warwick and Holland. Whatever *prestige* he might have acquired by this alliance, it does not seem much to have augmented his store of happiness. It was remarked by the author of an Essay on Addison's life and writings, that "Holland House is a large mansion; but it cannot contain Mr. Addison, the Countess of Warwick, and one guest, Peace." The poet died at Holland House. He had formerly been tutor to the young Earl of Warwick, and tried anxiously, but in vain, to check the licentiousness of his pupil's manners. As a last effort, he requested him to come into his room when he lay at the point of death, hoping that the solemnity of the scene might work upon his feelings. When the young nobleman came to receive his commands, his expiring friend stretched out his hand, and told him that he had sent for him "to see how a Christian could die."

Addison is buried in Westminster Abbey, near the entrance to the north aisle of Henry the Seventh's Chapel. There is, we regret to say, no tablet, monument, or inscription, to his memory.

Tickell, the poet, never wrote to more advantage than when his muse, inspired by the memory of his friendship with Addison, thus elegantly apostrophised the former residence of his friend and benefactor:—

"Thou hill, whose brow the antique structures grace,
Reared by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race;
Why, once so loved, whene'er thy bower appears,
O'er my dim eye-balls glance the sudden tears?"

How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair,
 Thy sloping walks and unpolluted air ;
 How sweet the glooms beneath thine aged trees,
 Thy noontide shadow, and thine evening breeze !
 His image thy forsaken bowers restore ;
 Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more ;
 No more the summer in thy gloom 's allay'd,
 Thine evening breezes, and thy noonday shade."

Of Addison, Dr. Johnson says, "as a describer of life and manners he must be allowed to stand perhaps the first of the first rank. His humour, which, as Steele observes, is peculiar to himself, is so happily diffused as to give the grace of novelty to domestic scenes and daily occurrences. He never outsteps the modesty of nature, nor raises merriment, nor wounds by the violation of truth. His figures neither divert by distortion, nor amaze by aggravation. He copies life with so much fidelity, that he can be hardly said to invent: yet his exhibitions have an air so much original, that it is difficult to suppose them not merely the product of imagination.

"As a teacher of wisdom he may be confidently followed. His religion has nothing in it enthusiastic or superstitious; he appears neither weakly credulous, nor wantonly sceptical; his morality is neither dangerously lax, nor impracticably rigid. All the enchantment of fancy, and all the cogency of argument, are employed to recommend to the reader his real interest, the care of pleasing the Author of his being. Truth is shown sometimes as the phantom of a vision; sometimes appears half veiled in an allegory; sometimes attracts regard in the robes of fancy; and sometimes steps forth in the confidence of reason.

"His prose is the model of the middle style; on grave subjects not formal, on light occasions not grovelling; pure without scrupulosity, and exact without apparent elaboration; always equable, and always easy, without glowing words or pointed sentences. Addison never deviates from his track to snatch a grace; he seeks no ambitious ornaments, and tries no hazardous innovations. His page is always luminous, but never blazes in unexpected splendour. What he attempted, he performed; he is never feeble, and he did not wish to be energetic; he is never rapid, and he never stagnates. His sentences have neither studied amplitude nor affected brevity; his periods, though not diligently rounded, are voluble and easy. Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison."

Perhaps it is not too much to say, that higher praise than this can be bestowed upon the writings of no man. Addison was doubly fortunate, in that his character was thought worthy almost of equal eulogy with his writings.

Who does not remember the exquisite couplet—

“ He taught us how to live ; and, oh ! too high
A price for knowledge ! taught us how to die ” ?

And, in another place, on the burial of Addison, hear the poet and the friend—

“ No’er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation came a nobler guest,
Nor e’er was to the bowers of bliss convey’d
A purer spirit or more welcome shade.”

At BROMPTON, in this parish, Cromwell was said to have resided in an ancient mansion, called Hale House ; but there is no reason to suppose that such was the fact : almost every parish around London has a Cromwell’s house, and this among the rest.

Henry Cromwell resided in this house before he was appointed Lord Deputy of Ireland. He married, at Kensington, a daughter of Sir Francis Russell, of Chippenham. The garden of Curtis, the botanist, was at Brompton.

The most distinguished and memorable inhabitant of Brompton was the great John Hunter. At Earl’s Court, in this neighbourhood, he purchased a piece of ground, where he kept numbers of wild animals for the purposes of investigating their structure and functions, as well as for the facility of trying upon them such experiments as might, applied to the human subject, tend to the cure of disease or the alleviation of pain.

John Hunter was born July 14, 1728, at Long Calderwood in the county of Lanark. His father dying when the youth was about ten years old, his education was neglected, and he was suffered to spend his time unprofitably in rural amusements. One of his sisters having married a cabinet-maker, settled at Glasgow. John became his apprentice, but the failure of his brother-in-law prevented his continuance in that situation. It is not unlikely, however, that while in this humble employment he may have manufactured professors’ chairs, utterly unconscious that he was himself one day to become the most distinguished occupant of that crude furniture. The reputation his elder brother enjoyed in London as a lecturer and teacher

of anatomy about this time, inspired Hunter, now about twenty years of age, with a desire for more active employment ; and having made a proposal to William to become his assistant, he was invited to take up his residence in the metropolis, where he was ere long destined to a bright career of fortune and fame. It is probable that the habits of manual dexterity he acquired in his mechanical may have had their beneficial influence even upon his scientific pursuits ; certain it is, that one of the earliest duties imposed upon him in the dissecting-room, that of preparing the muscles of an arm for his brother's demonstration in anatomy, was performed with such dexterity and skill, as to leave no doubt in the mind of Dr. William Hunter that he had secured in his brother an effective assistant. But in this humble condition, so disagreeable to an original mind, John Hunter was not long destined to continue. In the summer of 1749 he attended Mr. Cheselden, then surgeon to Chelsea Hospital, and laboured hard, under that excellent master, in the acquisition of the elementary principles and practice of his future profession. In the subsequent winter he almost altogether devoted himself to the office of demonstrating in anatomy to his brother's numerous pupils ; Dr. William Hunter, at this time, finding so much of his leisure taken up with his professional avocations as to give to the brother an easy opportunity of perfecting himself as a lecturer. John Hunter, continuing his attendance at Chelsea in the summer of 1750, in the winter of that year became pupil at St. Bartholomew's, where he constantly attended the operations of surgery in that noble institution.

Conscious probably of some inferiority, real or imaginary, arising from the want of a university education, Hunter entered as a gentleman commoner at St. Mary Hall, but soon relinquished the idea of a regular academic course. He still continued to labour with unremitting assiduity at his professional studies, becoming a pupil at St. George's Hospital, where two years afterwards he was appointed house-surgeon.

The management of anatomical preparations was at this period very little known ; every preparation therefore, that was skilfully made, became an object of admiration. Many were wanting for the use of his lectures, and Dr. Hunter having himself an enthusiasm for the art, his brother had every advantage in the prosecution of that pursuit, towards which his own disposition pointed so strongly, and of which he left so noble a monument in his Museum of Comparative Anatomy. John Hunter pursued the study

of anatomy with an ardour and perseverance of which few examples can be found. By this close application for ten years, he made himself master of all that was already known, and struck out some additions to that knowledge. In comparative anatomy, which he cultivated with indefatigable industry, his grand object was examining various organisations formed for similar functions, to trace up as far as possible to the fountain-head the general principles of animal life.

By excessive attention to these pursuits, his health became so much impaired that he was threatened with consumptive symptoms, and being advised to go abroad, accepted the appointment of surgeon on the staff of the army, and accompanied the expedition to Belle Isle. In this service he acquired his knowledge of the nature and treatment of gun-shot wounds, which he afterwards embodied in his admirable Treatise on the Blood. On his return to London, to his emoluments for private practice, and his half-pay, he added those arising from teaching practical anatomy and operative surgery ; and it was at this stage of his career that he became an inhabitant of Brompton.

In February 1767, Mr. Hunter was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society ; and in order to make that situation as productive of knowledge as possible, he invited many persons to form a scientific meeting at a coffee-house, for the purpose of philosophic discussion, and inquiry into discoveries and improvements.

Of this society, or club, Sir Joseph Banks and his friend Dr. Solander, Dr. Maskelyne the astronomer, Dr. Noothe the chymist, Sir George Schuckburgh, Sir Harry Englefield, Sir Charles Blagden, Mr. Ramsden, and Mr. Watt, were members.

In 1771 he married Miss Home, sister of Mr. afterwards Sir Everard Home, an individual who acquired an unenviable notoriety from the destruction of the unpublished MSS. of his friend, instructor, and relative.

As the family of Mr. Hunter increased, his practice and character advanced in proportion ; but the expense of his collection absorbed a very considerable part of the profits. The best rooms in his house were filled with his preparations ; and his mornings, from sunrise to eight o'clock, were constantly employed in anatomical and philosophical pursuits. The volumes of the Philosophical Transactions bear testimony to his success in comparative anatomy, which was his favourite, and may be almost said to be his principal

pursuit. Where he met with natural appearances which could not be preserved in actual preparations, he employed able draughtsmen to represent them on paper, and for several years kept one in his family expressly for this purpose.

In January 1776, he was appointed surgeon-extraordinary to his Majesty; in 1781, was elected into the Royal Society of Sciences and Belles-Lettres of Gottenburgh; and in 1783, into the Royal Society of Medicine, and the Royal Academy of Surgery at Paris. He was now at the height of his professional reputation as a surgeon, performing some operations with complete success which were thought by the profession to be beyond the reach of any surgical skill. The energy of this man's mind, and his capacity for corporeal as well as mental fatigue, are truly astonishing: recollecting that at this time he was engaged in a very extensive practice, was surgeon to St. George's Hospital, gave a long course of lectures in the winter, had a school of practical anatomy in his house, was continually engaged in experiments upon the animal economy, and was from time to time producing very important publications.

But it would appear that in Hunter's, as in many other instances, strength of mind was accompanied by strength of will, and that he could not only do great things well, but that he could do many great things in little time.

On the death of Mr. Adair, the professional honours of John Hunter were completed, by his appointment to the office of surgeon-general of the army.

The death of Mr. Hunter was sudden, the result of a spasmodic affection of the heart, to which he had now for several years been subject. Irritation of mind has been found by experience to produce that complaint; and in October 1793, meeting with some vexatious interference at St. George's Hospital, he constrained himself in giving expression to his feelings, and, choked with emotion, retired into another room: there, in turning round to a physician who was present, he fell and expired without a groan.

His portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and familiar to us in the well-known engraving by Sharpe, gives an accurate idea of his countenance, which is highly expressive of energy and intellect. His temper was warm and impatient; but his disposition was candid and free from reserve, even to a fault. He was superior to every kind of artifice, detested it in others, and in order to avoid it, expressed his exact sentiments sometimes too openly

and abruptly. His mind was uncommonly active ; it was naturally formed for investigation, and so attached to truth and fact, that he despised all unfounded speculation, proceeding always with caution upon the solid ground of experiment.

At the same time, his acuteness in observing the result of these experiments, his ingenuity in contriving and his adroitness in conducting them, enabled him to deduce from them advantages which others would not have derived. Unaccustomed in early life to that routine of education which employs youth in collecting and retaining the ideas of others, and in flooding the mind with error in the pursuit of knowledge, John Hunter, awed by no names, and careless of antiquity, came to the task of physiological and surgical inquiry, and of comparative anatomy, with the determination of looking for truth, where he could alone be sure truth was to be found—in nature, and of testing all his hypotheses in the severest manner by experiment.

Unlike many others who have earned a spurious fame, Hunter was no systematist ; he did not devote his life to any theory, and laughed at the empirical doctrines with which his predecessors in the sciences to which he devoted himself were wont to veil their ignorance of the laws of nature, or their indifference to her operations. John Hunter read little, but observed much ; in this way only do men become great. Knowledge, with mean minds, is a stream of water descending from one generation to another, through successive strata, taking a tinge of mud from one, of dirt from another, as it may happen. With a mind truly great, knowledge bubbles up, pure and undefiled, from its original fount, coming fresh from the heart of earth, and flung out upon the surface, without admixture, without adulteration.

After the decease of this great man, the premises he had occupied at Earl's Court were converted to the purposes of a gaming-house ; or, as the newspapers of the day chose humorously to express it, for the dissection of *pigeons*, and preparation of *flat-fish*.

From Kensington our traveller makes his way, by a choice of routes (for which we refer him to the map in our preceding number), to the classic village, or rather town, of Richmond.





RICHMOND.

RICHMOND received its present name by royal command in the reign of Henry VII., who was Earl of Richmond in Yorkshire. "In Domesday Book it is not mentioned. A record of nearly the same antiquity calls it Syenes, the name was afterwards spelt Schene and Sheen: some writers, founding their conjectures upon the latter word, which signifies bright or splendid, have supposed it to be expressive of the magnificence of the ancient palace."

This classic spot, which is to London what Frascati may be supposed to have been in the palmy days of Imperial Rome, is one of those places of which we are in the habit of forming preconceived notions and ideal pictures; and we are therefore delighted or disappointed in proportion to the harmony of the real Richmond with the Richmond of our imagination.

Our preconceived idea of Richmond was that of a retired village, consisting of a few humble cottages nestling at the foot of a hill, or rather mountain, difficult of access, capped with barren rocks or purple heath, and commanding, as it were a time-worn fortress, the subjacent country. Finding our village, as we had always heard it termed, a large modern well-built town, we were somewhat disappointed; but this feeling soon gave way to more pleasurable emotions, when we began to reflect upon the historical associations connected with this, the most richly-associated spot of English ground.

For the historical account subjoined, we are indebted to the painstaking and accurate Mr. Lyons.

"It is not certain when the manor-house at Sheen first became a royal palace; a MS. record in the British Museum mentions it as having been the house of Henry I., who granted it with the manor to the Belets. From that time till towards the close of the reign of Edward I., it was the property of subjects. Edward I. and II. are known to have resided there; Edward III. closed a long and victorious reign at his palace at Sheen, June 21st, 1377. Queen Anne, his successor's consort, died there in the year 1394. The

king was so much affected at her death, that he abandoned the palace, and suffered it to fall to ruin—or, as others assert, pulled it down. Holinshed says, that ‘he caused it to be thrown down and defaced; whereas the former kings of this land being weary of the Citie, used customarily thither to resorte, as to a place of pleasure, and serving highly to their recreation.’ Henry V. restored the palace to its former magnificence. Henry VII. held a grand tournament at his manor at Richmond, in 1492, when Sir James Parker, in a controversy with Hugh Vaughan for right of coat-armour, was killed at the first course. In the year 1499, the king being then at his palace, it was set on fire by accident; most of the old buildings were consumed. His Majesty immediately caused it to be rebuilt, and gave it the name of Richmond.

“The picture of Henry V. and his family, the Marriage of Henry VI. and that of Henry VII., in the Earl of Orford’s collection at Strawberry Hill, are supposed to have been painted for this monarch, and intended for his palace here. It had been finished but a short time when a second fire broke out, which did considerable damage. The same year a new gallery fell down, in which the king, and the prince his son, had been walking only a few minutes before. Philip I., king of Spain, having been driven upon the coast of England by a storm, was entertained in this palace with great magnificence, in the year 1506. Henry VII. died there, April 21, 1509; his successor kept his Christmas at Richmond the year after he came to the throne. A tournament was held there on the 12th January, when the king, for the first time, took a part in those exercises. Charles V. emperor of Germany, was lodged at Richmond, anno 1523. When Cardinal Wolsey gave the lease of Hampton Court to the King, his Majesty permitted him to reside in Richmond Palace, a privilege of which he frequently availed himself. Hall says, that ‘when the common people, and especially such as had been servants to Henry VII., saw the Cardinal keep house in the Manor Royal of Richmond, which that monarch so highly esteemed, it was a marvel to hear how they grudged, saying, So a butcher’s dogge doth lie in the manor of Richmond.’ They were still more disgusted at the Cardinal’s keeping his Christmas there openly, with great state, when the King himself observed that feast with the utmost privacy at Eltham, on account of the plague.

“Queen Elizabeth was a prisoner at Richmond for a short time, during the reign of her sister Mary. After she ascended the throne, this palace became

one of her favourite places of residence. In her reign Eric IV., king of Sweden, was lodged there. Queen Elizabeth ended her days at Richmond Palace, on the 24th March, 1603.

“In the autumn of that year, the Court of Exchequer, the Court of Chancery, and other public courts, were removed to Richmond, on account of the plague. The same precaution was taken in 1625. Henry, prince of Wales, resided there in 1605. It is probable that Charles I. was frequently at this palace, where he formed a large collection of pictures. In the year 1636, a masque was performed before the king and queen at Richmond, by Lord Buckhurst and Edward Sackville. When the king was in Scotland in 1641, the Parliament ordered that the young prince should be sent to Richmond with his governor, probably Bishop Duppa, who is said to have educated Charles II. at this place. In the month of June 1647, Richmond was prepared by order of Parliament for the king’s reception, but he refused to go thither. A newspaper of the 29th August in that year mentions, that the Prince Elector was then at Richmond, and that the king, with the Duke of York and the lords, hunted in the New Park, and killed a stag and a buck; ‘his Majesty was very cheerful, and afterwards dined with his children at Syon.’”

About a quarter of a mile to the north-west of the old palace, which was described by Holinshed as “perspicuous to all the country round about,” Henry V. endowed a convent of Carthusians. Within the walls of this priory Perkin Warbeck sought an asylum, entreating the prior to beg his life of the king. He was afterwards executed for attempting to break out of the Tower.

The body of the king of Scots, brought from Flodden Field by the victorious Earl of Surrey, was said to have been conveyed to the monastery at Sheen, where it lay for a considerable time unburied. Stow says that he saw a body wrapped in lead, and thrown into a lumber room, which he was informed was the Scottish king.

Robert Dudley, son to the Earl of Leicester by Lady Douglas, who assumed the title of Duke of Northumberland, and is remarkable as having been the projector of the port of Leghorn, was born at East Sheen; the earl being then suitor to the Countess of Essex, concealed the birth of his son with great secrecy, and ever afterwards refused to acknowledge him.

The priory of East Sheen was granted by Charles I. to James Duke of Lennox.

“Sir William Temple appears to have been an under-tenant of these premises before he obtained the lease from the crown. In the year 1666, his lady appears to have been resident at Sheen, during his absence at Brussels. Writing from that place to Lord Lisle the same year he says, that perhaps he may end his life in a corner at Sheen, but he knows his lordship will leave it for some of the great houses that await him. Many of his letters express in the most lively terms, the pleasure which he took in this favourite retirement: ‘My heart,’ says he, writing to Lord Lisle, August 1667, ‘is so set upon my little corner at Sheen, that while I keep that, no other disappointment will be very sensible to me; and because my wife tells me she is so bold as to enter into talk of enlarging our dominions there, I am contriving this summer how a succession of cherries may be compassed from May to Michaelmas, and how the riches of Sheen vines may be improved by half-a-dozen sorts which are not known there, and which I think much beyond any that are.’ In a letter to his father, November 22, 1670, he thanks him for a present of 500*l.* towards his intended improvements at Sheen, and tells him, that as he had before resolved to lay out 1000*l.*, his present will enable him to extend his improvements to ornament as well as convenience. In the short intervals between his foreign negotiations, this was his constant retreat. ‘I spend all the time I possibly can at Sheen,’ says he in one of his letters, ‘and never saw anything pleasanter than my garden.’ Here, in 1672, he wrote his observations on the Netherlands. In the year 1680, he began to reside wholly at Sheen, having retired from public business. After a few years he gave up this house to his son, and went himself to Moor Park in Surrey. Upon the arrival of the Prince of Orange in England, that place being thought unsafe as lying between the two armies, Sir William returned to Sheen. It was about this time that Swift was taken into his family as an amanuensis. King William, who had known Sir William Temple on the Continent, and had a great esteem for his talents and character, frequently visited him at this place, and pressed him to become his Secretary of State. When his patron was lame with the gout, Swift usually attended his Majesty in his walks round the gardens. The king is said on one of these occasions to have offered to make him a captain of horse, and to have taught him to cut asparagus in the Dutch manner. Here Swift became acquainted with the beautiful and accomplished Stella, who was born at this place, and whose father was Sir William Temple’s steward. She is

said by most writers to have been in her sixteenth year when she first went to Ireland, in 1699: but Deane Swift, the biographer of his relation, says she was eighteen. As her name is not to be found in the parish register, which begins 1682, he probably is right. Sir William Temple left Sheen finally in 1689, and returned to Moor Park."

The village of Richmond contains nothing worthy of particular observation, if we except the multiplicity of inns for which this place is famous.

Perhaps we ought not to omit the only manufacture of consequence in this village, that of "*maids of honour*." The tourist will not fail to observe a sign, with the inscription in large letters, "Original shop for maids of honour." These are little round chubby cheesecakes, of a very delicate flavour; and are said to be prepared after a receipt communicated by one of the maids of honour, in those happy days when ladies of the court had a genius for confectionary; and, instead of cultivating barren accomplishments, such as music or painting, found distinction in the composition of a savoury pie, or employed their fair hands in amalgamating the exquisite ingredients of "*maids of honour*."

The church contains a monument with a whimsical epitaph, to the memory of Robert Lawes, Esq., who, though a barrister, "was so great a lover of peace, that when a contention arose between Life and Death, he immediately yielded up the ghost to end the dispute." This pacific gentleman would appear to have chosen the wrong profession.

In the new burying-ground was interred Dr. Moore, author of

Zeluco, father of the brave and lamented General Sir John Moore. The Lady Diana Beauclerc, wife of Topham Beauclerc, the friend of Dr. Johnson, a talented and accomplished lady, lies buried here.

In Richmond Church, James Thomson, poet of the Seasons, was buried. Few whose steps are hither led will fail to look upon his grave.



RICHMOND CHURCH.

The particulars of the life of James Thomson are few and generally known: we need, therefore, only dwell upon them so far as to recall a few particulars concerning him, whose grave we are now contemplating, and whose fame is so widely spread, so permanent, and so well deserved.

James Thomson was the son of a minister of the Established Church of Scotland, and was born in September 1700, at Ednam in Roxburghshire, hard by that pastoral country and that classic river, which have been nursing mothers, as it were, of a long line of poets, from Thomas the Rhymer to Sir Walter Scott.

His early education he received at the town of Jedburgh, not far distant from his birthplace: hence he was removed to Edinburgh, being intended for the church. "He lived at Edinburgh," says Johnson, "without distinction or expectation, till, at the usual time, he performed a probationary exercise by explaining a psalm. His diction was so poetically splendid, that Mr. Hamilton, the Professor of Divinity, reproved him for speaking language unintelligible to a popular audience. He easily discovered that the only stage on which a poet could appear, with any hope of advantage, was London; a place too wide for the operation of petty competition and private malignity, where merit might soon become conspicuous, and would find friends as soon as it became reputable to befriend it."

At his arrival he found his way to a countryman, Mallet the poet, then tutor to the children of the Duke of Montrose. "He had recommendations to several persons of consequence, which he had tied up carefully in his handkerchief; but as he passed along the street, with the gaping curiosity of a new-comer, his attention was upon everything rather than his pocket, and his magazine of credentials was stolen from him."

Such was the inauspicious entrance of the future eminent author of the "Seasons" into the great metropolis. His first want was, it appears, the want of a pair of shoes, an unpoetical privation, to say the least. To supply this and his other wants, his only resource was his poem of "Winter," which was sold to Millar at a low price. As was his custom, which it will be only charitable to attribute to the man's necessity, and not to any inherent servility of nature, the poet prefixed an abject dedication to Spenser Compton, Earl of Wilmington, who, with proper feeling, took no notice of flattery, which he probably well knew himself to be unworthy, and most likely

would never have troubled himself to inquire whether the author of those fulsome lines were living or dead, if Aaron Hill, a literary Mæcenas of that day, had not acted as his lordship's "flapper," and gently hinted that the poet had not praised so great a man without the hope of getting something by it.

Thomson gave the following account of his reception by the great man:—

"I hinted to you in my last that on Saturday morning I was with Sir Spenser Compton. A certain gentleman, without my desire, spoke to him concerning me: his answer was, that I had never come near him. Then the gentleman put the question, if he desired that I should wait on him? He returned, he did. On this, the gentleman gave me an introductory letter to him. He received me in what they commonly call a civil manner, asked me some commonplace questions, and made me a present of twenty guineas. I am very ready to own that the present was larger than my performance deserved; and shall ascribe it to his generosity, or any other cause, rather than the merit of the address."

The "Winter" made, it would appear, "glorious summer" of the fortunes of the bard: through the influence of one of his warm admirers, he procured a recommendation to the Lord Chancellor Talbot, with whose son he was sent to travel on the Continent.

His political principles, as evidenced in his poems of *Britannia* and *Liberty*, would appear to have been in opposition to the Court, and the minister of the day, Sir Robert Walpole.

The latter poem was dedicated to Frederic, Prince of Wales, with the lavish panegyric of which the poet was so profuse upon all occasions.

The patronage of Lord Chancellor Talbot, who conferred upon Thomson the post of Secretary of the Briefs, gave the poet a decent competence; but at his patron's death, the succeeding Chancellor, not having the consideration to continue unsolicited, the office to a man so deserving, and who had so over-paid in instruction and delight the value of his place, he relapsed once again into his former indigence. Through the influence of Lord Lyttleton, he was now introduced to the Prince of Wales. Having pleasantly told His Royal Highness, in answer to his inquiries as to his circumstances, that "they were in a more poetical posture than formerly," he had a pension allowed him on the Prince's establishment of a hundred pounds a year.

In conjunction with Mr. Mallet, his early friend, he wrote the *Masque of Alfred*, acted before the Prince at Cliefden House, in which was introduced our national naval air, "*Rule Britannia*," since so universally popular.

Of his tragedies, *Sophonisba* and *Agamemnon* were barely endured on their appearance, and are now forgotten; *Tancred* and *Sigismunda* was the most successful, though seldom taking its turn upon the stage. Johnson says, "It may be doubted whether he was, either by the bent of nature or habit of study, much qualified for tragedy. It does not appear that he had much sense of the pathetic; and his diffusive and descriptive style produced declamation rather than dialogue."

His friend Mr. Lyttleton conferred upon him the office of Surveyor-general of the Leeward Islands, a sinecure place, from which he derived three hundred pounds a year; and which, together with his pension, gave him the consolation of hoping to enjoy the evening of his days in that independence which all men desire, but which perhaps is more absolutely necessary to none than to him who has led the dreamy, unworldly, and unsollicitous life of a true poet.

"He was now at ease, but was not long to enjoy it; for by taking cold on the water between London and Kew, he caught a disorder, which, with some careless exasperation, ended in a fever, that put a period to his life in August 1748.

"Thomson was of a stature above the middle size, and 'more fat than bard be seems;' of a dull countenance, and a gross, unanimated, uninviting appearance; silent in mingled company, but cheerful among select friends, and by his friends very tenderly and warmly beloved."

An exquisite proof of this tenderness among the friends of Thomson, has been bequeathed to us by one equally gifted but less fortunate—his brother poet Collins:—

"In yonder grave a Druid lies,
Where slowly steals the winding wave;
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise
To deck its poet's sylvan grave!



“ In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
 His airy harp shall now be laid ;
 That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
 May love through life the soothing shade.

“ Then maids and youths shall linger here ;
 And while its sounds at distance swell,
 Shall sadly seem in pity's ear
 To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

“ Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
 When Thames in summer wreaths is dress'd,
 And oft suspend the dashing oar
 To bid his gentle spirit rest.

“ And, oft as Ease and Health retire
 To breezy lawn or forest deep,
 The friend shall view yon whitening spire,
 And mid the varied landscape weep.

“ But thou, who own'st that earthly bed,
 Ah ! what will every dirge avail ?
 Or tears which love and pity shed,
 That mourn beneath the gliding sail !

“ Yet lives there one whose heedless eye
 Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near ?
 With him, sweet bard, may fancy die,
 And joy desert the blooming year.

“ But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
 No sedge-crown'd sisters now attend ;
 Now waft me from the green hill's side,
 Whose cold turf hides the buried friend.

“ And see, the fairy valleys fade ;
 Dim night has veil'd the solemn view !
 Yet once again, dear parted shade,
 Meek Nature's child, again adieu !

“ The genial meads, assign'd to bless
 Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom ;
 There, hinds and shepherd girls shall dress,
 With simple hands, thy rural tomb.

“ Long, long, the stone and pointed clay
 Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes ;
 Oh, vales and wild woods, shall he say,
 In yonder grave your Druid lies.”

The house in which Thomson resided at Richmond was purchased, after his death, by George Ross, Esq., who, out of veneration to his memory, forbore to pull it down, but enlarged and improved it at the expense of 9000*l*. It then became the property of the Hon. Mrs. Boscawen, who

repaired the poet's favourite seat in the garden, and placed in it the table on which he wrote his verses—

“ Here Thomson sung the seasons and their change.”

The inside is adorned with suitable quotations from authors who have paid due compliments to his talents, and in the centre appears the following inscription :—“ Within this pleasing retirement, allured by the music of the nightingale, which warbled in soft unison to the melody of his soul in unaffected cheerfulness, and genial though simple elegance, lived JAMES THOMSON. Sensibly alive to all the beauties of nature, he painted their images as they rose in review, and poured the whole profusion of them into his inimitable Seasons; warmed with intense devotion to the sovereign of the universe, its flame glowed through all his compositions; animated with unbounded benevolence, with the tenderest social sensibility, he never gave one moment's pain to any of his fellow creatures, save only by his death, which happened at this place on the 27th of August, 1748.”

This delightful retreat is now the property of Lady Shaftesbury. Thomson was buried at the west end of the north aisle of Richmond Church. There was nothing to point out the spot of his interment till a brass tablet, with the fol-



THOMSON'S GARDEN.

lowing inscription, was lately put up by the Earl of Buchan :—“ In the earth below this tablet are the remains of JAMES THOMSON, author of the beautiful poems entitled *The Seasons*, *The Castle of Indolence*, &c.; who died at Richmond on the 27th of August, and was buried on the 29th, O.S. 1748. The Earl of Buchan, unwilling that so good a man, and so sweet a poet, should be without a memorial, has denoted the place of his interment for the satisfaction of his admirers, in the year of our Lord 1792.”

Collins resided at Richmond a considerable time, and is, with justice, supposed to have at this place composed many of his poems. He left

Richmond after the death of his friend Thomson, whose loss he so eloquently and pathetically bewails in the lines we have quoted.

William Collins was the son of a hatter at Chichester, and was born there December 25th, 1720. At the age of thirteen he was admitted scholar of Winchester College, and at nineteen was elected upon the foundation to New College, Oxford. While pursuing the studies necessary to take his degree of bachelor of arts, he applied himself to poetry, producing the Persian or Oriental Eclogues, which, notwithstanding their merit, were not attended with any great success. Of late years, more justice has been done to their merit. Dr. Langhorne says of them, that "in simplicity of description and expression, in delicacy and softness of numbers, and in natural and unaffected tenderness, they are not to be equalled by anything of the pastoral kind in the English language."

Upon his coming to town a literary adventurer, with many projects in his head, and little money in his pocket, he published proposals of a History of the Revival of Learning; he planned several tragedies, and produced his "Odes Descriptive and Allegorical," which were so poorly received by the public, that the poet returned the amount of copyright to his publisher, indemnified him for the loss he had sustained, and destroyed the portion of the impressions which remained unsold.

About this time Dr. Johnson became acquainted with our poet, and says of him "that his appearance was decent and manly, his views extensive, his conversation elegant, and his disposition cheerful." "By degrees," continues the Doctor, "I gained his confidence, and one day was admitted to him when he was immured by a bailiff that was prowling in the street. On this occasion recourse was had to the booksellers, who, on the credit of a translation of Aristotle's Poetics, which he engaged to write with a large commentary, advanced as much money as enabled him to escape into the country. He showed me the guineas *safe in his hand*.

"Soon afterwards his uncle, Mr. Martin, a lieutenant-colonel, left him about two thousand pounds, a sum which Collins could scarcely think exhaustible, and which he did not live to exhaust. The guineas were then repaid, and the translation neglected. But man is not born for happiness. Collins, who, while he studied to live, felt no evil but poverty, no sooner lived to study, than his life was assailed by more dreadful calamities, disease and insanity.

“He languished some years under that depression of mind which enchains the faculties without destroying them, and leaves reason the knowledge of right, without the power of pursuing it. These clouds which he perceived gathering in his intellect he endeavoured to disperse by travel, and passed into France, but found himself constrained to yield to his malady, and returned. He was for some time confined in a house of lunatics, and afterwards retired to the care of his sisters in Chichester, where death, in 1756, came to his relief.

“Such was the fate of Collins, with whom I once delighted to converse, and whom I yet remember with tenderness.”

The tenderness with which Dr. Johnson remembered the author of the “Ode to the Passions,” did not extend, it would appear, to his works. In a strain of haughty, severe, and, as has been proved by one of the first, if not the first, of our living critics (Professor Wilson), unjust dogmatism, the great Cham of literature has animadverted upon the supposed defects of the poetry of Collins, with what injustice the event—popularity long continued, as it is well deserved,—has long since determined.

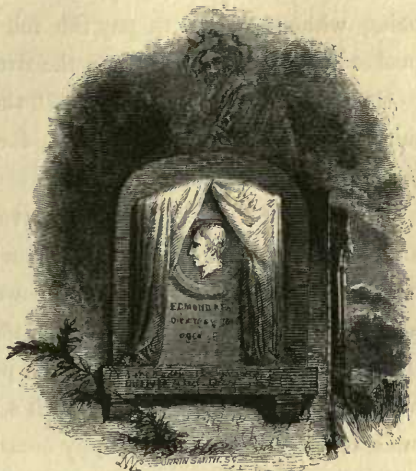
At Richmond resided the poet Savage for a time; hence he went to town to search for lodgings, and while there was involved in that melancholy and fatal broil which exercised such a lamentable influence upon the future fortunes of that gifted, but unhappy man.

Before leaving the church, we will pause to contemplate the tablet to the memory of Edmund Kean, a memorial erected by his son.

Edmund Kean was one of the shuttlecocks of fortune. He was born, some say, in 1787, others, in 1789, and was the son of Edmund Kean, then in the service of a Mr. Wilmot, the builder of the Royalty Theatre, by Anne Carey, an actress. A brother of his father, Moses Kean, is said to have possessed considerable talents for mimicry, and to have imitated with success the matchless Garrick. Miss Carey was the daughter of George Savill Carey, a person who, after acting without much success at Covent Garden, borrowed Stevens’ idea of the “Lecture on Heads” for a subsistence. Her grandfather was author of forgotten interludes and operas. Both by the paternal and maternal sides of the house, therefore, we find a predisposition, as it were, to theatricals; and necessity compelled the youthful Kean to tread the stage almost as soon as he was able to crawl. At the tender age of two years, recommended by his

beauty, which in childhood was always remarkable, he appeared in some opera as Cupid.

An amusing story is told of his mishap at Drury Lane, when on one occasion performing one of the band of little devils with which John Kemble enlivened one of the scenes in *Macbeth*, he, either by design or accident, tripped up his brother goblins, who "fell like so many cards," disconcerting the "Thane of Cawdor," who was so enraged that he thumped the future tragedian, and dismissed him from the theatre. Kean is reported to have excused himself by saying, "that he was not aware that he was engaged to play in tragedy!"



KEAN'S TOMB.

Mrs. Charles Kemble recollected hearing a clanking noise at the theatre one night, and on inquiring as to the cause, was answered, "It is only little Kean reciting *Richard the Third* in the green-room; he is acting after the manner of Garrick. Will you go and see him? He is really very clever." "And there he was," says Barry Cornwall, "really very clever, acting to a semicircle of gazers, and exhibiting the fierceness and probably some of the niceties of that character in which, fifteen years afterwards, he drew to the theatre thousands and thousands of spectators, and built up for himself a renown that will last, that *must* last as long as the actor's fame."

From this time lay before him a long career of wandering, privation, and adversity. While at Windsor, in the strolling company of Richardson, he received two guineas for two hours' performance before King George III. He used to recite at various places of public entertainment, being then called the infant prodigy, Master Carey.

Mr. Douglas Jerrold informs us: "Mr. Kean joined the Sheerness company on Easter Monday 1804. He was then still in boy's costume. His salary was fifteen shillings a week. He then went under the name of Carey. He continued to play the whole round of tragedy, comedy, opera, farce, inter-

lude, and pantomime, until the close of the season. His comedy was very successful. In the song, 'Unfortunate Miss Bailey,' he made a great impression upon the tasteful critics of Sheerness! It was about this time, as I have heard my father say, who had it from Kean himself, that Mr. Kean, being without money to pay the toll of a ferry, tied his wardrobe in his pocket handkerchief, and swam the river."

On a second visit to Sheerness, "the models for the tricks of the pantomime," we are informed by Mr. Jerrold, "were made by Kean, out of matches, pins, and paper."

While yet a stroller, he fell in love at Gloucester with Miss Chambers, an amateur performer, and after some time was married to her at Cheltenham. His consciousness of his own powers, and his self-assurance that he was worthy to arrive at the top of his profession, never deserted him; now and then, in the midst of his drudgery, a part would be allotted to him which he would *top*, as the phrase is, in such a manner, as to call forth enthusiastic praises; on one of these happy occasions, Stephen Kemble said to him, "You have played the character of Hotspur, sir, as well as Mr. John Kemble."

Notwithstanding this success—such is the fate of a man in the theatrical profession, who has not been tried in the ordeal of a London auditory; and so incapable is a provincial place of estimating fully, or liberally rewarding, true merit, that Kean, although praised by the Kembles, and by the few persons of taste who witnessed his performances, continued wandering here and there, with wife and child, upon salaries of a guinea and thirty shillings a week, pursuing an unprofitable, precarious, and, as it appeared at the time, hopeless career. So extreme was his need, that he wished to enlist as a common soldier, and actually presented himself for that purpose to an officer attached to a regiment at York, who very goodnaturedly dissuaded him from his design.

The account of his first introduction to a London manager is graphic in the extreme; it is a theatrical romance in miniature.

It is contained in the same work to which we are indebted for the short notice of the life of this great tragedian; the *Life* by Barry Cornwall.

"'When the curtain drew up,' Kean began, 'I saw a wretched house; a few people in the pit and gallery, and *three* persons in the boxes, showed the quantity of attraction that we possessed. In the stage-box, however, there was a gentleman who appeared to understand acting—he was very attentive

to the performance; seeing this, I was determined to play my best. The strange man did not applaud, but his looks told me that he was pleased. After the play I went to the dress-room (this was under the stage) to change my dress for the 'Savage,' so that I could hear every word that was said overhead. I heard a gentleman, (who I supposed was the gentleman of the stage-box,) ask Lee the name of the performer who played the principal character. 'Oh,' answered Lee, 'his name is Kean—a wonderful clever fellow! a great little man. He's going to London—he has got an engagement from Mr. Whitbread! a great man sir!' 'Indeed!' replied the gentleman, 'I am glad to hear it, he is certainly very clever; but he is very small.' '*His mind is large, no matter for his height,*' returned Lee to this. By this time I was dressed for the 'Savage,' and I therefore mounted up to the stage. The gentleman bowed to me, and complimented me slightly upon my play, observing, 'Your manager says that you are engaged for London?' 'I am offered a trial,' said I, 'and if I succeed, I understand that I am to be engaged.' 'Well,' said the gentleman, 'will you breakfast with me in the morning? I am at the — Hotel. I shall be glad to speak to you; my name is Arnold! I am the manager of *Drury Lane Theatre*.' I staggered as if I had been shot, my acting in the 'Savage' was done for; however, I stumbled through the part, and here I am.' After finishing his story, he could think and talk of nothing but the approaching interview with the London manager. Morning arrived, and Kean, after dressing himself as respectably as he could," says our information, "repaired to the hotel to breakfast. He was received graciously; and after some conversation as to his experience on the stage, his cast of characters, &c., &c., (which occupied the intervals of the meal,) he was finally engaged by Mr. Arnold, on behalf of Drury-lane Theatre, for a term of three years, at a salary of eight, nine, and ten pounds per week, for each successive year; and he was to have six 'trial parts.' In two hours from the time of his leaving home, he returned to his wife with the above information; he seemed half out of his senses with delight—he had been well received and well entertained, and had now touched the summit of his ambition."

His triumphant career from this time until his death, is too fresh in the memory of the play-going world, to need further mention in this place. It will be sufficient to say, that after his triumphant appearance on the boards of Drury Lane in Shylock, the ball lay at his foot, and he had only to use good fortune with moderation. This, it is to be regretted, he did not do;

his prosperous career was wild, erratic, and uncontrollable ; all that Garrick enjoyed, of admiration and respect, from the highest aristocracy of rank, wealth, and talent in the land, might have been Kean's ; he spurned them all with hardly concealed contempt, and, in their turn, they retired from courting him with little less than disgust.

The contrast between Kean and Garrick in private life, is, indeed, surprising, but explicable ; the former struggling with want, insult, and obscurity, and compelled into the lowest company in early life, was soured with the world as soon as he began it ; in his cup of life bitterness floated at the top, and when he came to drink of the sweets that lay below, his relish was gone. Courtesy and proffered service came to him from the great when his fortune was made by the favour of the public, and when he did not want them ; he had something, too, of that fierce, indomitable, and it is to be feared, offensive pride, characteristic of men of genius and acute sensibility. He could not believe that the great, who now crowded his dressing-room, and thronged his drawing-room, had any other motive than the gratification of their curiosity, although a little reflection should have taught him that his genius led them to court his acquaintance, as much as his great success ; it is certain, however, that Kean disliked to an extreme what is popularly called good society. Kean died in May, 1833, aged only forty-eight years.

We have already delayed the impatient tourist too long, if, indeed, he has not anticipated us, and already gained the summit of the easy ascent of Richmond Hill.

“ Say, shall we ascend

Thy hill, delightful Sheen ? Here let us sweep
The boundless landscape : now the raptured eye,
Exulting, swift to huge Augusta send,
Now to the sister hills that skirt her plain ;
To lofty Harrow now, and now to where
Imperial Windsor lifts her princely brow.
In lively contrast to this glorious view,
Calmly magnificent, then will we turn
To where the silver Thames first rural grows.
There let the feasted eye unwearied stray ;
Luxurious, there, rove through the pendent woods
That nodding hang o'er Harrington's retreat ;
And sloping thence to Ham's embowering glades ;
Here let us trace the matchless vale of Thames,
Far winding up to where the Muses haunt,
To Twickenham bowers ; to Royal Hampton's pile,

To Claremont's terraced heights and Esher's groves.
 Enchanting vale ! beyond whate'er the Muse
 Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung.
 Oh, vale of bliss ! oh, softly swelling hills !
 On which the Power of Cultivation lies,
 And joys to see the wonders of his toil.
 Heavens ! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
 Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
 And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
 The stretching landscape into smoke decays ! ”

It is impossible to convey, by any combination of words, a more strictly accurate description of the view from Richmond Hill, than that we have just quoted from the pen of the poet of the Seasons ; it is complete, filling the mind as the landscape now fills the eye.



VIEW FROM RICHMOND HILL.

If, however, the reader demands plain prose, we are happy in recollecting that one of the greatest masters of landscape painting with the pen, has favoured us with an outline : need we remind the reader that we allude to the Wizard of the North, in his exquisite tale “The Heart of Mid Lothian.”

“The carriage rolled rapidly onwards through fertile meadows, ornamented with splendid old oaks, and catching occasionally a glance of the majestic mirror of a broad and placid river. After passing through a pleasant village, the equipage stopped on a commanding eminence, where the beauty of English

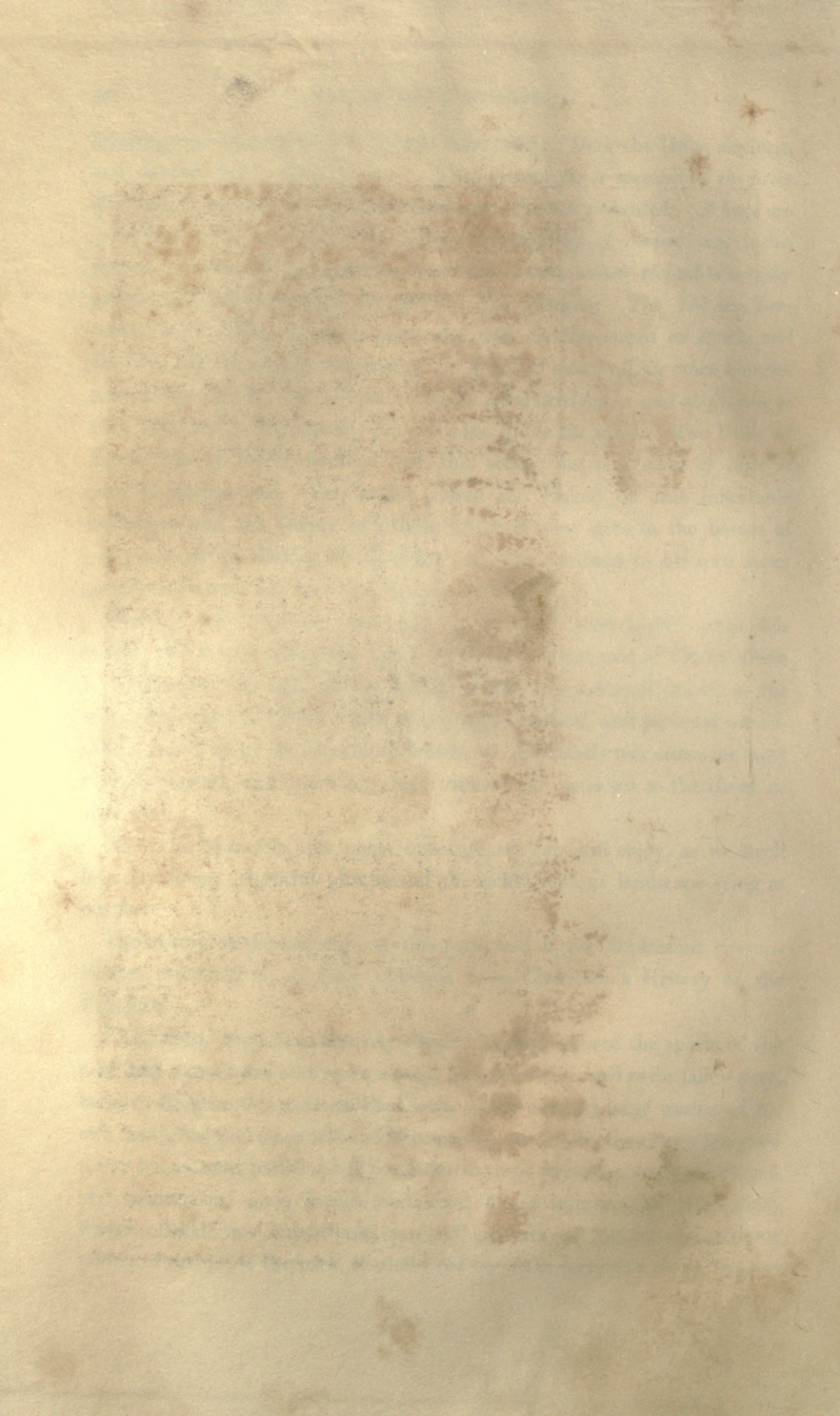
landscape was displayed in its utmost luxuriance. Here the Duke alighted, and desired Jeanie to follow him. They paused for a moment on the brow of a hill, to gaze on the unrivalled landscape which it presented. A huge sea of verdure, with crossing and intersecting promontories of massive and tufted groves, was tenanted by numberless flocks and herds, which seemed to wander unrestrained and unbounded through the rich pastures. The Thames, here turreted with villas, and there garlanded with forests, moved on slowly and placidly, like the mighty monarch of the scene, to whom all its other beauties were but accessories, and bore on his bosom a hundred barks and shiffs, whose white sails and gaily-fluttering pennons gave life to the whole. The Duke of Argyle was of course familiar with this scene; but to a man of taste it must be always new. Yet, as he paused and looked on this inimitable landscape, with the feeling of delight which it must give to the bosom of every admirer of nature, his thoughts naturally reverted to his own more grand, and scarce less beautiful, domain of Inverary."

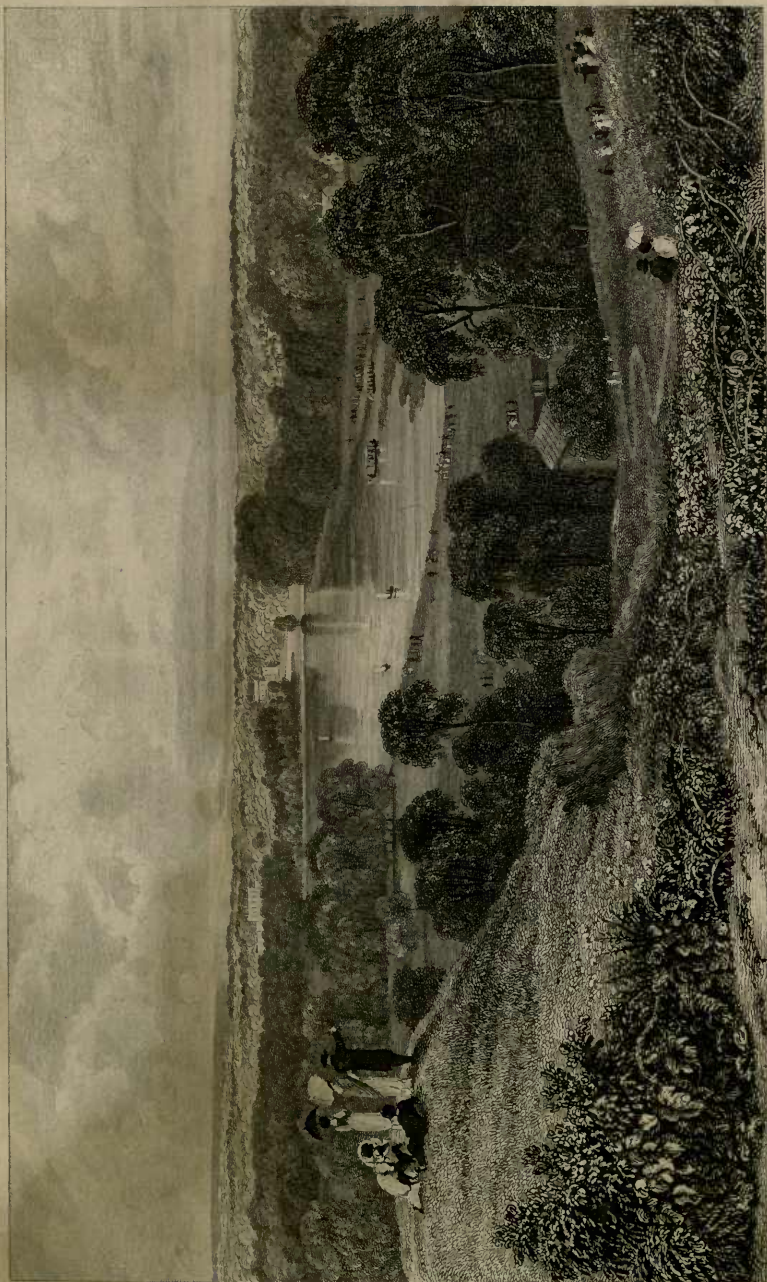
Turning with lingering steps and oft repeated "last looks" from this mount, our British Parnassus, and from the more than vale of Tempe which it overshadows, the eye not less delighted with the tranquil beauty of the scene, than the mind by the host of poetical, historical, and personal associations, called up by the objects we behold, we reluctantly tear ourselves away from the terrace, and direct our steps towards the entrance to the Great or New Park.

From the terrace in this noble inclosure, we can still enjoy, as we stroll leisurely along, delightful glimpses of the richly-verdant landscape lying at our feet.

The history of the inclosure of this park, and of the unpleasant circumstances attending it, we have obtained from Clarendon's History of the Rebellion.

"The king, who was excessively affected to hunting and the sports of the field, had a great desire to make a great park for red as well as for fallow deer, between Richmond and Hampton Court, where he had large wastes of his own, and great parcels of wood, which made it very fit for the use he designed it to; but as some parishes had commons in those wastes, so many gentlemen and farmers had good houses and good farms intermingled with those wastes, of their own inheritance, or for their lives, or years; and, without taking of them into the park, it would not be of the largeness, or for the use





Drawn by P. Dawkins.

Engraved by Geo. Cooke.

Richmond Hall.

proposed. His Majesty desired to purchase those lands, and was very willing to buy them upon higher terms than the people could sell them at to anybody else, if they had occasion to part with them; and thought it no unreasonable thing, upon those terms, to expect this from his subjects; and



GATE, RICHMOND GREAT PARK.

so he employed his own surveyor, and other of his officers, to treat with the owners, many whereof were his own tenants, whose farms would at last expire. The major part of the people were in a short time prevailed with, but many very obstinately refused; and a gentleman, who had the best estate, with a convenient house and gardens, would by no means part with it; and the king, being as earnest to compass it, it made a great noise, as if the king would take away men's estates at his own pleasure. The Bishop of London, who was Treasurer, and the Lord Cottington, Chancellor of the Exchequer, were, from the first entering upon it, very averse from the design, not only for the murmur of the people, but because the purchase of the land, and the making a brick wall about so large a parcel of ground (for it is near ten miles about), would cost a greater sum of money than they could easily provide, or than they thought ought to be sacrificed to such an occasion; and the Lord Cottington (who was more solicited by the country people, and heard most of their murmurs,) took the business most to heart, and endeavoured by all the ways he could, and by frequent importunities, to divert His Majesty from pursuing it, and put all the delays he could well do in the bargains which were to be made; till the king grew very angry with him, and told him, 'he was resolved to go through with it, and had already caused brick to be burned, and much of the wall to be built upon his

own land ;' upon which Cottington thought fit to acquiesce. The building the wall before people consented to part with their land, or their common, looked to them as if by degrees they should be shut out from both, and increased the murmur and noise of the people who were not concerned, as well as of them who were; and it was too near London not to be the common discourse. The archbishop (who desired exceedingly that the king should be possessed as much of the hearts of the people as was possible, at least that they should have no just cause to complain), meeting with it, resolved to speak with the king of it; which he did, and received such an answer from him, that he thought His Majesty rather not informed enough of the inconveniences and mischiefs of the thing, than positively resolved not to desist from it. Whereupon one day he took the Lord Cottington aside (being informed that he disliked it, and, according to his natural custom, spake with great warmth against it), and told him, ' he should do very well to give the king good counsel, and to withdraw him from a resolution, in which his honour and justice were so much called in question.' Cottington answered him very gravely, ' that the thing designed was very lawful, and he thought the king resolved very well, since the place lay so convenient for his winter exercise, and that he should by it not be compelled to make so long journeys as he used to do in that season of the year, for his sport; and that nobody ought to dissuade him from it.' The archbishop, instead of finding a concurrence from him, as he expected, seeing himself reproached upon the matter for his opinion, grew into much passion, telling him, ' such men as he would ruin the king, and make him lose the affections of his subjects; that, for his own part, as he had begun, so he would go on, to dissuade the king from proceeding in so ill a counsel, and that he hoped it would appear who had been his counsellor.' Cottington, glad to see him so soon hot, and resolved to inflame him more, very calmly replied to him, ' that he thought a man could not, with a good conscience, hinder the king from pursuing his resolutions; and that it could not but proceed from want of affection to his person; and he was not sure that it might not be high-treason.' The other, upon the wildness of his discourse, in great anger asked him, ' Why? from whence he had received that doctrine?' He said, with the same temper, ' They, who did not wish the king's health, could not love him; and they, who went about to hinder his taking recreation, which preserved his health, might be thought, for aught he knew, guilty of the highest crimes.' Upon

which the archbishop, in great rage, and with many reproaches, left him, and either presently or upon the next opportunity told the king, 'that he now knew who was his great counsellor for making his park, and that he did not wonder that men durst not represent any arguments to the contrary, or let His Majesty know how much he suffered in it, when such principles in divinity and law were laid down to terrify them;' and so recounted to him the conference he had with the Lord Cottington, bitterly inveighing against him and his doctrine, mentioning him with all the sharp reproaches imaginable, and beseeching His Majesty 'that his counsel might not prevail with him,' taking some pains to make his conclusions appear very false and ridiculous. The king said no more, but, 'My lord, you are deceived; Cottington is too hard for you, upon my word; he hath not only dissuaded me more, and given more reasons against this business, than all the men in England have done, but hath really obstructed the work, by not doing his duty as I commanded him; for which I have been very much displeased with him: you see how unjustly your passion hath transported you.' By which reprehension he found how much he had been abused, and resented it accordingly."

The park was, however, enclosed, not without much clamour and discontent among the persons whose rights and interests were mainly affected by it, whose representations could not, any more than the wise counsel of Lord Cottington, prevail.

During the Usurpation, Richmond Great Park was given by the Parliament to the city of London, who surrendered it immediately after the Restoration, declaring that they had kept it with no other view than to preserve it for the use of His Majesty.

The subsequent occupation of this park by Sir R. Walpole, is detailed in one of Horace Walpole's letters to his friend, Sir Horace Mann.

"Queen Anne had bestowed the rangership of Richmond New Park on her relations, the Hydes, for three lives, one of which was expired. King George, fond of shooting, bought out the term of the last Earl of Clarendon, and of his son, Lord Cornbury; and frequently shot there, having appointed my eldest brother, Lord Walpole, ranger nominally, but my father in reality, who wished to hunt there once or twice a week. The park had run to great decay under the Hydes, nor was there any mansion better than the common lodges of the keepers. The king ordered a stone lodge, designed by Henry

Earl of Pembroke, to be erected for himself; but merely as a banqueting-house, with a large eating-room, kitchen, and necessary offices, where he might dine after his sport. Sir Robert began another, of brick, for himself and the under-ranger, which by degrees he much enlarged, usually retiring thither from business, or rather, as he said himself, 'to do more business than he could in town, on Saturdays and Sundays.' On that edifice, on the thatched house, and other improvements, he laid out fourteen thousand pounds of his own money. In the mean time, he hired a small house for himself, on the hill without the park; and in that small tenement the king did him the honour of dining with him more than once after shooting. His Majesty, fond of private joviality, was pleased with punch after dinner, and indulged in it freely. The duchess, alarmed at the advantage the minister might make of the openness of the king's heart in those convivial unguarded hours, and at a crisis when she was conscious Sir Robert was apprised of her inimical machinations in favour of Bolingbroke, enjoined the few Germans who accompanied the king at those dinners to prevent His Majesty from drinking too freely. Her spies obeyed too punctually, and without any address. The king was offended, and silenced the tools by the coarsest epithets in the German language. He even, before his departure, ordered Sir Robert to have the stone lodge finished against his return;—no symptom of a falling minister, as has since been supposed Sir Robert then was, and that Lord Bolingbroke was to have replaced him, had the king lived to come back."

Horace Walpole forgets to tell us that it was during the rangership of Sir Robert that the permission, or rather right, to a free passage through the park was first contested, and the ladder-gates taken away from the entrances. The result of this rash and inconsiderate proceeding was an action at law against the Princess Amelia, which, after many delays, was tried at Kingston Assizes, before that upright judge, Sir Michael Foster. Of this case, the following account was given by Lord Thurlow, then at the bar, in a letter to a nephew of the judge's:—

"DEAR SIR,

"I write, at the hazard of your thinking me impertinent, to give you the pleasure of hearing that of your uncle, which in all probability you will not hear from him; I mean the great honour and general esteem which he has gained, or rather accumulated, by his inflexible and spirited manner of trying the Richmond cause, which has been so long depending, and so differently treated by other

judges. You have heard what a deficiency there was of the special jury, which was imputed to their backwardness to serve a prosecution against the princess. He has fined all the absentees 20*l.* a piece. They made him wait two hours, and at last resorted to a *tales*. When the prosecutors had gone through part of the evidence, Sir Richard Lloyd, who went down on the part of the Crown, said that it was needless for them to go on upon the right, as the Crown was not prepared to try that, this being an indictment which could not possibly determine it, because the obstruction was charged to be in the parish of Wimbledon, whereas it was in truth in Mortlake, which was a distinct parish from Wimbledon. They maintained their own poor, upheld their own church, and paid tithes to their own parson ; and Domesday Book mentions Mortlake. On the other side, it was said that Domesday Book mentions it as a baron's fee, and not as a parish ; and that the survey in the time of Henry VIII. mentions Wimbledon *cum capellis suis annexis* ; and also that a grant of it in the time of Edward VI. makes a provision of tithes for the vicar to officiate in the chapel of Mortlake. The judge turned to the jury, and said he thought they were come there to try a right, which the subject claimed, to a way through Richmond Park, and not to cavil about little, low objections, which have no relation to that right. He said, it is proved to be in Wimbledon parish ; but it would have been enough if the place in which the obstruction was charged, had been only reported to be in Wimbledon, because the defendant and jury must have been as sensible of that reputation as the prosecutors ; but had it not been so, he should have thought it below the honour of the Crown, after this business had been depending three assizes, to send one of their select counsel, not to try the right, but to hinge upon so small a point as this. Upon which Sir Richard Lloyd made a speech, setting forth the gracious disposition of the king in suffering this cause to be tried, which he could have suppressed with a single breath, by ordering a *nolle prosequi* to be entered. The judge said he was not of that opinion. The subject is interested in such indictments as those for continuing nuisances, and can have no remedy but this, if their rights be encroached upon ; wherefore, he should think it a denial of justice to stop a prosecution for a nuisance, which his whole prerogative does not extend to pardon. After which, the evidence was gone through ; and the judge summed up shortly, but clearly, for the prosecutors. It gave me, who am a stranger to him, great pleasure to hear that we have one English judge, whom nothing can tempt or frighten, ready and able to uphold the laws of his country as a great shield of the rights of the people. I presume that it will give you still greater pleasure to hear, that your friend and relation is that judge ; and that is the only apology I have to make for troubling you with this.

“ I am, dear Sir,

“ Your most humble Servant,

“ E. THURLOW.”

The result of this suit is well known : ladder gates were ordered to be put up at some of the entrances, which was done. By a notice affixed to the public gates, "Passengers are required to take notice that the keepers in shooting deer can *only* take notice of the direction of the public footpaths;" an intimation looking very like a permission to shoot passengers who cannot read, or who may have the misfortune to lose their way.

The good taste, or judgment of a notice like this, affixed to a thoroughfare, of which the public right has been solemnly established in a court of justice, may be questioned ; it has the aspect, at least, of an indirect attempt to narrow a right whose assertion caused so much trouble and annoyance. The sooner some less threatening notice be substituted, the better.



RICHMOND GREAT PARK.

Richmond Great Park is eight miles in circumference, containing 2253 acres, magnificently timbered. The park is of a gently undulated character, adorned by pieces of ornamental water. The vast expanse of its plains, its venerable trees, and the solitude and seclusion, so near a great city, are its chief attractions.

On the west side of Richmond Green are the only remains of the old Palace of Sheen ; consisting of an arched gateway, surmounted by an escutcheon nearly effaced, together with a wicket or lesser gate, both in a ruinous state.

Hard by this gate is the Theatre, a plain structure of brick.

The tourist will not fail, if time permit, to take a stroll along the Barge Walk, by the river side. This is a delightful promenade, the moving panorama of the Thames on the one hand, and the rich pastoral meads of Richmond Old Park on the other.

This park is of a rather flat surface and very limited extent, compared with the New Park. The grounds were laid out in the formal taste by Bridgeman, but were altered by Brown.

The great Duke of Ormond had a lease of the lodge in this park, residing here until his impeachment, when he went to Paris.

The Observatory was built by Sir William Chambers in 1769.

From Richmond we take our way towards TWICKENHAM. A variety of routes offer themselves to the pedestrian. He may enjoy a delightful stroll in the Great Park, leaving at the Ham gate, crossing Ham Common, and making his way through shady lanes to the ferry, whose locality is indicated



VIEW OF RICHMOND HILL.

on the map; or he may descend the face of the hill by a pathway leading from that favourite place of entertainment called the Star and Garter, to the same ferry. But for the convenience of observing the several objects of greatest interest on the way, he had better cross with us Richmond Bridge, pausing to admire the delightful views of the three islands, and villas of Twickenham

Park below the bridge, and the hill, with its embowered villas, and Twickenham meads on the other side ; then turning to the left, enter a little wicket by the river side, and pursue his pleasant way through the sweet-smelling, flowery meads on the banks of Thames.

The number of villas rising tier above tier, and standing, as it were on tiptoe, all eyes to catch the largest possible share of the charming landscape, will first attract his attention. These are so numerous, and the majority so frequently change hands, that the occupants this year are seldom inhabitants of the next.



DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH'S VILLA.

The villa of His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, close by the river side, owes its chief beauty to its situation. The architectural merit of the villa is not remarkable.

Here the traveller will linger with pleasure, especially if the nightingale, in the fast-falling twilight, entertain him with her melodious strains. He will acknowledge the justice of the panegyric of an anonymous writer, who gives us, what he calls "Some account of a little kingdom on the banks of the Thames."

This kingdom is situated on the banks of the Thames, its soil gravelly, its air balmy, clear and healthful ; the whole place is one continued garden. Plenty and pleasure are the ideas conveyed by its large fields of corn and its verdant meadows. 'Tis governed by a king (Mr. R. Owen Cambridge) whom

arts, not arms, recommend to the dignity, the government not being hereditary. He is proclaimed by a Muse, and acknowledged by the people.

Their last monarch (Mr. Pope) was the terror of knaves and fools, and the darling of the learned and virtuous. He reigned long over them, beloved and well established, and was succeeded by their present sovereign (Mr. Horace Walpole).

The meadows are verdant, large, and beautifully situated. All along the river-side they are level and easy; but higher, the ground rises into little hillocks, and the lofty trees in many parts offering their shade, render it the most beautiful of places. Wherever the trees and bushes are a little open, it shows the loveliest meads in the world, full of flocks and oxen grazing; and beyond, the river, with Richmond on the opposite side.

The genius of the inhabitants inclines not towards commerce; architecture seems their chief delight, in which, if any one doubts their excelling, let him sail up the river, and view their lovely villas beautifying its banks. Lovers of true society, they despise ceremony, and no place can boast more examples of domestic happiness. Their partiality for their country rises to enthusiasm; and what is more remarkable, there is scarce any instance of a stranger residing for a few days among them, without being inspired by the same rapturous affection for this earthly elysium.

The prevailing character of the landscape is richness, verdure, and repose; the river glides in a measured fall, as if it moved to music:

See the fair swans on Thames's lovely side,
The which do trim their pennons silver bright,
In shining ranks they down the waters glide—
Oft have mine eyes devour'd the gallant sight.

Resuming our observations, and proceeding onwards, we observe first, a fine mansion, the seat of Mr. Bevan, a London banker; next, the beautifully-situated cottage of Archdeacon Cambridge, son to Richard Owen Cambridge, Esq., author of the "Scribleriad," and well known as the friend of the most eminent literary characters of his time.

To the right, or Middlesex side, we see first Little, then great Marble-hill, the latter built by George II. for his mistress, the Countess of Suffolk, who was also mistress of the robes to his queen. The Earl of Pembroke was the architect, and the gardens were laid out by Pope. Mrs. Fitzherbert

was for some time in occupation of Marble-hill. The present possessor is Colonel Peel.

Little Marble-hill, or Marble-hill Cottage, formerly called Spencer Grove, was fitted up by Lady Diana Beauclerc, who decorated several of the rooms with paintings by her own hands.

Nearly opposite to Marble-hill is PETERSHAM, a picturesque village, situate in the midst of beautiful scenery. Here stood a capital mansion, built by the Earl of Rochester, Lord High Treasurer to James II. This building being destroyed by fire, much property, including the MSS. of the great Lord Clarendon, was destroyed, and some lives lost. Petersham Lodge, as the house was called, was rebuilt by an Earl of Harrington, from a design by Lord Burlington, but is once again pulled down, and the grounds thrown into Richmond Park. The pleasure-grounds were spacious and beautiful, extending to Richmond Park, part whereof had been added to them by a grant from George III. including the Mount, where, according to tradition, Henry VIII. stood to see the signal for the execution of Queen Anne Boleyn.



HAM HOUSE.

Ham House, in the possession of the Dysart family, situate within the parish of Petersham near the Thames, is a curious and perfect specimen of a

mansion of the time of Charles II. In the centre of the house is a large hall, surrounded by an open gallery; the balustrades of the grand staircase are of walnut tree, ornamented with military trophies. That great statesman and general, John Duke of Argyll and Greenwich, was born here. James II. was ordered to retire to Ham House, on the arrival of the Prince of Orange in London; but thinking himself unsafe so near the metropolis, he retired precipitately into France. It is a melancholy mansion, thickly embowered in wood.

TWICKENHAM, "the Muses' Haunt," is now before us, and we proceed to record its historical associations. Twickenham has been ever a favourite retreat of the poet, scholar, and statesman, and is altogether classic ground. The situation of Twickenham is sheltered; the vicinity well wooded, and the climate delightful. Half a century ago, no village round London was a more favourite resort of the wealthy and fashionable; wealth still delights to repose in these shades, but Fashion, fickle goddess! has long since carried her votaries elsewhere. In the river opposite Twickenham, is an ait or eyot, of considerable extent, and divided into several estates, the largest portion belonging to Sir Alexander Johnstone: upon this ait a house of entertainment has been erected; and here the river steamers are accustomed to land great numbers of holiday folks, desirous of the delights of pure air, and solicitous to banquet upon eel-pies, for which the tavern is famed.

York House, a ghostly-looking edifice, opposite Twickenham Ait, was the property of the great Lord Clarendon, who used to return here from attending his royal master at Hampton Court; here the Princesses Mary and Anne, successively queens of England, were nursed. The demesne is magnificently timbered, and contains about seven acres. The Hon. Mrs. Damer, friend of Horace Walpole, occupied this mansion for some time.

Near there is the mansion belonging to Miss Byng: this noble house was erected by Lady Anne Conolly, on the site of a mansion belonging to the Earls of Strafford.

A very fine house, distinguished by an octagon room connected with the house by a long gallery, is now the property of Mr. Murray of Broughton. The octagon room, so conspicuously indicating this mansion, was built by Mr. Secretary Johnstone, for the purpose of entertaining Caroline, queen of George II., at dinner.

This noble mansion obtained the name of Orleans House, from the Duke

of Orleans, now Louis Philippe, King of the French, who resided here. His Majesty is still gratefully remembered by the poorer inhabitants, some of whom are said even now to participate in his bounty.



ORLEANS HOUSE.

The Princess, afterwards Queen Anne, resided at Twickenham, with her son, the youthful Duke of Gloucester; the duke brought with him his regiment of boys which he used to exercise on Twickenham Ait.

The haunts of Pope, and the associations called up in beholding them, naturally attract our first notice, and the largest share of our attention.

Alexander Pope was born in Lombard-street, London, on the 22nd May, 1688, in the house of his father, an eminent linen-draper, who pursued his trade so successfully that he retired with a fortune of twenty thousand pounds. His mother was daughter of William Turner, Esq., of York, two of whose sons died in the service of Charles I.; the third became a general officer in Spain. To his parents an elegant tribute was paid by their gifted son, in the Satires addressed to Arbuthnot:

“Unspotted names, and memorable long
If there be force in virtue, or in song.”

The delicacy of the future poet's constitution naturally much engaged the attention of his parents and relations, and he was still more endeared to them by the uncommon sweetness and placidity of temper which he displayed in his childhood; his voice was so melodious that they used to call him the

little nightingale. At the age of eight years, one Taverner, a Roman Catholic priest, instructed him in the rudiments of the Greek and Latin languages. Having made great advances in learning under the care of Taverner, he was removed to a celebrated seminary of his persuasion at Twyford, a pleasant village on the banks of the Itchin near Winchester, and it is asserted that a lampoon on his master at that place was the occasion of his removal thence to a school kept near Hyde Park Corner.

The earliest poetry from which he derived any gratification worthy remembrance was Ovid translated by Sandys, and Homer by Ogilby; he frequently spoke in the latter part of his life of the exquisite pleasure the perusal of these two translators gave him. It would appear from his having taken the trouble, which no doubt to him was an exquisite gratification, of turning the chief events of the Iliad into the dramatic form, and connecting with some verses of his own the speeches taken from Ogilby, that this translation had a more important use in directing the future tendency of his character than the youthful poet was aware of. Certain it is that he persuaded some of the upper boys of his school to act the piece, assisted by the master's gardener, who was persuaded to accept the not unimportant part of Ajax.

We now trace our bard to a retirement calculated to complete the education of a poet, as Homer may have been said to have commenced it—to Windsor Forest, whither he retired with his father, who, unwilling to trust his money under the laws then pressing heavily upon persons of his persuasion in the public securities, purchased a small estate at Binfield near Oakingham, within the limits of the forest, where he lived on his capital while it lasted.

We have now pursued the youthful poet from his first instructor, who appears to have done his duty, to a public school, first in the country, and again in town: thence we pursue him to the forest, where a still greater advantage awaited him—the employment by his parents of a master who compelled him to instruct himself.

His education was now, as far as masters were concerned, at an end. He formed the determination, rare in one so young, and in him possibly owing as much to the feebleness of his constitution as to the strength of his will, to pursue his studies on a plan of his own, which he did with great diligence and perseverance, devouring all books that he could procure, especially books of poetry.

Inquiry into the accidental circumstances that help to make men poets is not unworthy the attention of the student of human nature—such inquiry might tend to throw light upon the nature of that curious abstraction called genius, and to assist us in forming a more accurate estimate how much of the poetic faculty may be natural, how much acquired, in different men under different circumstances. It is worth remembering that in the case of Pope, as in those of Scott and Byron, early infirmity, in the former case constitutional, in the latter local, had a material influence in determining that love of solitude, and that turning of the mind inward upon itself which solitude naturally engenders.

With original delicacy of constitution, there is often combined, as every one must have observed, an astuteness, precocity, and intelligence wonderfully great, as if nature, leaving the members defective, had flung all their substance into the brain—or as if a kind dispensation of Providence was exhibited in compensating for physical defects by superior mental endowments.

To Alexander Pope, with a ricketty frame, which he was compelled not only in infancy and childhood, but through life, to have swathed in flannel, and to have supported by stays and paddings, was given a musical voice, a fine ear for concordant sounds, and a taste exquisite and refined for nature and her imitations in art. The incapacity to join his playmates in exercises of strength and athletic gambols was compensated for by pleasures derived from books, and the recreative luxury of uninterrupted thought: if his privations were his own, so also were his pleasures. Who shall say how far the consciousness of his corporeal infirmities—as was doubtless the case with the other great poets whose names we have taken the liberty of mentioning—might have been a spur to his contradicting, as it were, the fiat of nature that he should live weak, obscure, and useless; and of impelling him onwards in that chase of immortality which was to give him a life beyond the lives of strongest men, and to make him more formidable and more followed, while he lived, than if he had been seven feet high? We remember that Scott was a cripple in his childhood—we know that Byron retained a sad, fierce sensitiveness on the subject of his lameness. While we do not attribute to mere physical defects more than they are worth, we are not inclined to underrate their effect in giving to minds of power the disposition to compensate themselves for the injurious caprices of nature.

To Pope a feeble frame and delicate constitution were given, at the same time the mind was enabled to overleap mere material disadvantages, and the strength of will given him to apply his powers with consistency and singleness of purpose to the pursuit of the Muses—the future business of what he himself called “that long disease, my life.”

Circumstances happily seconded the tendencies of the youthful poet's pursuits. His father's religion precluded his son, under the then state of the laws affecting Roman Catholics, from taking part in any public career; from entering at the university, obtaining promotion in any of the learned professions, or of investing permanently the honest acquisitions of industry in trade or commerce. Thus a life of learned leisure and studious retirement seemed his destiny both by nature and fortune. The prospect of poverty and dependence was, if not altogether shut out, at least far distant. The savings of his father in trade seemed sufficient for father and son, and no doubt would have been an ample provision if circumstances had admitted their judicious investment; but in the poet's early day, the necessity of procuring daily bread, the strongest antidote to Parnassian flights, was never obtruded upon his warm imagination.

To Windsor we are probably indebted for the final poetic determination of the fate of Pope. Plunging into these classic shades at an age when nature in all her shows and forms has greatest power upon the reflective mind, he could not fail to become confirmed in that delicate taste and exquisite feeling afterwards exhibited in his works. We believe that few great poets have been nurtured into poesy in towns; the country is the true nursery of your bard; imagination has greater play in the retirement of rural scenes, thoughts are less disturbed by the prosaic pettiness of life, and there is an elevation of the soul, and a soaring of the spirit, produced by intercourse with nature, which you may look for in vain where live the little low pursuits and discords of man. From the country, too, the poet draws his store of images, or at least those among them which are the most majestic, permanently great, and lastingly true.

We are far from being so absurd as to insinuate that a great poet may be



POPE.

made by a succession of fortunate accidents, though we have little doubt a decent poet may. But where we find a number of similar circumstances similarly affecting the development of the poetic faculty, mention of the fact may lead to important conclusions; which to pursue in a work of this sort, would be beside our purpose.

Having thus briefly traced the probable circumstances impelling Pope into that career in which he was afterwards to take a pre-eminent position, we must now return to notice the gradual development of his plans, by study, observation, reflection, and composition.

In his retirement at Binfield he first perused the writings of Waller, of Spenser, and of Dryden; the latter soon became his chief favourite, and his model. So athirst was he for the gratification of his desire to see a man whose name was to him synonymous with excellence, that he entreated a friend to carry him to Button's Coffee House, Dryden's favourite resort, that he might indulge in the laudable curiosity of beholding a man who had the highest claims to his admiration and respect.

How early he began to write cannot with exactitude be ascertained; but he was fortunate in having his father for his first critic: it is said that the elder Pope frequently proposed familiar subjects to him, and, after many corrections, would say "Those are now good rhymes."

The poet says of himself, that he "lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came." In this precocity of versification he is associated with Voltaire, who produced at twelve years of age the first recorded copy of his verses; with Milton, who paraphrased two of the Psalms when he was only fifteen years old; with Metastasio, who about the same age wrote a tragedy; with Cowley and Tasso, who warbled at an age still more immature.

"The Ode to Solitude," written at twelve years of age, was the earliest acknowledged production of our poet; though Dodsley, who was honoured with his intimacy, had seen several pieces of a still earlier date.

Dr. Warton, to whom we are indebted for most of the particulars of our poet's life, in a note, says of the Ode to Solitude, "The first sketches of such an artist cannot be too highly prized. Different geniuses unfold themselves at different periods of life. In some minds the one is a long time in ripening. Not only inclination, but opportunity and encouragement, a proper subject, or a proper patron, influence the exertion or the suppression of genius. These stanzas on Solitude are a strong instance of that conten-

plation and moral turn which was the distinguishing characteristic of our poet's mind."

The next production of our poet was the translation of the first book of the *Thebais* of Statius: this was the work of a youth of fourteen. The Prologue to the *Wife of Bath*, the *January and May* of Chaucer modernised, the *Epistle of Sappho to Phaon*, were his succeeding productions. About this time, he gave imitations of many English poets, "the best of which," says Warton, "is that of Lord Rochester on Silence; in which might be discovered the strong sense and moral turn of thinking for which he was afterwards so justly celebrated." It is probable that these imitations of the poets were Pope's tests of the progress he had made in his study of the peculiarities of thought, expression, and versification.

At sixteen he wrote his *Pastorals*; and, as the first step in the literary, as well as in the political world, is of the utmost consequence, these *Pastorals* introduced him to the acquaintance, and soon into the friendship, of Sir William Trumbull, who had formerly been much in public life, Ambassador at Constantinople, and Secretary of State; who was then retired into Windsor Forest, near Binfield.

Pope was thus doubly happy, finding in his retirement not only parents who loved, and could appreciate his genius, but a man of refined taste, knowledge of the world, and high station, delighted to discover in his neighbourhood a youth of such abilities, and, what is still more rare, overjoyed to recommend him to the notice of the learned and polite.

What manner of man Sir William Trumbull was may be best discovered from the earliest letter we have from his pen, addressed to our then unknown bard:—

"SIR,

"I return the book (Milton's *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, *Lycidas*, and *Comus*) you were pleased to send me, and with it your obliging letter, which deserves my particular acknowledgment; for, next to the pleasure of enjoying the company of so good a friend, the welcomest thing to me is to hear from him. I expected to find what I have met with, an admirable genius in these poems, not only because they were Milton's, or were approved by Sir Henry Wootton, but because *you had commended them; and give me leave to tell you, that I know nobody so like to equal him, even at the age he wrote most of them, as yourself.* Only do not afford more cause of complaint against you, that you suffer nothing of your's to come abroad; which, in this age, wherein wit and true sense are more scarce than money, is a piece

of such cruelty as your best friends can scarcely pardon. I hope you will repent and amend. I could offer many reasons to this purpose, and such as you cannot answer with any sincerity, but that I dare not enlarge, for fear of engaging in a style of compliment, which has been so abused by fools and knaves that it has become almost scandalous. I conclude, therefore, with an assurance of being ever yours,

“WILLIAM TRUMBULL.”

If anything was wanting to fill up the measure of Pope's aspirations after the highest honours of the Muses, it was the candid and delightful encouragement of such a man as Sir William Trumbull; encouragement at once warm, hearty, generous, sincere, and, what is more than all, *just*. How generous must have been the reciprocal feeling of Pope towards this honest and amiable old statesman—this true gentleman, whose native politeness, not less than his knowledge of the world, taught him how to estimate the young candidate for fame, and how to give him hope and confidence, at the time when hope and confidence were of greatest value! With what heartfelt enthusiasm must not the grateful poet—the more grateful because the unpatronised—have poured forth that exquisite compliment to his venerable friend in his “Windsor Forest :”—

“Happy the man whom this bright court approves,
His sovereign favours, and his country loves;
HAPPY NEXT HIM, who to those shades retires,
Whom nature charms, and whom the muse inspires;
Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,
Successive study, exercise, and ease.
He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,
And of their fragrant physic spoils the fields;
With chymic art exalts the mineral powers,
And draws the aromatic souls of flowers;
Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high,
O'er figured worlds now travels with his eye,
Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store,
Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er;
Or, wandering thoughtful in the silent wood,
Attends the duties of the wise and good,
T' OBSERVE A MEAN, BE TO HIMSELF A FRIEND,
TO FOLLOW NATURE AND REGARD HIS END,
OR LOOKS ON HEAVEN WITH MORE THAN MORTAL EYES,
BIDS HIS FREE SOUL EXPATRIATE IN THE SKIES—
AMID HER KINDRED STARS FAMILIAR ROAM,
SURVEY THE REGION, AND CONFESS HER HOME!
Such was the life great Scipio once admired;
Thus Atticus, and TRUMBULL thus retired.”

Let us imagine Pope, instead of finding critics and friends by his paternal hearth, and encouragement without flattery from a man like Sir William Trumbull, whom he appears to have met, on the threshold of life, on equal terms, as one gentleman can only meet another—let us imagine him, I say, entering the shop of Dodsley, hat in hand, humbly soliciting a corner for his “Ode to Solitude” in a Miscellany; or compelled by hard necessity to approach some titled patron with servile dedications.

At twenty years of age, a period when poets usually are more apprehensive of the criticism of others than desirous of becoming critics themselves, Pope produced his *Essay on Criticism*, a work which, Johnson declared, places the author among the first of poets, and which certainly entitles him to rank among the first critics. “For a person only twenty years old to have produced such an essay, so replete with a knowledge of life and manners, such accurate observations on men and books, such strong good sense, and refined taste and judgment, has been the subject of frequent and of just admiration.” Mr. Lewis, the bookseller in Russell Street, who printed the first edition of this essay in quarto without the author’s name, informed Dr. Warton that it lay many days in his shop unnoticed and unread; and that, piqued with this neglect, the author came one day, and packed up and directed twenty copies to several great men; and that, in consequence of these presents and his name being known, the book began to be called for.

This fact may inform us of the value of a name, even in a work that, one would have thought, should have made its way as well without as with a name. But thus it is in almost every case: a good thing is not good, written by anybody, or nobody, as the case may be; when a discerning public discovers that it has been written by *somebody*, then they agree in praise—and their unanimity is wonderful.

The *Messiah*, the *Ode to St. Cecilia’s Day*, the *Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady*, followed in rapid succession. The *Rape of the Lock*, composed with great rapidity, first appeared, but in a much less perfect form than we now behold it, in the *Miscellany of Lintot*.

His next work in the order of time was his *Temple of Fame*; after which appeared *Windsor Forest*, a poem containing many splendid passages, and a high and equally sustained tone of thinking throughout.

“After arriving,” says Warton, “at such eminence by so many capital

compositions, our author, with that just self-confidence that ought to actuate every man of real genius and ability, meditated a higher effort—something that might improve and advance his fortune as well as his fame—a translation of Homer, which Milton once thought of executing. This translation he proposed to print by subscription, in six volumes quarto, for the sum of six guineas; and, to the eternal honour of our country in encouraging a work of such superlative and uncommon merit, the subscription was larger than any before known. Every man, of every party, that had any, or pretended to have any, taste or love of literature, sent his name. The number of subscribers was five hundred and seventy-five; but, as some subscribed for more than one copy, the copies delivered to subscribers were six hundred and fifty-four. These copies Lintot, who became proprietor of the work, engaged to supply at his own expense, and also to give the author two hundred pounds for each volume: so that Pope obtained, on the whole, the sum of five thousand three hundred and twenty pounds, four shillings. With this money, so very honourably obtained, he immediately and prudently purchased several annuities, and particularly one of five hundred pounds a-year from the Duke of Buckingham.

The most important advantage to the poet of the subscriptions to his Homer was enabling him to purchase the estate at Twickenham, whither he removed in 1715, with his father and mother, having persuaded the former to sell his little property in Windsor Forest.

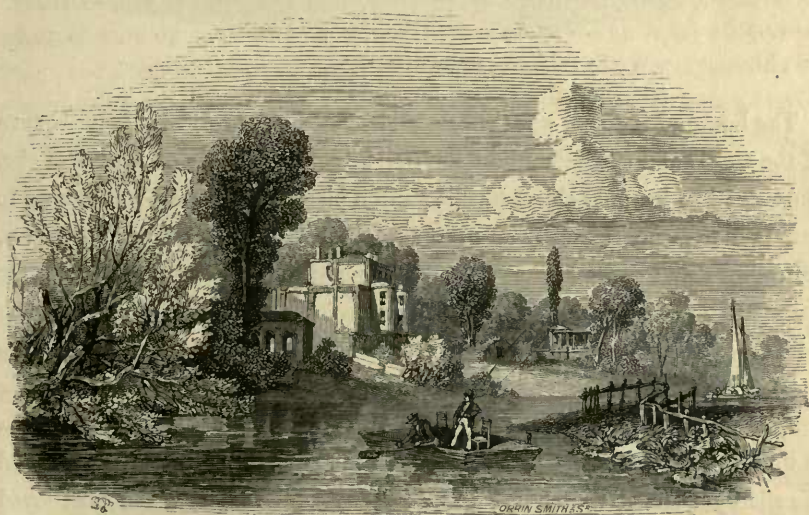
The instances of estates purchased with the sweat of the brain are so very few, and far between, that an additional interest attaches to them. Ideas of dependence, poverty, and want of the comforts of life attach so naturally to the poet, and a garret would so much appear to belong to him by prescriptive usage, that a poet with a house or garden of his own seems like a dream or unreal phantasy. That ordinary parts and vulgar industry should purchase estates is a matter of course, a thing of every-day occurrence; but that genius should not *always* starve, has something in it that makes us stare—the rarity of the spectacle is so great.

We therefore think that, all things considered, we may be excused if we devote some of our leisure to this pre-eminently classic spot; more especially, as no pains seem to be taken by those who hitherto have had any local interest in the place, of preserving in its integrity, or in the style and manner of its adornment, the spot formerly the estate of the poet, so rich in poetic and

classic associations, and which, in any other country save this, would have been thought worthy the tutelary guardianship of the nation at large.

When we visited the spot that had once been the delight of the poet, the favourite retreat of his friends, and the scene of his labours, we anticipated the grateful care with which everything, no matter how trivial, that related to him, or connected his memory with things still existing, would have been preserved and cherished: we hoped to have found preserved the room in which he lived and in which he died; we anticipated the pleasures of being seated in his favourite chair, and of finding his garden, obelisks, temples, grotto, exactly as he left them.

Imagine our astonishment—we might almost say disgust—on finding, in answer to our anxious inquiries of the whereabouts of the villa of Pope, that it had long since been levelled with the ground! It was not without many contradictory directions that we were at length enabled to ascertain where it once had stood.



LADY HOWE'S VILLA, MISCALLED POPE'S—1842.

Not far from the original site was erected by Lady Howe, a plain, uninteresting, unpoetic edifice, now being pulled down, usually, but improperly, called Pope's villa; the poet's house, as has been satisfactorily demonstrated to us by the inspection of old maps and plans, having stood exactly over the grotto, which formed as it were a part of the basement.

How much did we miss—how much was lost to us for ever!



POPE'S VILLA, 1744.

The house of the poet was gone—ruthlessly pulled down by a lady—queen of the Goths and Vandals might she well be called ; a lady of rank was she, and title ; and her only object in this wanton piece of barbarism would seem to have been to demonstrate, by an overt act, how little of communion, sympathy, or feeling may subsist in the breast of some of the aristocracy of rank for the abiding-place of the aristocracy of genius. The house—that house which Lord Spencer thought it the highest honour to preserve and adorn, from respect to its great inhabitant, was levelled with the ground ; the willow tree, also, springing from the hand of the poet, as much one of his works as the Messiah, or the Windsor Forest—whose pendent boughs overshadowed the silvery Thames, was pulled up by the roots. Of all that the poet loved or delighted to cherish, the grotto alone remains ; not, however, as he left it ; but still there is enough to enable us to recall the rest.

We turned with melancholy satisfaction to the poet's letter to his friend Edward Blount, in which he gives so delightful a picture of his grotto, and of the pleasure he took in its formation : no better account of it than the author's can be given, and if such were possible to give, while Pope's remains, it would be impertinent.

“DEAR SIR,

“You show yourself a just man and a friend in those guesses and suppositions you make at the possible reasons of my silence ; every one of which is a true one. As to forgetfulness of you or yours, I assure you the promiscuous conversations of the town serve only to put me in mind of better and more quiet to be had in a corner of the world (undisturbed, innocent, serene, and sensible) with such as you. Let no access of any distrust make you think of me differently in a cloudy day, from what you do in the most sunshiny weather.

“Let the young ladies be assured I make nothing new in my gardens, without wishing to see the print of their fairy steps in every part of them.

“I have put the last hand to works of this kind *in happily finishing the subterraneous way and grotto* : I there found a spring of the clearest water, which falls in a perpetual rill that echoes through the cavern day and night. From the river Thames you see through my arch up a walk of the wilderness, to a kind of open temple, wholly composed of shells in the rustic manner ; and from that distance under the temple, passing suddenly and vanishing, as through a perspective glass. When you shut the door of this grotto, it becomes in the instant, from a luminous room, a *camera obscura*, on the walls of which all the objects of the river, hills, woods and boats, are forming a moving picture in their visible radiations : and when you have a mind to light it up, it affords you a very different scene ; it is finished with shells interspersed with pieces of looking-glass in angular forms, and in the ceiling is a star of the same material, at which when a lamp (of an orbicular figure of thin alabaster) is hung in the middle, a thousand pointed rays glitter, and are reflected over the place. There are connected to this grotto by a narrower passage two porches, one towards the river, of smooth stones, full of light, and open ; the other towards the garden, shadowed with trees, rough with shells, flints, and iron ores. The bottom is paved with simple pebble, as is also the adjoining walk up the wilderness to the temple, in the natural taste, agreeing not ill with the little dripping murmur and the aquatic idea of the whole place.

“It wants nothing to complete it but a good statue with an inscription, like that beautiful antique one which you know I am so fond of :

Hujus nympha loci, sacri custodia fontis
Dormio, dum blandæ sentio murmur aquæ.
Parce meum, quisquis tangis cava marmora, somnum
Rumpere : si bibas, sive lavas, tace.

Nymph of the grot, these sacred springs I keep,
And to the murmur of these waters sleep.
Ah, spare my slumbers, gently tread the cave,
And drink in silence, or in silence lave.

“You’ll think I have been very poetical in this description, but it is pretty near

the truth. I wish you were here to bear testimony how little it owes to art, either the place itself, or the image I give of it."

To another dear friend he writes in the following terms:—

"The history of my transplantation and settlement which you desire would require a volume, were I to enumerate the many projects, difficulties, vicissitudes, and various fates attending that important part of my life; much more, should I describe the many draughts, elevations, profiles, perspectives, &c., of every palace and garden proposed, intended, and happily raised, by the strength of that faculty wherein all great geniuses excel, imagination.

"At last, the gods and fate have fixed me on the borders of the Thames, in the districts of Richmond and Twickenham; it is here I have passed an entire year of my life, without any fixed abode in London, or more than casting a transitory glance (for a day or two at most) on the poms of the town.

"It is here I hope to receive you, sir, returned from eternising the Ireland of the age. For you my structures rise; for you my colonnades extend their wings; for you my groves aspire, and roses bloom. And to say truth, I hope posterity (which no doubt will be made acquainted with all these things) will look upon it as one of the principal motives of my architecture, that it was a mansion prepared to receive you, against you ever shall fall to dust.

"At present I consider you bounded by the Irish sea, like the ghosts in Virgil: and I can't express how I long to renew our old intercourse and conversation, our morning conferences in bed in the same room, our evening walks in the park (Twickenham or Bushy?), our amusing voyages on the water, our philosophical suppers, our lectures, our dissertations, our gravities, our reveries, our fooleries, or what not."

Mr. Digby, writing to Pope, says:—

"I have some faint notion of the beauties of Twickenham from what I see around me. The verdure of showers is poured upon every tree and field about us; the gardens unfold a variety of colours to the eye every morning; the hedges' breath is beyond all perfume, and the song of the birds we hear as well as you. But though I hear and see all this, yet I think they would delight me more if you were here. I found the want of these at Twickenham whilst I was there with you, by which I guess what an increase of charms it must now have. How kind it is in you to wish me there, and how unfortunate my circumstances that allow me not to visit you!"

In another place the same friend inquires,

"How thrive your garden plants? How look the trees? How spring the brocoli and the fenocchio? Hard names to spell! How did the poppies bloom? and how is

the great room approved ? What parties have you had of pleasure ? what in the grotto ? what upon the Thames ? I would know how all your hours pass, all you say, and all you do ; of which I should question you yet further, but my paper is full and spares you."

In a letter to his friend Mr. Digby, the poet says—

"No ideas you could form in the winter, can make you imagine what Twickenham is in the summer season. *Our river glitters beneath an unclouded sun, at the same time that its banks retain the verdure of flowers ; our gardens are offering their first nosegays ; our trees, like new acquaintance brought happily together, are stretching their arms to meet each other, and growing nearer and nearer every hour ; the birds are paying their thanksgiving songs for the new habitations I have made them ;* my building rises high enough to attract the eye and curiosity of the passenger from the river, when, upon beholding a mixture of beauty and ruin, he inquires what house is falling, or what church is rising. So little taste have our common Tritons of Vitruvius ; whatever delight the poetical gods of the river may take in reflecting on their streams my Tuscan porticoes, or Ionic pilasters."

His dear friend Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, he invites to Twickenham :

"I hope the advance of the fine season will set you upon your legs, enough to enable you to get into my garden, where I will carry you up a mount, in a point of view to show you the glory of my little kingdom. The situation here is pleasant, and the view rural enough, to humour the most retired, and agree with the most contemplative : good air, solitary groves, and sparing diet, sufficient to make you fancy yourself one of the fathers of the desert."

Even royalty delighted to contribute to the adornment of the poet's favourite retreat, as we learn from a letter written by command of the Prince of Wales :

"DEAR SIR,

"Since my last, I have received his Royal Highness's commands to let you know, that he has a mind to present you with some urns and vases for your garden, and desires you would write me word what number and size would suit you best. You may have six small ones for your laurel circus, or two large ones to terminate points, as you like best. He wants to have your answer soon. Adieu."

His attachment to rural scenes, and the tranquillity of his retreat, is expressed so often, and in such emphatic language, in his letters, that it is impossible to doubt he put upon paper the language of his heart.

"The weather is too fine for any one that loves the country to leave it at this

season, when every smile of the sun, like the smile of a coy lady, is as dear as it is uncommon ; and I am so much in the taste of rural pleasures, that I had rather see the sun, than anything he can show me, except yourself. I despise every fine thing in turn, not excepting your new gown, till I see you dressed in it.

“ I am growing fit, I hope, for a better world, of which the light of the sun is but a shadow ; for I doubt not but God’s works here are what come nearest to his works there ; and that a true relish of the beauties of nature is the most easy preparation, and quietest transition to an enjoyment of those of heaven ; as, on the contrary, a true town life of hurry, confusion, noise, slander, and detraction, is a sort of apprenticeship to hell and its furies.”

As in prose, so in verse, Pope delighted to dwell upon his retreat here

“ To virtue only and her friends a friend,
The world beside may murmur and commend.
*Know, all the distant din the world can keep
Rolls o’er my grotto and but soothes my sleep.
There my retreat the best companions grace,
Chiefs out of war and statesmen out of place.*
There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl
THE FEAST OF REASON AND THE FLOW OF SOUL ;
And he*, whose lightning pierced the Iberian lines,
Now forms my quincunx, and now ranks my vines,
Or tames the genius of the stubborn plain
Almost as quickly as he conquer’d Spain.”

And again in praise of his grotto :—

“ Thou who shalt stop where Thames’ translucent wave
Shines, a broad mirror, through the shady cave,
Where lingering drops from mineral roofs distil,
And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill ;
Unpolish’d gems no ray on pride bestow,
And latent metals innocently glow.
Approach ! great nature, studiously behold
And eye the mine without a wish for gold.
Approach ! but awful. Lo ! the Egerian grot
Where nobly pensive St. John sat and thought,
Where British sighs from dying Wyndham stole,
And the bright flame was shot through Marchmont’s soul ;
Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor,
Who dare to love their country, and be poor.”

We are happy in being enabled to state that all fears for the destruction of this classic grot may now be at an end ; Pope’s estate having fallen into the hands of a possessor worthy of such a hallowed spot, whose inten-

* Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, who, with only two hundred horse and nine hundred foot, undertook and accomplished the conquest of Valencia.

tion is to erect a villa upon the original site of that of the poet, in the same style, and as near as may be resembling what it was: it is also the intention of Mr. Young, as we are informed, to repair the now dilapidated grotto, and generally to restore whatever may recall most vividly the associations of this truly classic ground.

This is not merely an object worthy a refined taste and liberal mind, contrasting most favourably with the barbarous desecration of the spot by Lady Howe, but it is a public benefit: not merely the admirers of Pope, but the country, will be indebted to Mr. Young for preserving that which is a national ornament, and ought to have been the subject of national care and preservation.

In any other country than this—even in countries much less advanced in civilisation, the haunt of such an ornament of their literature, such a master of their language, would have been thought worthy national tutelage and public consecration: the little estate hallowed by a thousand classic associations would have been preserved intact: the favourite chamber of the poet, his lamp, his desk, his chair, would have been religiously transmitted with his works to future times.

While we lament the desecration of the poet's abiding-place, and express our disapprobation of the more than Gothic barbarism of her who was the agent, we may at the same time express our gratification that an individual is found willing to repair, as far as it can be repaired, our national loss, and who will restore whatever there may be connected with Pope capable of restoration.

The great success of his *Homer*—not the less gratifying to Pope because pecuniary independence accompanied the plaudits of the public—may be said to have established him for life at his favourite retreat, and to have afforded him the means of sustaining a position in life more substantial, respectable and honourable, than perhaps ever was the lot of poet, born to no patrimony, before.

His *Odyssey*, in the translation whereof he was assisted by Fenton and Broome, was his next publication of importance: notwithstanding the sums he was obliged to pay to his literary assistants—to Broome five hundred, and to Fenton three hundred pounds, this work produced Pope a considerable sum of money. Indeed, it may be remarked as one among many illustrations of the compatibility of genius with common sense, that Pope well

knew the value of, and had a proper regard for money : he knew the contempt which pursues through life the man, especially if he be a man of mind, who is destitute of this, the only solid merit, the only acknowledged respectability : although never sordid, Pope was ever careful of his money, or, in other words, of his liberty : poverty, he knew, was but another name for slavery all the world over.

It was probably with a view still further to augment his income that he undertook an edition of Shakspeare : in this he failed, as might have been expected : a mind such as that of Pope, employed upon verbal criticism and minute analysis, must revolt from its occupation, and must needs work against the grain : although Hercules did not refuse the distaff, it is more than probable that he never became an accomplished spinner.

It is much to be regretted that Pope descended to wage an unworthy war with the small fry of pamphleteers and poetasters of his day ; this has been a weakness of the greatest minds, and yet there is not a foible more unworthy those who study to be immortal. Like most schemes of revenge, it altogether defeats its own object : the Dunciad has conferred immortality upon men whose libels on the poet are forgotten, and whose existence would have alike sunk into oblivion if the poet had not damned them o everlasting fame ; besides, there is always something humiliating in contemplating a man like Pope enraged with antagonists every way unworthy his indignation. No doubt, the proud position he commanded in the world of letters exasperated the numerous fry of minor poets : the society in which he moved, and of which he was the pride and ornament, must have regretted the irritation which provoked the Dunciad : the most cruel revenge Pope could have taken upon his persecutors would have been to have preserved a perfect silence. Who does not smile, when a Hercules sallies forth, armed with his club, to be revenged on a swarm of gnats, which the next shower will wash from the face of the earth, as if they had never existed ?

The town, however, is delighted with quarrels in which they have no more to do than to laugh and look on, and the Dunciad was hailed with rapture. On the day the book was first vended, a crowd of authors besieged the shop : entreaties, advices, threats of law and battery—nay, *cries of treason*, were all employed to hinder the coming out of the Dunciad. On the other side, the booksellers and hawkers made as great an effort to procure it.

What could a few poor authors do against so great a majority as the public? There was no stopping a torrent with a finger, so out it came.

"Many ludicrous circumstances attended it. The *Dunces* (for by this name they were called) held weekly clubs, to consult of hostilities against the author. One wrote a letter to a great minister, assuring him Mr. Pope was the greatest enemy the government had; another bought his image in clay, to execute him in effigy; with which sort of satisfaction the gentlemen were a little comforted.

"Some false editions of the book having an owl in their frontispiece, the true one, to distinguish it, fixed in its stead an ass laden with authors. Then, another surreptitious one being printed, with the same ass, the new edition returned for distinction to the owl again. Hence arose a great contest of booksellers against booksellers, and of advertisements against advertisements; some recommending *the edition of the owl*, and others the *edition of the ass*; by which names they came to be distinguished, to the great honour also of the gentlemen of the Dunciad."

We have not space further to pursue the poetical career of this great man. His Epistle to Lord Burlington, that to Lord Bathurst on the Use of Riches, his Essay on Man, his Epistle to Lord Cobham, and the fourth and last book of the Dunciad, appeared in succession, in the order above mentioned.

About the year 1744 his health began visibly to decline: he suffered severely from headaches and rheumatic pains, and was affected with difficulty of breathing, the result, as was supposed, of effusion into the chest. He had frequent deliriums; and, recovering from one of those, Spence the poet, who sate by his bedside, heard and recorded those memorable words, "I am so certain of the soul being immortal, that I seem to feel it within me, as it were, by intuition."

Having expressed his firm belief in the certainty of a future state, it will be thought only consonant with his professions that he should have received with humility and fervour the sacraments of his church. Lord Bolingbroke is said to have expressed great disgust with the poet for having died in the faith and hope of a Christian, being probably chagrined that his lessons of infidelity should have produced so little effect. On the evening of the last day of May 1744, this great, good, and amiable man expired in peace, having attained the age of fifty-six years, and was buried in the church of Twickenham.



TWICKENHAM CHURCH.

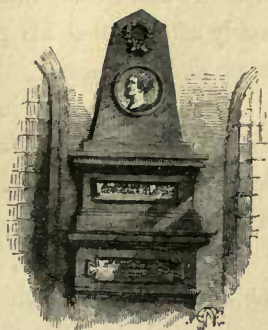
In his private relations there never existed a better man. The tender care and affection of his parents, who had preserved him to the world through a helpless infancy and valetudinarian childhood, he repaid, through life, with the most filial respect, the most untiring affection. He had the happiness, too, of providing them, by the independent and honourable exercise of his divine faculty, with a comfortable home in the evening of their days, and when their little resources had become less, and were in danger of being wholly exhausted. In his tenderness to his mother there was no affectation; in his attention to her he was all heart; much as he delighted in the society of nobles and great men, he was more proud of his mother than of them all. Happy mothers who have such sons, not less strong in intellect than enduring in affection!

Happy was he in his friends: having the power to choose, he chose only such as were worthy of him. The man who was admired and loved by Swift, Bolingbroke, Gay, Young, Arbuthnot; caressed by Bathurst, Oxford, and Murray; whose friendships were as fervent as his thoughts, and as lasting as his life, or the lives of those who were his friends, must have had no ordinary art in enchainning the affections, and preserving the fond regard of such as he honoured with his intimacy.

He preserved through life, in an age of unexampled servility, the dignity of the poetic character: soaring thoughts and grovelling conduct in him never met; he revolted with proper feeling from assailing the tops of Parnassus in rhyme, and crawling at the feet of titled nobodies with dedications couched in abject prose. In the consciousness of great abilities, he

appealed to the public for his reward, and the public liberally met his appeal ; he gave value, and got value ; the public and he were quits ; or rather, while his country owed him much, he owes her nothing—not even a monument.

His character as a poet it would be out of place to dwell upon at length in a work of this nature ; our object being merely to recall as much of his life and works as may serve to enhance the pleasure with which the classical tourist approaches this place, and pays his tribute to the memory of departed genius. A miserable clatter has been raised about Pope, as if he were not a great poet. A sect of poets, with a tail of ardent and not over-judicious admirers, affected to despise him, not perhaps so much with a view of holding up his defects, as of obtruding indirectly their own excellences : a bigotry of criticism pursued his memory, as if the poetry of Pope was to be damned, not because it was not good, but because it was not according to the goodness of the orthodox in poetry.



POPE'S TOMB.

The fundamental error of these bigots lies in imagining that excellence is one and indivisible ; that it culminates in a point, and that only those who see through their glasses can behold it. They never take the trouble to reflect that excellence is of variety ; that things equally great are differently great ; that Parnassus has *two* summits ; and that, while Pope may be permitted to occupy the one, *they* are at liberty to imagine, if they please, that they possess the other.

These critics of schools of poetry have precisely the same narrow way of thinking as other sects ; that is, an incapacity to see anything good, save in that which tallies with the articles of faith of their subscription. Poetry, however, is of two sorts, the masculine and feminine—of the understanding and the affections, of the mind and of the heart ; and it is quite possible—indeed it has been proved—that equal excellence may be attained in both.

“ Surely,” inquires Warton, “ it is no narrow, nor invidious, nor niggardly encomium, to say he is the great poet of reason, the first of ethical authors in verse ; which he was by choice, not necessity. No man can possibly think, or can hint, that the author of the *Rape of the Lock*, and the *Eloisa*, wanted imagination or sensibility of *pathos* ; but he certainly did not so

often indulge and exert those talents, nor give so many proofs of them, as he did of strong sense and judgment."

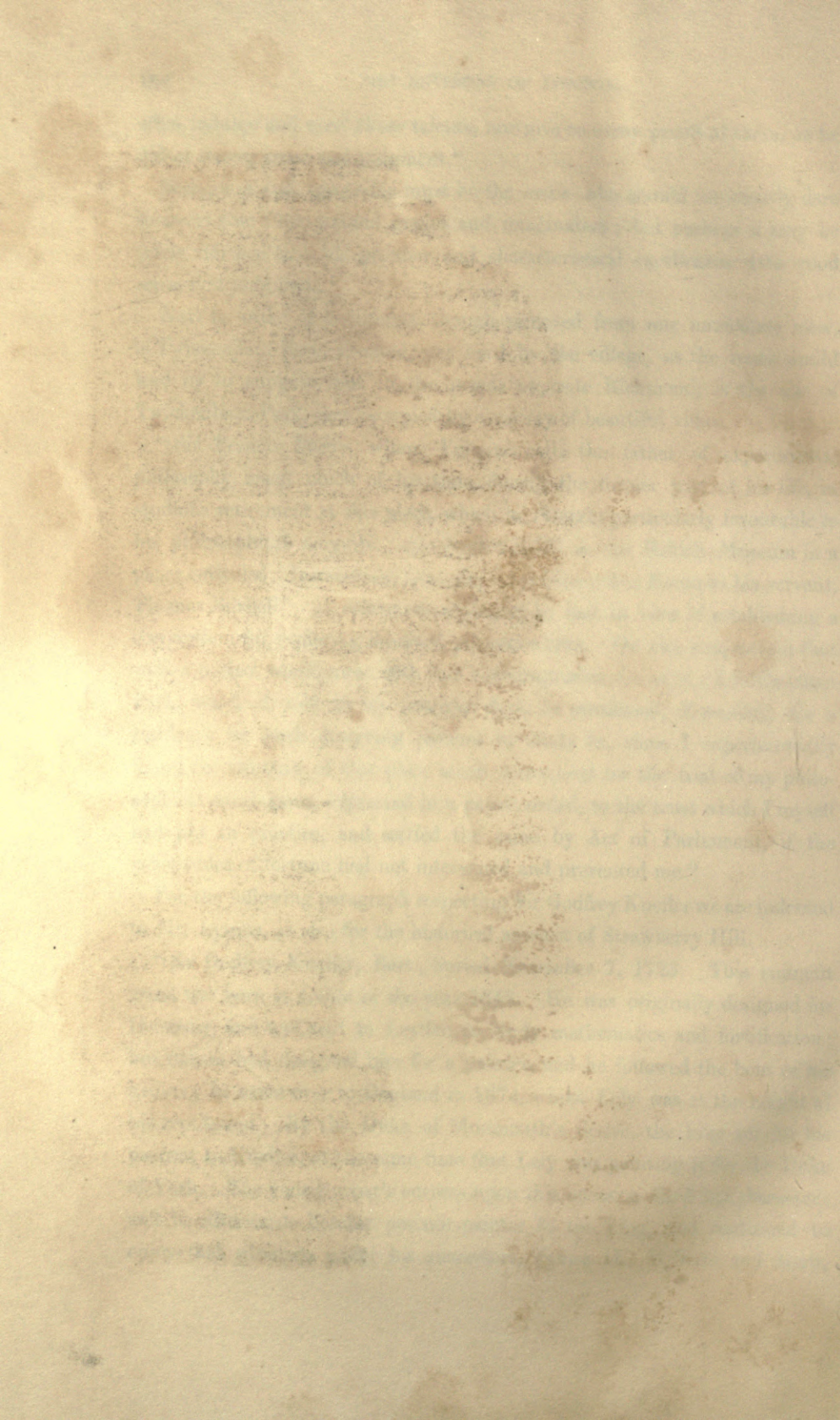
Malignant and insensible must be the critic who should impotently dare to assert that Pope wanted genius and imagination; but perhaps it may be safely affirmed that his peculiar and characteristical excellences were good sense and judgment.

Next in order as to interest, though removed from our immediate view, is Twickenham Park, situated, not hard by the village, as the name would lead us to suppose, but in the meads opposite Richmond, is the site of Twickenham Park, now occupied by a variety of beautiful villas.

"Sir Francis Bacon, whom Voltaire calls the father of experimental philosophy, spent much of his time, during the former part of his life, in studious retirement at this place, which he thought particularly favourable to his philosophical pursuits. Among the MSS. in the British Museum is a paper intituled, 'Instructions from the Lord Chancellor Bacon to his servant, Thomas Bushell.' It relates to a project he had in view of establishing a corporation for exploring deserted mineral works. On the supposition that such a project would meet with due encouragement, he says, 'Let Twitnam Park, which I sold in my younger days, be purchased, if possible, for a residence for such deserving persons to study in, since I experimentally found the situation of that place much convenient for the trial of my philosophical conclusions, expressed in a paper, sealed, to the trust which I myself had put in practice, and settled the same by Act of Parliament, if the vicissitudes of fortune had not intervened and prevented me.'"

For the following paragraph respecting Sir Godfrey Kneller we are indebted to Mr. Lysons, as also for the historical account of Strawberry Hill.

"Sir Godfrey Kneller, Bart., buried November 7, 1723. This eminent artist was born at Lubec in the year 1648. He was originally designed for the army, and was sent to Leyden to study mathematics and fortification; but nature had designed him for a painter, and he followed the bent of his genius; he came over to England in 1674, whilst Lely was at the height of his reputation. By the Duke of Monmouth's desire, the king sat for his portrait to Kneller, at the same time that Lely was painting it for the Duke of York. The young artist's success upon this occasion fixed his character; and he afterwards became portrait-painter to the king, and continued to enjoy that situation under his successors, James II., William and Mary,





Designed by George Clarke 1831

Engraved by Clarkson Stanfield. A.C.

TWICKENHAM

Queen Anne, and George I. Sir Godfrey Kneller was knighted by King William, and created a baronet by King George I. in 1715. Among his most noted works are the Beauties at Hampton Court, the Admirals at the same place, and the Kit-Kat Club. There is a monument to the memory of this celebrated artist in Westminster Abbey, which has occasioned it to be supposed that he was buried there. Dame Susanna Kneller, his widow, was buried at Twickenham, December 11, 1729.

Mrs. Pritchard, the celebrated actress, lived at Ragman's Castle, a small but pretty box, hard by Twickenham Meads.

Lady Mary Wortley Montague, the witty and profligate Duke of Wharton, Secretary Craggs the friend of Pope, Hudson the painter, Dr. Batty an eminent physician, and Sir John Hawkins, author of a history of music and a life of Dr. Johnson, resided at Twickenham. Queen Anne, then Princess of Denmark, resided here, change of air being thought requisite for the Duke of Gloucester, who brought with him his regiment of boys, which he used to exercise on the island or ayte on the river opposite the village.



STRAWBERRY HILL.

About a mile from Twickenham is the renowned villa of the author of the *Castle of Otranto*.

“The well-known villa of the late Horace Walpole (afterwards Earl of Orford), standing on a piece of ground called in old writings Strawberry-hill Shot, was originally a small tenement, built in 1698 by the Earl of Bradford’s coachman, and let as a lodging-house. Colley Cibber was one of its first tenants, and wrote there his comedy called ‘*The Refusal, or the Lady’s Philosophy*.’ The beauties of its situation afterwards tempted persons whose rank and establishments were such as seem to have demanded a large mansion,

to take it as a summer residence. Dr. Talbot, Bishop of Durham, lived in it eight years, and after him, Henry Marquis of Carnarvon. It was next hired by Mrs. Chevenix, the toy-woman, who let a part of it to the celebrated French divine, Père Courayer. Lord John Philip Sackville afterwards took the house of Mrs. Chevenix, and kept it about two years. In 1747 the late Earl of Orford (then the Hon. Horace Walpole) bought the remainder of Mrs. Chevenix's lease, and the next year purchased the fee-simple by act of parliament, it being then the property of three minors. Mr. Walpole, in one of his entertaining letters to Mr. (afterwards Marshal) Conway, gives the following description of this place about the time that he first took possession of it:—'Twickenham, June 8, 1747.—You perceive by my date that I am got into a new camp, and have left my tub at Windsor. It is a little plaything-house that I got out of Mrs. Chevenix's shop, and is the prettiest bauble you ever saw. It is set in enamelled meadows, with fillagree hedges:

A small Euphrates through the place is roll'd,
And little fishes wave their wings of gold.

Two delightful roads that you would call dusty supply me continually with coaches and chaises; barges, as solemn as barons of the exchequer, move under my window. Richmond Hill and Ham-walks bound my prospects; but, thank God! the Thames is between me and the Duchess of Queensberry. Dowagers as plenty as flounders inhabit all around, and Pope's ghost is just now skimming under my window by a most poetical moonlight. The Chevenixes had tricked the cottage up for themselves. Up two pair of stairs is what they call Mr. Chevenix's library, furnished with three maps, one shelf, a bust of Sir Isaac Newton, and a lunar telescope without any glasses. Lord John Sackville *predeceased* me here, and instituted certain games called *cricketalia*, which have been celebrated this very evening in honour of him in a neighbouring meadow.'

"Mr. Walpole having formed a design of enlarging his villa, and fitting it up in the Gothic style, after a tour through various parts of the kingdom, during which he collected models from the principal cathedrals in which that species of architecture prevails, began his improvements in 1753, in which and the following year the library and great parlour were newly built; the Holbein chamber in 1759, the gallery, round tower, great cloister, and cabinet, were begun 1760 and 1761, the great north bed-chamber in 1770, and the Beaclerk tower and Hexagon closet in 1776."

Horace Walpole, author of the *Castle of Otranto*, and so well known in the fashionable, gossiping, and trifling world, and not altogether unworthy of remembrance as a literary man, was the third and youngest son of the great whig minister, Sir Robert Walpole. His mother was Catherine Shorter, daughter of John Shorter, Esq., of Bybrook, in Kent, and grand-daughter of Sir John Shorter, Mayor of London in 1688.



HORACE WALPOLE.

Horace was born in October, 1717, and received his education at Eton, and afterwards at King's College, Cambridge. Upon leaving the University, he set out on his travels in company with Gray the poet, with whom, being much too good company for Horace, the latter contrived to pick a quarrel: "The quarrel between Gray and me," he says, "arose from his being too serious a companion. I had just broke loose from the restraints of the University, with as much money as I could spend, and I was willing to indulge myself. Gray was for antiquities, &c., while I was for perpetual balls and plays: the fault was mine."

Dr. Johnson's account of this quarrel is valuable, inasmuch as it contains a moral which may perhaps be useful to men hereafter similarly circumstanced. "When he (Gray) had been at Cambridge about five years, Mr. Horace Walpole, whose friendship he had gained at Eton, invited him to travel with him as his companion. They wandered through France into Italy; and Gray's letters contain a very pleasing account of many parts of this journey. But unequal friendships are easily dissolved: at Florence they quarrelled and parted, and Mr. Walpole is now content to have it told that it was by his fault. If we look, however, without prejudice on the world, we shall find that men, whose consciousness of their own merit sets them above the compliances of servility, are apt enough in their association with superiors to watch their own dignity with troublesome and punctilious jealousy, and in the fervour of independence to exact that attention which they refuse to pay.

Part they did, however, whatever was the quarrel; and the rest of their travels was, doubtless, more unpleasant to them both."

In Italy, Walpole's love of art, and taste for elegant and antiquarian literature, became more developed, and ultimately formed the ruling passion of his life, which circumstances happily enabled him to gratify to the utmost.

His fortune was already made—nothing remained for him but to enjoy life in whatever way he thought he could find the greatest sum of enjoyment: with the prevalent vanity among young men of rank and fortune at the present day, he was ambitious of playing at senators, and entered the House of Commons as representative of Callington, being then in his twenty-fourth year.

On a motion for an inquiry into the conduct of his father, Sir Robert, for the preceding ten years, he delivered his maiden speech, and had the honour of being complimented by no less a judge of oratory than the elder Pitt. He was merely a do-nothing member of Parliament: where he alone was active, in his exertions to save the unfortunate Admiral Byng, his humanity, at least, was laudable: soon, however, he relapsed into his constitutional indolence; his business in parliament was not to serve his country, nor even himself; his seat was a toy to play with, get tired of, and fling away. As he says himself, in a letter on his retirement, "What could I see but sons and grandsons playing over the same knaveries that I have seen their fathers and grandfathers act? Could I hear oratory beyond my Lord Chatham's? Will there ever be parts equal to Charles Townshend's? Will George Grenville ever cease to be the most tiresome of beings?"

And now, having nothing but trifling in view as the business of life, our Walpole resolved to trifle elegantly: bit by some Goth or Vandal, he devoted the best part of his life to the collection and arrangement of whatever was curiously worthless, and for this benevolent purpose he patched, lathed and plastered the ricketty, miserable, oyster-grotto-like profanation of Gothie, called Strawberry Hill.

A place intrinsically more paltry does not exist: dirty, dingy walls, rough-casted with mortar and pebbles, and surmounted by wooden battlements, of which the founder himself survived three generations: bounded on two sides by the high road with all its dust, noise, and publicity; the rooms low, dark, and, with the exception of the long gallery, devoid of proportion; the grounds limited to a very small space, and that limitation rendered still more conspicuous from the attempt to crowd into it temples, grottoes, and statuary; the only merit of Strawberry Hill is one which Horace Walpole had nothing

to do, namely,—the view of the river commanded by this piece of architectural gim-crackery.

Walpole seemed altogether to forget, in what he chose to call his restoration of the pure Gothic, that the essential character of that style is grandeur and sublimity; and that, without space and magnitude, all examples of the Gothic must be contemptible. The classic styles admit of being applied to buildings, either great or small; and are seen to equal advantage in the Temple of Minerva, or the Lanthorn of Demosthenes. But to the Gothic, breadth and altitude are essential; and the attempt to illustrate its character and beauties in lath and plaster, at Strawberry Hill, has produced only a very ugly, fragile, and incommodious structure, destitute of either beauty or sublimity.

At this place Walpole formed a museum of nick-nacks, rarities, and curiosities, lately dispersed by public auction, and of which the recollection is so recent in the public mind, that it would be tedious to repeat the particulars; it will be enough to say that the collection contained examples, many of considerable value, in every department of the fine arts; missals of great beauty; sculptures on silver and steel of Benvenuto Cellini; miniatures of eminent persons, many original, and therefore priceless: marbles and bronzes of exquisite workmanship; an indifferent collection of coins; another of books, still less valuable; a few good, some bad, many indifferent pictures; numberless nick-naekeries, and a profusion of painted and enamelled crockery.

To the collection of this heterogeneous mass the future life of Walpole was mainly devoted: for this he expended his time in haunting the auction-rooms, the galleries of picture-dealers, the traders in old china and *cognoscenti*; to the enlargement of this collection, the proceeds of the sinecure places he enjoyed through the bounty of his father, were barely sufficient.

The most valuable curiosity in the collection of this agreeable trifter, and that of which he made the best use, was a printing-press. When his talents were employed on subjects worthy them and himself, Walpole appears to advantage; for his Gothic romance, Sir Walter Scott claims the rare merit of high originality; “it is remarkable,” says that great writer, “not only for the wild interest of its story, but as the first modern attempt to found a tale of amusing fiction upon the basis of the ancient romances of chivalry. This romance has been justly considered as not only the original and model of a peculiar species of composition, attempted and successfully

executed by a man of great genius, but as one of the standard works of our lighter literature. Horace Walpole, who led the way in this new species of literary composition, has been surpassed by some of his followers in diffuse brilliancy of composition, and perhaps in the art of detaining the mind of the reader in a state of feverish and anxious suspense; through a protracted and complicated narrative, more will yet remain with him than the single merit of originality and invention. The applause due to chastity of style, to a happy combination of supernatural agency with human interest, to a tone of feudal manners and language, sustained by characters strongly marked and well discriminated, and to unity of action, producing scenes alternately of interest and grandeur—the applause, in fine, which cannot be denied to him who can excite the passions of fear and pity, must be awarded to the author of the *Castle of Otranto*.”

At his Strawberry Hill press were printed, also, his “*Anecdotes of Painting, Engraving, and the Arts in England*,” “*Historic Doubts of the Life and Reign of Richard III.*,” a work that excited in its time much attention; “*The Mysterious Mother*,” a tragedy; “*A Catalogue of the Royal and Noble Authors of England*,” “*Ædes Walpoliana, or a Description of the House of Sir Robert Walpole, at Houghton*,” with others of less importance, but sought after with avidity by bibliomaniacs, for the peculiarity of their production.

But it is upon his Letters chiefly that the posthumous fame of Walpole rests: he was a gossip of the first order; “his epistolary talents,” as Miss Berry has said, “have shown our language to be capable of all the grace and all the charms of the French of Madame de Sévigné;” and if to tittle-tattle upon paper gracefully be a merit, Horace Walpole cannot be denied to have attained that flattering distinction.

In the year 1791 he succeeded his nephew in the earldom of Orford; but never took his seat in the House. Lord Orford died in the eightieth year of his age, at his house in Berkeley-square, on the 2nd of March, 1797, and was buried in the family vault at Houghton. In him terminated the male line of the descendants of Sir Robert Walpole.

On the western verge of this parish, towards Teddington, is a pretty spot called Little Strawberry Hill, once the residence of the celebrated actress Mrs. Clive; to whose memory an urn, graced by a few couplets of no extraordinary excellence, from the pen of Horace Walpole, is placed in the grounds.

TEDDINGTON is a pretty retired spot, twelve miles from London, and a

mile and a half from Twickenham. The manor-house stands upon the site of a former mansion built by Lord Buckhurst, in 1602. The great Earl of Leicester is said to have resided for a time at Teddington; as did also William Penn, founder of Pennsylvania, about the year 1688. Near the communion-table in the church is the monument of Sir Orlando Bridgeman, Solicitor-General to Charles I., and in the reign of Charles II. Chief Baron of Exchequer and Keeper of the Great Seal, of which he was very properly deprived in 1672, for refusing to affix it to a declaration for liberty of conscience in matters of religion. Dr. Stephen Hales, the naturalist and experimental philosopher, and well known to the scientific world by his treatise on Vegetable Statics, was curate of this parish, and died here.



TEDDINGTON CHURCH.

Paul Whitehead, the poet, was buried at Teddington with much ceremony. Whitehead distinguished himself more as a partisan than a poet; attaching himself to the Prince of Wales's party, he became a violent patriot, the champion and bard of Leicester House. When his patron, Lord Despencer, came into power, he accepted a lucrative place, which subjected him to much censure and ridicule from those with whom he had formerly acted in opposition to the Court.

Richard Bentley, son of the learned Dr. Bentley, was buried here. In conjunction with Horace Walpole, Mr. Bentley planned many of the architectural decorations of Strawberry Hill, and gave frontispieces and vignettes to an edition of the works of the poet Gray.

Teddington is a favourite resort of anglers, who find this a favourable spot for pursuing their tranquil sport: the air is pure and mild, and the situation delightful.

Here is the first lock in the Thames navigation: the fall of water over

the weir has a very pretty effect, being the best attempt at a cascade we know of around the metropolis.



TEDDINGTON WEIR.

With the pretty lines of Gay, recalled to mind by the prevalent amusement of this pleasant place, we, for the present, take leave of the pleasant village of Teddington.

“ The finny brood their wonted haunts forsake,
Float in the sun, and skim along the lake ;
With frequent leap they range the shallow streams ;
Their silver coats reflect the dazzling beams.
Now let the fisherman his toils prepare,
And arm himself with every watery snare ;
His hooks, his lines, peruse with careful eye,
Increase his tackle, and his rods re-tie.
Upon a rising border of the brook
He sits him down, and ties the treacherous hook :
Now expectation cheers his eager thought,
His bosom glows with treasures yet uncaught ;
Before his eyes a banquet seems to stand,
Where every guest applauds his skilful hand.
Far up the stream the twisted hair he throws,
Which down the murmuring current gently flows ;
When, if a chance, or hunger's powerful sway,
Directs the roving trout this fatal way,
He greedily sucks in the twining bait,
And tugs and nibbles the fallacious meat.
Now, happy fisherman, now twitch the line,
How thy rod bends ! behold, the prize is thine !
Cast on the bank, he dies ; with gasping pains
And trickling blood his silver mail distains.”



HAMPTON COURT, LOOKING UP THE RIVER.

HAMPTON COURT.

Close by those meads, for ever crowned with flowers,
 Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,
 There stands a structure of majestic frame
 Which from the neighbouring Hampton takes its name.—POPE.

THE routes to the Royal Palace of Hampton Court are various, and all agreeably diversified. The tourist from town may take advantage of the South-Western or Southampton Railway as far as New Kingston, whence conveyances may be had without difficulty to the palace; or he may proceed to the Ditton or Esher station of the same railway, thence making his way to Thames Ditton, East or West Moulsey, crossing the river by bridge or ferry, and so to Hampton Court; or, ascending the Thames to Richmond, he may make his selection from one of the many conveyances that ply between “delightful Sheen” and the former palace of the magnificent Wolsey.

A delightful route is that by the Thames as far as Twickenham, thence

to Teddington along the river road, or by way of Strawberry Hill—a choice of routes, adapted for the pedestrian, of which the latter is rather shortest,



RIVER VIEW BELOW HAMPTON.

but less interesting. Yet, even a couple of miles of dusty road, in a hot summer's day, make but indifferent preparation for the enjoyment awaiting us at Hampton Court, whither we should study to repair fresh and unfatigued, that no sensation of uneasiness may detract from the bountiful feast of eye and mind there awaiting our coming.

We therefore decidedly recommend the reader who does not keep his own carriage, and who really wishes to make the most of his day at Hampton Court—and a day is by far too little to bestow upon it—that at St. Paul's Churchyard, or the White Horse Cellar in Piccadilly, according to his location in town, he take a place by one of the omnibuses, or better still, the short stages, as they are called, that in great numbers await his selection. By one of these he will reach without trouble or fatigue the place of his destination; and the drive through a rich, varied, and classic country, (upon which we have in the former parts of this work sufficiently dilated) will be an agreeable preparation for the not unpleasing toil he will have to undergo in rambling through the state rooms, inspecting the pictures, and strolling through the gardens so munificently preserved, and set apart, for the general enjoyment of the people.

By adopting the course we recommend—not without experience—the tourist will avoid the unseemly struggling for places in the omnibuses which so often occurs on quitting the railway stations. He will escape the ramble

along two miles of dusty road, to which he will be condemned if he reach Twickenham by steam-boat; but above all, he will arrive at his destination without change of conveyance, difficulty, or unreasonable delay.

In whatever point of view we regard Hampton and its palace, we must at once acknowledge, that within the same distance of our metropolis, we can boast no two places possessing together half the interest that attaches to this spot.

Let us reflect, for a moment, on the high gratification well regulated and generous minds will receive from a visit to this classic pile and its delightful vicinage—the gratification, namely, of witnessing the innocent pleasure and rational recreation thousands upon thousands of our metropolitan population derive from holidays spent in contemplating the beautiful in art and nature, with which Hampton Court so bounteously supplies them. To those who, wrapped up in the selfishness of exclusion, find pleasure in scenes to which the privileged classes alone can gain access, the judicious and truly liberal indulgence by which the public at large are admitted here may be distasteful and offensive. Luckily, this is a matter of no moment; the public good is to be preferred before the exclusive gratification of individuals. Hampton Court, its gardens, pictures, statues, flowers, walks, now serve the purposes of a normal school, where recreation ministers to instruction, and where eye and mind are at once delighted and improved.

It is a pleasing sight to those who are not afraid to come in contact with ordinary humanity, to see the roads crowded with numbers of holiday-makers on their delighted way to Hampton Court, emancipating themselves, their wives and children, for the day, from the contagion of the town, or the sensual gratifications of suburban pot-houses, and devoting the few hours they may have to spare from the daily-recurring necessity of toil, to gratifications in which the intellectual predominates over the animal, and in which relaxation from labour is made subservient to the inculcation of purer tastes, and enjoyments more refined.

We live in hopeful times, when our palaces become places of popular resort, and when our people are found worthy of the privilege accorded them of making palaces their own. It is strange, when we pause to think upon it, that this noble pile, once the retreat of the Knight Templars—where Wolsey lived in more than royal state—whence the eighth Harry *chased* the country round, converting fertile plains, the property and means

of sustenance for its peaceful inhabitants, into a wilderness of beasts and birds of game; where Elizabeth called a Shakspeare to entertain her on the stage, and the first James indulged himself in profitless religious controversies; where the unhappy Charles found himself less than the servant of his subjects; where Cromwell led an unquiet life of suspicion and never-ceasing fear: the polished floors, once silent beneath the mincing steps of courtiers, are now trodden by humblest men; the treasures of art, formerly reserved for royal eyes alone, are now gazed upon by admiring thousands; the faces of historical personages become as familiar to the vulgar as their lives and actions to the learned; this palace has in truth become a palace for the people.

Not only in a moral and educational, but in a political point of view, do we recognise the wisdom of this indulgence. The veriest economist cannot object to the expense of preserving, at the public charge, places so conducive to public advantage; nor will the permission so unreservedly given to the people by the government, be without its advantage in the popular acknowledgment of the value and advantage of such permission.

If we forget everything about Hampton Court save its richness in merely natural beauty, we shall still find abundance to admire. The happy situation of the place, occupying a delightful peninsula, which the Thames delights almost to encircle, and which looked at upon the map seems a huge emerald set in silver; the mighty masses of its foliage, filling up the distance of the landscape on whichever side you cast your eye; the plains covered with richest verdure in one place, with the stubborn grasses intermingled with ferns and heath, where the wild deer love to haunt, in another; the magnificent colonnades of mighty chesnuts, shooting upward millions of pyramidical cones of wax-like snowy blossoms; the huge thorn-trees—veterans of centuries, filling the air, almost to oppressiveness, with their luscious fragrance; the green alleys, with their lengthened vistas, their verdant carpets, and their ever-changing effects of shade and sunlight; the groups of happy holiday-makers moving athwart the glades, or reclining under some oak of “army shade,” enjoying themselves in contented oblivion of the working world they have for that day left behind; then, the intermingling song of various birds; wild creatures fitting to and fro; the timid deer, the hum of bees, the wandering flight of butterflies. To these add the pure elastic air, the azure firmament overhead, or, still better, fleecy

vapours now and again veiling the meridian sun, and soothing zephyrs whispering i' th' ear of earth, and you have no need either of palace or pictures for the enjoyment of a delightful day—love of nature, and a disposition to observe and study her, will serve you instead of art and architecture. Nature builds up for you here aisles and transepts, courts and halls, of her own mighty pillars—far excelling in sublimity the memorials of the magnificent Wolsey. Nature displays her Cartoons for your inspection—brilliant landscapes, before which the drawing of Raphael, the composition of Poussin, the colouring of Claude, must sink into insignificant mediocrity; and if, as in the time-honoured halls you are about to visit, you admire the power and munificence that gave them form and substance, you may do more here. With holier awe and worthier reverence, in this great temple, you may worship the Omniscient and Omnipresent Maker and giver of all.

Reader, if you are of our way of thinking, you will often set out with the firm determination to while away the livelong summer's-day in the picture-rooms of Hampton, and yet find yourself at dewy eve no farther advanced than the towering chesnut-trees of the avenues, and the venerable thorns of Bushy Park!



BUSHY PARK.

“Truly, good Master Author,” you will say, “this is very well to stay and enjoy yourself wherever you list! but we desired your company farther, and

cannot afford to part with you here : conduct us forthwith to the palace, good Master Author, we entreat you."

Enough, I obey. Allow me to remark, however, that there is historic lore to please the most learned clerk hereabouts : ay, long ere those pinnacled towers, Wolsey's work—or that more formal and massive block of building, the record of a bastard taste—the work of Wren, were seen upon these plains, we have records of the mutations, from hand to hand, of this royal resting-place.

We can follow the manor of Hampton as far back as to the Survey of Domesday, when we find it the property of Earl Algar, of whom Walter Fitzothes held the manor. About the middle of the thirteenth century this manor was given by Joan, relict of Sir Thomas Gray, to the Knights Hospitallers of Jerusalem. Under the prior of this fraternity it was, that Wolsey became lessee in the early part of the reign of King Henry the Eighth, surrendering it finally to him in 1526. When the order of Knights Hospitallers was suppressed, the fee of this manor became vested in the crown, to which it has ever since continued annexed. Some idea of the vast extent of the manor may be formed, when the reader is made aware that it comprised within it the manors of Walton-upon-Thames, Walton Legh, Byflete, Weybridge, West and East Moulsey, Sandon, Weston, Innworth, Esher, Oatlands, together with the manors within the limits of Hampton Court Chase, and also the manors of Hampton, Hanworth, Feltham, and Teddington, and even Hounslow Heath.

This magnificent estate, originally bequeathed for charitable purposes, but now to serve the uses of priestly ambition, having come into the possession of Wolsey, that prelate determined to adorn with a mansion every way worthy the manor ; and here—before we begin to describe the rise and progress of that structure of which a part now remains, as it were, his monument—it were fitting that we devote some consideration to the still more stupendous rise and progress of his fortunes and his power.

"Thomas Wolsey, afterwards Archbishop of York, Chancellor of England, Cardinal Priest of Cicily, and Legate à latere, was born at Ipswich, in Suffolk, in the year of our Lord 1471, and, as that learned antiquary, Mr. Fullman, relates, in the month of March. He was descended, according to some of our best historians, from poor but honest parents, and of good reputation, inhabitants of that place ; the common tradition is, that he was

the son of a butcher. But I can discover no more authentic grounds for such a tradition than for the other report—that his parents were in mean and indigent circumstances.

“He very early discovered a docile and apt disposition for learning, which encouraged his parents to send him to school, and to give him such an education, if we may judge of their design in it by the event, as might prepare him for the University. We know nothing particularly as to the manner of his instruction or behaviour at school; the place where he was taught we may probably conclude to have been Ipswich, but the name and character of his master are altogether unknown. Yet it may be presumed, from the quick and extraordinary proficiency which so very young a scholar made under him, that he was well qualified for the charge he had undertaken, but no less pleased to observe, that a youth of such pregnant parts, or rather, considering his tender age, of so surprising a capacity, was committed to his care. For he was so early sent to the University of Oxford, that he took his bachelor’s degree in arts there when he was fourteen years old, at an age when few members now of the most forward capacity, and with all the present, and, commonly speaking, much superior advantages of education, are known to be admitted; so that he soon got a name of peculiar distinction in that famous seat of learning, and was commonly termed the *Boy Bachelor*. Soon after he had taken his degree of bachelor in arts, and made an extraordinary progress in logic and philosophy, he was elected Fellow of Magdalen College in Oxford, and had not long been master of arts, before the care of the school adjoining to that college was committed to him; where he was charged with the education of three young gentlemen of noble birth, sons to the Marquess of Dorset, who, at Christmas, sent for them, with Mr. Wolsey, to celebrate that festival at his seat in the country, where observing the great improvement which his sons had made under their master, and being pleased with his manner and conversation, he presented him, as reward of his service in that capacity, to the rectory of Lymington, in Somersetshire, which happened to be vacant at that time, and was in his lordship’s patronage.”

Thus far Fiddes, in his excellent *Life of the cardinal*, which we regret our space will not permit us to follow more at large, but from which we will condense such further particulars as may be necessary for our present purpose.

His residence in this neighbourhood was attended with a piece of ill fortune, unusually falling to the lot of one of Wolsey’s cloth. He was put in

the stocks upon a charge, as some say, of drunkenness, by Sir Amias Pawlet: an affront which he remembered, and resented somewhat too unmercifully, in after life, by confining Sir Amias within the bounds of the Temple for five or six years. The knight sought to mitigate the wrath of his great enemy, and to prepare the way for the recovery of his liberty, by adorning the gate-house next the street with the arms, the hat, and other badges of distinction proper to him as a cardinal.

This gate was taken down and rebuilt by Sir C. Wren, but without the former ornaments.

Notwithstanding this indignity, Wolsey did not then resign his living, but retained it until the successful progress of his fortune promoted him to the deanery of Lincoln, 1549. In the interim he was received into the establishment of Dean, Archbishop of Canterbury, with whom he remained until the death of that prelate: when, having lost his early patron, the Marquis of Dorset, our future cardinal busied himself in the employment of his personal address and insinuation until he found favour in the eyes of Sir John Nafant, treasurer of Calais; for, with that shrewdness and knowledge of mankind that characterized Wolsey throughout life, he would seem early to have discovered that although moderate success may be the probable consequence of naked talent, yet magnificent results are the offspring only of talent brought out of obscurity by the sunshine of happy opportunity, or assisted towards greatness by the overshadowing wings of royal or noble protection.

It did not suit the ambition of Wolsey therefore to remain long without a patron: when he was deprived of one, straightway he hied him to court, and got another.

Through the interest of Sir John Nafant, Wolsey was appointed one of the king's chaplains, and thus having once got an establishment there, and wanting neither application nor abilities for the greatest employments, easily opened a way to that height of power and greatness to which he afterwards climbed.

He now became courtier by profession, and if we may believe his biographers, appeared less solicitous to discharge his sacred duty in the chapel, than to attend persons of rank and power, of whom he might make use in the closet.

By two of these personages, Fox, Bishop of Winchester, and Lovel,

Chancellor of the Exchequer, he was employed in one of those critical and delicate negociations, which, successfully conducted, open the way to the aspirants after court favour more quickly than any amount or value of services rendered to mankind at large, which by mankind rarely rewarded, are usually left by princes to that self-acting principle by which virtue, we are told, rewards itself.

The business in question was a royal treaty of marriage depending between King Henry VII. and the only daughter of the Emperor Maximilian; this requiring great nicety, the matter was the subject of frequent conversation between the King and Wolsey, who at length, having received his credentials, set out upon his journey.

His reward for his energy, talent, and despatch in this business, was the Deanery of Lincoln.

As usual with men who drag themselves up the steep and slippery pathway of royal favour, Wolsey was not less advanced by being used by those above him, than by using them: it would appear that he lent himself to others for their purposes, and borrowed others in return for his own.

Thus in the early part of the reign of King Henry VIII., the Bishop of Winchester, who had recommended him at first, now began to cast his eye upon him as a person that might be serviceable to him in his present situation. This prelate observing that the Earl of Surrey had totally eclipsed him in favour, resolved to introduce Wolsey into the young prince's familiarity, in hopes that he might rival Surrey in his insinuating arts, and yet be contented to act in the cabinet a part subordinate to Fox himself who had promoted him.

From this juncture we are to consider Wolsey as a statesman. In a very little time he gained such an ascendant in Henry's good graces, that he supplanted both Surrey in his favour, and Fox in his trust and confidence; the usual fate of men employing tools more talented than themselves.

His participation, by no means creditable to his sacred character, in the dissipations of the youthful Henry, afforded him numerous opportunities, not unprofited by, to introduce business and state affairs, to insinuate those political maxims, and that line of conduct he wished his monarch to adopt—among which we may presume that the importance of reposing all confidence and trust in the adviser, to the exclusion of others, although not perhaps plainly expressed, was by no means forgotten. Henry entered into all the

views of Wolsey, and finding no one so capable of executing his plan of administration as the person who proposed it, soon advanced his favourite from being the companion of his careless hours to be a member of his council, and from being a member of his council to be his sole and absolute minister.

He was now made Almoner to the King, and his honours flowed thick and fast upon him; the first substantial prize he obtained of royal gift, being the house of Empson, upon the execution of that minister. In a little time, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk retired from the unequal contest with a man so thoroughly in the favour of his sovereign. Fox in vain warned Henry not to suffer the servant to be greater than the master. Henry replied that he well knew how to retain his subjects in their obedience; but still continued an absolute deference, in every thing, to the direction and counsels of the favourite.

In 1513 Wolsey obtained the bishopric of Tournay in Flanders, and before the end of the year succeeded to that of Lincoln. In 1515 he attained the climax of his ecclesiastical dignities, being created a cardinal, by the title of Cardinal of St. Cecilia beyond the Tiber.

And now the splendour of retinue and magnificence of living he so loved began to distinguish his establishment, which might be said to have been almost more than royal: his train consisted of eight hundred servants, many of whom were knights and gentlemen; some even of the nobility put their children into his family as a place of education, and, in order to ingratiate them with their patron, allowed them to bear offices as his servants.

Among others who were so placed was the Lord Percy, who, accompanying the cardinal to court, had frequent opportunities of seeing and conversing with the beautiful and unfortunate Anna Boleyn, whose affections he gained, and who privately agreed to marry him. This coming to Henry's ear, was so highly resented by him that he charged the cardinal to send for his pupil's father to court, formally to break the contract. The Lady Anna was after this dismissed the court, and sent to one of her father's estates in the country, the contract being dissolved by the cardinal, as having been made without the king's or the young lord's father's knowledge; Earl Percy soon afterwards marrying a daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury.

It has been conjectured, not without reason, that upon this apparently unimportant incident depended the tenure of the cardinal's power—Anne

never having forgiven him for depriving her of Percy, though, to augment her rising influence with the king, it was necessary that she should dissemble, and she accordingly, with womanly dissimulation, appeared to treat Wolsey with the greatest external respect.

At this time we behold Wolsey—

“ Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand ;
 To him the church, the realm, their powers consign ;
 Through him the rays of regal bounty shine ;
 Turned by his nod the stream of honour flows,
 His smile alone security bestows ;
 Still to new heights his restless wishes tower,
 Claim leads to claim, and power advances power ;
 Till conquest unresisted ceased to please,
 And rights submitted, left him none to seize.”

The determination of Henry to repudiate Katharine his queen—the first fatal declension from his position as king and father of his people, into that of a brutal and wanton tyrant—and the honest opposition of Wolsey to that iniquitous procedure, hastened the hour of his downfall. Anne Boleyn, now recalled to court, industriously fostered the dislike of the cardinal which had grown up in the mind of Henry, and the crisis of Wolsey's fate had arrived.

“ At length his sovereign frowns : the train of state
 Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate.
 Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,
 His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly.
 Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
 The golden canopy, the glittering plate,
 The royal palace, the luxurious board,
 The liveried army, and the menial lord.”

The circumstances attending his disgrace have been graphically detailed by Fiddes:—“ However, now that the cardinal could not be ignorant the king was much alienated from him, he would not appear (so free, easy, and prudent was his manner), to take the least notice, as if he was declining in favour, or apprehended that any ill designs were forming against him. So that, when Michaelmas Term began, he went into Westminster Hall, without abating anything of his usual pomp and dignity, and there sat as chancellor ; but no longer than the first day of Term : the next day he stayed at home, expecting the coming of the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, who yet did not come until the day following, and then by order of the king, which was only verbal, acquainted him it was the king's pleasure, ‘ he should surrender up

the Great Seal of England into their hands, and that he should depart to Ashur, a seat near Hampton Court, belonging to the bishopric of Winchester. The cardinal demanded a sight of the commission, which gave them this authority. To which it was answered, they were sufficiently authorised from the king's own mouth; but he did not think that a full and effectual warrant; representing that 'the Great Seal' was personally delivered to him by the king, to 'enjoy the ministration thereof, together with the chancellorship, during the term of his life; whereof, for surety, he had the king's letters patent to show.' After some warm debate, the dukes departed without effecting the design: upon which they came and returned to the king at Windsor, who sent them back the next day to the cardinal with more authentic credentials, having empowered them by his letters patent to demand of him the broad seal; in obedience to which, he submitted, and delivered the seal to them. The king afterward commanded him to leave York Place, now Whitehall, a great part of which he built, as he did Hampton Court entirely; and then he was to repair to Ashur. But before his departure he called his officers before him, taking an account of the things severally committed to their charge. Concerning the value of his rich furniture, some general computation may be made from the inventory of Cavendish, which I shall recite in his own words. 'In his gallery were set divers tables, upon which were laid divers and great stores of rich stuffs; as whole pieces of silk of all colours, velvets, sattins, musts, taffaties, grograms, scarlets, and divers rich commodities. Also, there were a thousand pieces of fine Hollands, and the hangings of the gallery with cloth of gold, and cloth of silver, and rich cloth of bodkin of divers colours, which were hanged in expectation of the king's coming. Also on one side of the gallery were hanged the rich suits of copes of his own providing; which were made for the colleges of Oxford and Ipswyck; they were the richest that ever I saw in all my life; then had he two chambers adjoining to the gallery, the one most commonly called the *Gilt Chamber*, wherein were set two broad and long tables, whereupon was set such abundance of plate of all sorts, as was almost incredible to be believed, a great part being all of clear gold; and upon every table and cupboard where the plate was set, were books, importing every kind of plate; and every piece, with the contents and weight thereof.'

"While the cardinal continued at *Ashur*, Cromwell took an occasion of representing to him, that he ought in conscience to consider, no competent

provision had been made for several of his servants who had been very true and faithful to him, and had never *forsaken him* (that was his expression) *in weal or woe*. To which the cardinal answered, ‘Alas, Tom, you know I have nothing to give you, nor them, and am ashamed and sorry that I cannot requite your faithful services.’ Cromwell proposed that his chaplains, whom he had preferred to rich benefices, some to the value of a thousand, others of five hundred pounds annually, should severally contribute towards the support of his servants. Upon this representation, the cardinal, in his episcopal robes, called all his gentlemen, yeomen, and chaplains, who then attended before him; but there is something so moving in *Cavendish* his account of what passed on that occasion, that I think myself obliged to report it in his own words. ‘My Lord,’ *saieth he*, ‘went with his chaplains to the upper end of his chamber, where was a great window, beholding his goodly number of servants, who could not speak to them, until the tears ran down his cheeks; which, being perceived by his servants, caused fountains of tears to gush out of their sorrowful eyes, in such sort as would cause any heart to relent. At last,’ *continueth he*, ‘my lord spake to them to this effect and purpose: ‘Most faithful gentlemen and true-hearted yeomen, I much lament that in my prosperity I did not so much for you as I might have done, and what was in my power to do; I consider that, if in my prosperity I had preferred you to the king, then should I have incurred the king’s servants’ displeasure; who would not spare to report behind my back, that there could no office in the court escape the cardinal and his servants; and by that means I should have run into open slander of all the world; but now is it come to pass, that it hath pleased the king to take all that I have into his hands, so that I have now nothing to give you; for I have nothing left me, but the bare clothes on my back;’ with many other words in their praise; and so he, giving them all hearty thanks, went away. And afterwards *many* of his servants departed from him, some to their friends, Master Cromwell to London, it being then the beginning of the Parliament.”

After some evidences of compunction on the part of the king, for his treatment of his old and faithful friend and servant, but which the malice of enemies prevented leading to his final restoration to favour, the now disgraced cardinal and ex-chancellor of England was ordered to take up his future residence at his archiepiscopal see of York.

At Caywood Castle, twelve miles from the city, he took up his abode; and here, while he was one day sitting at dinner, his former pupil, Lord Percy, the betrothed of Anne Boleyn, arriving at the castle with a privy councillor and a large retinue, arrested Wolsey on a charge of high-treason.

On his way to London to meet his accusers with injudicious haste, his strength failed him, and on approaching Leicester he felt the hand of death upon him; arriving at the monastery, he addressed the brethren, saying, "I have come to lay my bones among you," and being forthwith supported to a chamber, went to bed, whence he never again arose.

"With age, with grief, with maladies oppressed,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest;
Grief aids disease, remembered folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings."

The king, when informed of the cardinal's death, was touched with sincere sorrow; such of his servants as had remained faithful to him in his adversity were rewarded, especially Cromwell and Cavendish, who, although the humble usher and future historian of Wolsey, was enabled to become the founder of the princely dukedom of Devonshire.

Aubrey, the historian of Surrey, says "the cardinal was a short, lusty man, not unlike Martin Luther, as appears by the paintings that remain of him;" and adds, that few ever fell from so high a situation with less crimes objected to him than Wolsey.



WOLSEY'S HEAD.

"From his cradle
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading;
Lofty and sour to those that loved him not,
But to those men that sought him sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
(Which was a sin) yet in bestowing, Madam,
He was most princely. Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he raised in you,
Ipswich and Oxford."



HAMPTON COURT OF WOLSEY.

OF HAMPTON COURT, as it existed in the time of its great founder, we cannot, from the present state of the building, form any complete idea. We will enter the palace at the west or Hampton side, for the purpose of preserving as far as we can the historical order, if we may call it such, of the various portions of the building, and proceed onwards from the earlier to the later periods of historical interest connected therewith. Of the five courts composing the palace, only two remain in anything approaching their original state: of these, the **FIRST OUTER COURT**, or Western, is in nearly the same condition in which it was left by Wolsey; but the entrance to it is by no means improved by a long line of stables and barracks—always unsightly, but never more so than when nestling under walls hallowed by the traditions and records of the past.

There is some attempt made here and there at a restoration, in the original style, of portions of the structure requiring repair; and it is to be hoped that this laudable ambition of restoration may continue, so that the little that is spared to us of the original palace may not become less.

The **MIDDLE QUADRANGLE**, somewhat smaller than the former, measures one hundred and thirty-three feet from north to south, and ninety-one feet from east to west: it is called the **Clock Court**, from a curious astronomical

clock which formerly adorned the gateway on the east side. The south side is partly screened by a colonnade, supported by pillars of the Ionic order, the design of Sir Christopher Wren, which, however beautiful in its proper place, is utterly out of character in its present situation, and remains a striking



MIDDLE QUADRANGLE.

memorial of the total want of feeling in the mind of the architect for Gothic architecture, of which, indeed, we may find examples elsewhere. The project of removing this, and of replacing it by a florid Gothic cloistral colonnade, may, we sincerely trust, be speedily realised.

Standing beneath this colonnade, the visitor will have a good view of the south side of Wolsey's Hall, with the great window; the octagonal turrets at either side the gateways, are highly characteristic of the taste of the time; the medallions of Roman emperors in terra cotta, placed in the brickwork of these towers, and on those of the adjoining court, were the gifts of Pope Leo the Tenth to the cardinal.

The oriel windows on both the gateways of this court, adorned with the escutcheons of Henry the Eighth, have great richness and exquisite proportions.

The tourist will not fail to admire the roof of the archway between the two quadrangles; the elaborate groining of the archways, beauty of the proportions, and delicacy of the workmanship, will not fail to attract every beholder.



THE HALL,

So called, of CARDINAL WOLSEY, now demands our notice, and from beneath the richly roofed archway we have been just now admiring, we will ascend the stairs leading to this magnificent apartment. Entering beneath the gallery provided for the musicians—the indispensable appendage of royal and noble halls—a blaze of light, gold, and glitter attract the eye; you pause, and say “this is fine;” yet reflecting that the decorations are somewhat too showy, and the colours of the banners suspended from the ceiling rather tawdry than otherwise, you will wish, perhaps, that less of gilding and colouring had been permitted to detract from the elegant harmony and graceful simplicity of the whole.

The proportions of this splendid apartment are perfect—one hundred and six feet in length, and forty in breadth; the roof of surpassing lightness and symmetry, the ceiling whereof is enriched with the arms and cognizances of King Henry the Eighth. The sides are lighted by seven lofty, well-proportioned windows, placed at a considerable distance from the floor, to admit of the walls being uniformly hung with tapestry upon occasions of festivity.

Standing upon the dais or raised platform at the upper end of the

Hall, a window of most exquisite workmanship demands your attention ; it is said that upon a pane of glass in this window the Earl of Surrey inscribed with a diamond some lines upon his mistress, the fair and lovely Geraldine. The arms and cyphers of Henry the Eighth and of Queen Jane Seymour are in stained glass ; below, in a riband, obliquely placed, is the legend, "The Lord Thomas Wolsey, Cardinal legat de Latere, Archbishop of Yorke and Chancellor of Englande," with, above, the arms of Wolsey, and a cardinal's hat on either side.

The tapestries in the Hall were noticed by Evelyn, in his Diary. Of the tapestries he says, "I believe the world can shew nothing nobler of the kind than the storys of Abraham and Tobit." They were bought by Oliver Cromwell, and valued in the inventory at 8260*l*. Of their history little further is known than that they are attributed to Bernard Van Orlay, a pupil of Raffaele ; the style of drawing would, in some measure, appear to justify the opinion that they were designed by one of the school of that inimitable master.

They are intended to represent the history of Abraham ; the first of the series commences on the left side of the Hall as you enter. A Latin legend descriptive of each subject appears in the centre of each, and at the sides and below the subject of the principal design are a number of figures, many exquisitely conceived, emblematic of the affections, passions, virtues, vices,—illustrative moral margins.

These designs sufficiently explain themselves, the drawing of many of the figures is very good, the colours fresh and brilliant : taken altogether, they are very favourable examples of the art of that remote time.

Tradition informs us that in the reign of Queen Elizabeth this Hall was occasionally used as a theatre, in which the first play enacted was that of "King Henry the Eighth, or the Fall of Wolsey," in which Shakspeare is conjectured to have sustained a part.

In the reign of George I., this Hall was once again fitted up as a theatre, and again the Fall of Wolsey was represented on the very spot which had been the scene of the cardinal's hospitable splendour. It was not until the beginning of the present century that Mr. Wyatt, Surveyor General of the Board of Works, received permission from George III. to remove the theatrical appendages with which it had been long blocked up, and to restore it to its original form and beauty.

THE WITHDRAWING ROOM,

Also called *WOLSEY's*, is entered by a doorway from the centre of the dais in the Hall, and is a beautiful apartment: its dimensions are sixty-two feet by twenty-nine; the height twenty-nine feet. The ceiling is of surpassing beauty, decorated with pendent ornaments, between which are the cognizances of the rose, portcullis, and other badges, with coats of arms, dependent from moulded ribs of oak, divided into compartments. The ceiling of one of the apartments at Abbotsford, if we mistake not, the Library, is ornamented somewhat after this manner, and was said to have suggested itself to Sir Walter Scott from a visit to this apartment.

The ancient and somewhat gloomy tapestries surrounding the room are supposed to be of an early period of the Flemish school, which the stiff and lengthy proportions of the figures, the total disregard to perspective, the crowding of the subject, and the neglect of propriety of costume, would sufficiently evince, in the absence of better authority.

A profile of *Wolsey* in pannel, over the fireplace, is worthy of attention; as also the ornaments of the dogs, or irons upon which faggots were laid for burning.

Placed too high for their excellences to be sufficiently admired, are seven cartoons from the pencil of Carlo Cignani. These are designs for frescoes painted in the ducal palace at Parma about 1660. They are executed in chalk shaded with sepia, in a free and masterly style. The subjects are as follows:—

- | | |
|------------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. CUPID BESTRIDING A THUNDERBOLT. | 5. BACCHUS AND ARIADNE. |
| 2. THE TRIUMPH OF VENUS. | 6. APOLLO AND DAPHNE. |
| 3. CUPID BESTRIDING AN EAGLE. | 7. THE RAPE OF EUROPA. |
| 4. APOLLO RISING FROM THE WAVES. | |

Before leaving what remains of *Wolsey's* portion of the palace, if the visitor desires to have the best idea of its architectural character, he should pass through the passage, which he will find open to the north side of the Hall, into what is called Tennis Court Lane, whence he will catch a view, undisturbed by the incongruous modern additions, of *Wolsey's* structure as it was. The KITCHEN COURT, with its strange rotunda in the centre, also still retains much of its original character: here the tourist will have a good external view of the oriel window of the Withdrawing-room.

THE KING'S STAIRCASE

Is the next point to which the visitor usually directs his steps, and here he first experiences a sensation of regret that the original structure has at all been interfered with: had it even been allowed to fall into decay, its very ruins would have been not merely more picturesque, but more historically interesting than the present quadrangular formal addition of Sir Christopher Wren. Our associations are completely broken, the current of our thoughts disturbed, we are altogether at fault: instead of reading the history of the successive occupants of the palace in their successive alterations and additions, we are compelled to jump, in an instant, from the time of Henry VIII. to that of William and Mary—from the Hampton Court of Wolsey to the Hampton Court of Wren.

How often, in the course of our perambulations around the metropolis, must we pause to regret, not the devastations of the elements, or the mouldering hand of time, but the want of reverence for the monuments of those who have gone before us—the gothic destruction of our histories of England in stone and lime? How strange that it is from books that we are forced to collect the greater part of those materials which ought to have stood to this day, their own historians, substantial and lasting evidences of the tastes, habits, and resources of their time!

The palaces of our former kings have grievously suffered by this, to call it by a lenient name, culpable negligence. Of Kennington and Lambeth, once royal residences, we have no other memorials than the tradition that they were such. Theobald's, too, is gone; not a stone of it remains, and how much have we not lost, in its loss, of the life and times of our first monarch of the Stuart dynasty? Eltham too, not less interesting, has been razed with the ground; its noble Hall, wherein ambassadors have been received and monarchs entertained, only preserved from destruction to serve the lowly uses of a barn. Of Richmond, or the palace of Sheen, "perspicuous to the country round about," we have but the fragment of a gateway. Nonsuch, of which Camden said that you would think the whole science of architecture was exhausted upon it, is levelled with the dust: and the heavy, monotonous, and uninteresting block of Wren encumbers the ground whence sprung the graceful domes and airy pinnacles of Wolsey.

Before we are ushered into the presence of William and Mary, represented in their portion of the structure, we will find it worth our while to pause while we recall the leading historical facts associated with the palace, from its surrender by Wolsey into the hands of Henry, until its royal splendour expired in the magnificent entertainment given by George I. and his Queen, to Francis, Duke of Lorraine, afterwards Emperor of Germany.

Henry VIII. added considerably to Cardinal Wolsey's buildings, as appears by the preamble to the act for creating the honour of Hampton Court, which states that "it had pleased the King of late to erect, build, and make a goodly, sumptuous, beautiful, and princely manour, decent and convenient for a King, and to ornate the same with parks, gardens, and orchards, and other things of great commoditie and pleasure thereto adjoining, meet and pertinent to his Royal Majesty." In the latter part of his reign it became one of his principal residences. Edward VI. was born at Hampton Court, on the 12th of October, 1537, and his mother, Queen Jane Seymour, died there on the 14th of the same month. Her corpse was conveyed to Windsor by water, where she was buried the 12th of November. On the 8th of August, 1540, Catherine Howard was openly showed as Queen at Hampton Court.



HENRY VIII.'S HEAD.

Catherine Parr was married to the King at this palace, and proclaimed Queen on the 12th of July, 1543; her brother, William Lord Parr, was created Earl of Essex, and her uncle, Sir William Parr, Lord Parr, at Hampton Court on the 24th of December following; the King was then about to keep his Christmas at this palace; where, during the holidays, he received Francis Gonzaga, the Viceroy of Sicily.

Edward VI. being at Hampton Court in 1551, created the Marquis of Dorset Duke of Suffolk, and the Earl of Warwick Duke of Northumberland. Philip and Mary kept their Christmas at Hampton Court with great solemnity in 1558. The Great Hall of the palace was illuminated with 1000 lamps curiously disposed; the Princess Elizabeth supped at the same table with the King and Queen, next the cloth of state, and after supper, was

served with a perfumed napkin and plate of confections by the Lord Paget; but she retired to her ladies before the revels, maskings, and disguisings began. On St. Stephen's day she heard matins in the Queen's closet, when she was attired in a robe of white satin, strung all over with large pearls. On the 29th of December, she sat with their Majesties and the nobility, at a grand spectacle of justing, when 200 spears were broken. Half of the combatants were accoutred in the *Almaine*, and half in the Spanish fashion. Queen Elizabeth after she came to the throne frequently resided at Hampton Court. She kept her Christmas there in 1572, and again 1593. On the 14th of January, 1603-4, began the celebrated Conference between the Presbyterians and the members of the established Church, held before King James as moderator, in a withdrawing-room within the privy chamber at Hampton Court, on the subject of conformity. The divines who appeared on the part of the Presbyterians were, Dr. Reynolds and Dr. Sparks, Mr. Knewstubs and Mr. Chaderton; on the part of the established Church, Archbishop Whitgift, Bishops Bancroft, Matthew, Bilson, Babington, Rudd, Watson, Robinson and Dove; Drs. Andrews, Overall, Barlow, Bridges, Field, King, &c. All the Lords of the Council were present, and spoke occasionally on the subject of the conference, which lasted three days. In consequence of this conference a new translation of the Bible was ordered, and some alterations made in the liturgy.

King Charles I. retired to Hampton Court on account of the plague in 1625, when a proclamation was published, prohibiting all communication between London, Southwark, or Lambeth, and this place. On the 11th of July that year, Paul Rozencrantz, ambassador from Denmark, had his audience at Hampton Court. The Marquis of Bleinville, ambassador from France, about the same time, being very desirous of residing during his attendance on the court in this palace, his petition, supported by the earnest request of the queen, was at length, with much reluctance, granted; for it was contrary to usage for an ambassador to be lodged in any of the royal palaces. The lodgings assigned him "were all those next the river, in the garden, which were sometimes the Lady Elizabeth's." On the 21st of September, an ambassador from Denmark had his audience in the presence at Hampton Court, although the chapel had been originally assigned for it. About the same time, an ambassador from Bethlem Gabor, Prince of Transylvania, had his audience. "He was received by Lord Compton at the

second gate, and there turning up the great stairs through the great hall and guard-chamber, the king was already under the state in the privy-chamber expecting him." On the 11th of October the same year, Mons. Bassompierre, ambassador from France, was carried through the great hall to his audience in the presence-chamber, where the king and queen stood under the state to receive him. Charles I. was brought by the army to Hampton Court on the 24th of August, 1647. Here he resided in a state of splendid imprisonment, being allowed to keep up the state and retinue of a court, till the 11th of November, when he made his escape, accompanied by Sir John Berkeley, Mr. Ashburnham, and Mr. Legge.

After the death of King Charles, the palace and honour of Hampton Court became the property of Mr. John Phelps, a member of the lower House of Parliament, by purchase, for £10,765 19s. 9d.; but this sale would seem afterwards to have been set aside, it having been ordered by the Parliament, that "the house called Hampton Court, with the outhouses and gardens thereunto belonging, and the little park wherein it stands, be stayed from sale until the Parliament take further order."

Here Cromwell resided occasionally, enjoying the diversion of hunting: for the furtherance of his sport, he caused a hare-warren to be formed in a part of Bushy Park. The marriage ceremonies of Elizabeth, daughter of Cromwell, with the Lord Falconberg, were celebrated here; and here died his favourite daughter, Mrs. Claypole, "Maid Marian Claypole," as the immortal author of *Hudibras* chose to style her.

On the restoration of Charles II., the palace of Hampton Court was given to George Monk, Duke of Albemarle; but this distinguished personage wisely accepted a sum of money in lieu thereof. Charles II. spent the honeymoon here with his queen, of whom Evelyn, who visited the royal pair, says:—"Her Majesty was yet of the handsomest countenance of all the rest; and, though of low stature, prettily shaped, languishing and excellent eyes, her teeth wronging her mouth by sticking a little too far out: for the rest lovely enough."

James II. made Hampton Court his occasional residence; and here, under a canopy still existing, did he publicly receive the Pope's Nuncio, to the great dissatisfaction of a large majority of the nation.

To William and Mary we owe the dissolution of the principal courts of the ancient palace, with its crowded towers, pinnacles, cupolas, and projected

battlements; its thousand bay windows, multiplying the goodly prospects all around; and, with the assistance of Sir Christopher Wren, for the present heavy, formal, Dutch-built quadrangle, forming what is commonly called the Fountain Court, and containing the numerous chambers known as the State Apartments, to which we shall ascend presently.

The pleasure-grounds were at the same time Dutchified, the rage of that time being for dressing nature *à la hollandaise*.

Queen Anne was partial to Hampton Court, and here her son, William Duke of Gloucester, was born on the 24th of July 1689. This prince died at the early age of eleven; and, if we may take the word of his preceptor, Bishop Burnet, had even then given promise of more than ordinary abilities. Memoirs of the early and only years of His Royal Highness were published by a Doctor Hayes, professor of music at Oxford; but whether the prince had a royal touch at "taw," or whipped his top with the grace of Augustus or the energy of Julius Cæsar, though probably enough at that time asserted, cannot now be with certainty ascertained.

Pope has rendered Hampton Court classic ground by fixing here the scene of his inimitable "Rape of the Lock;" here, he says, he used to walk with the beautiful Miss Lepell, afterwards Lady Hervey; and, no doubt, had abundant opportunities of drawing from nature his exquisite picture of the mode of killing time in use among the followers of the court.

"Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort
To taste awhile the pleasures of a court;
In various talk th' instructive hours they passed—
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes,
At every word a reputation dies.
Snuff, and the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, *and all that.*"

After the death of Queen Anne, Hampton Court ceased to be a permanent royal residence; the star of Windsor began to be in the ascendant.

George I. sometimes held a court here; and with George II. and Queen Caroline royalty withdrew from this delightful abode.



THE HAMPTON COURT OF WILLIAM AND MARY.

Having now considered the historical records of Hampton Court Palace, we proceed, before ascending to the state apartments, to give a short account of that strictly modern portion of the building in which they, together with the King's and Queen's staircases, are contained.

The FOUNTAIN COURT, or EASTERN QUADRANGLE as it is also called, was built in 1690. Its dimensions are one hundred and ten feet by one hundred and seventeen feet. A beautiful colonnade of the Ionic order, with duplicated columns, encircles the quadrangle. The side opposite the grand entrance, which, it will be observed, is without the superincumbent attic of the others, is a portion of the old palace; the front only, occupied by a room called in the guide-books the Portrait Gallery, is the work of Wren. In the area is a grass plat railed in, with, in the centre, a circular basin, with a small fountain playing, and captive carp and gold-fish navigating their watery prison.

This court occupies the site of the chief or grand court, described by Hentzner, about one hundred years before, as "paved with square stone, and having in its centre a fountain which throws up water, covered with a gilt crown, on the top of which is a statue of Justice, supported by columns of black and white marble." The pedestals, formerly supporting statues by Fanelli, still remain; the statues having been carried off to Windsor together with the vases of the gardens, and placed in the sunk garden opposite the east front of the Castle, where they yet remain.

Above the first-floor windows are the Labours of Hercules, the work of Laguerre, in design very stiff, in composition meagre, in colouring tame and flat, and every way contemptible as works of art.

The general effect of the interior of this quadrangle is sombre and melancholy—that of an ornamental cloister: but this is the ordinary result of narrow spaces enclosed with lofty buildings on every side, dribbling fountains and little fishes—prisoners of state.

The Chapel, participating in the style of various epochs, and having undergone alterations in successive reigns, we cannot assign particularly to any one period; the description subjoined has been taken from the work of Mr. Lysons.

“To the north-west of the Fountain Court stands the chapel, which forms the south side of a small quadrangle; it appears to have been part of King Henry VIII.’s building, and to have been finished by that monarch in 1536 or 1537: his arms impaled with Seymours’, and the initials H. P. (joined together by a truelover’s-knot), several times repeated, occur on each side of the door. Before the civil war, this chapel was ornamented with stained glass and pictures, which were demolished in 1645, as appears by the following paragraph taken from a weekly paper of that date:—‘Sir Robert Harlow gave order (according to the ordinance of parliament) for the pulling down and demolishing of the Popish and superstitious pictures in Hampton Court, where this day the altar was taken down, and the table brought into the body of the church, the rails pulled down and the steps levelled, and the Popish pictures and superstitious images that were in the glass windows were also demolished, and order given for the new glazing them with plain glass; and among the rest, there was pulled down the picture of Christ nailed to the cross, which was placed right over the altar, and the pictures of Mary Magdalen, and others weeping by the foot of the cross, and some other such idolatrous pictures, were pulled down and demolished.’

“The chapel was fitted up in its present state by Queen Anne; it is paved with black and white marble, and pewed with Norway oak. The carving is by Gibbons. The original roof remains—a plain, gothic pattern, with pendent ornaments. Hentzner, who visited England in Queen Elizabeth’s reign, speaks of the chapel as most splendid; and says that the queen’s closet was transparent, with windows of crystal.”

Notwithstanding our regret that the palace of Wolsey should have been interfered with, and that the glaring architectural anachronism of Wren should ever have been permitted to be raised upon its ruins, we must be content to take the palace as we find it, and direct the tourist to the grand staircase, painted by Verrio, of whose merit as an artist, when we have said that he had a free and ready pencil, we have said enough.

The subjects are, as usual in such cases, mythological, with supposed allusions to the marriage of the Thame and Isis: upon the ceiling we observe Jupiter and Juno seated upon a rich throne, with Ganymede riding upon Jupiter's eagle, and presenting him the cup. Juno's peacock is in the front, and one of the fatal sisters is waiting with her scissors in her hand, ready to cut the thread of life, should Jove give her orders. The reader will smile when he is told that this pictorial nonsense conceals a courtier's compliment to royalty: the peacock being an emblem of the *grandeur* of William and Mary; the Destiny denotes their *influence* over their subjects; and the Zephyrs represent their *mild* and *courteous* disposition towards them.

This is amusing—flattery laid on with paint, and both so very thick!

Staircases being made to ascend or descend, and few things being more unpleasant than to stand on a step craning one's eyes to the ceiling or the walls, where we have not light to see nor time to criticise, we shall not dwell further upon explanation of the paintings of the staircase, but pass forward at once to

THE GUARD CHAMBER;

A large and well-proportioned room, sixty feet long, forty feet wide, and thirty feet high, containing arms for a thousand men, and halberts for the yeomen of the guard, disposed in fanciful forms by one Harris, a gunner, who also arranged those in the Little Armoury in the Tower of London; a mode of making instruments of death subservient to purposes of decoration pretty enough, and even useful, if one could have assurance that their ornamental arrangement might never more be disturbed.

The pictures in each room, with the name of the master, we give in the order in which they are placed in the official catalogue of the place.

The lower pannels contain:—

- 1 The Battle between Constantine and Maxentius. Giulio Romano.
- 2 Admiral Sir Stafford Fairbourn. Bockman.
- 3 Admiral Beaumont. Bockman.
- 4 Admiral Benbow. Bockman.
- 5 Admiral Sir Thomas Dilkes. Bockman.
- 6 Admiral Churchill. Bockman.
- 7 Admiral Sir John Jennings. Bockman.
- 8—15 Eight Military Subjects. Rugendas.
- 16 Ruins of the Colosseum. Canaletto.
- 17 Queen Elizabeth's Porter. Zuccherro.

THE KING'S PRESENCE CHAMBER

Contains the canopy of King William's throne, with the arms, and the motto, "*Je maintiendray*;" also the pictures numbered as follows:—

- 18 King William III. Kneller.
- 19 Mary, his Queen. Wissing.
Around the room are full-length portraits of the Female Beauties of their Court.
- 20 THE DUCHESS OF ST. ALBANS. Kneller.
- 21 THE COUNTESS OF ESSEX. Kneller.
- 22 THE COUNTESS OF PETERBOROUGH. Kneller.
- 23 THE COUNTESS OF RANELAGH. Kneller.
- 24 MISS PITT. Kneller.
- 25 THE DUCHESS OF GRAFTON. Kneller.
- 26 THE COUNTESS OF DORSET. Kneller.
- 27 LADY MIDDLETON. Kneller.
- 28 Over the fire-place is a portrait of James first Marquis of Hamilton. Mytens.
- 29 Admiral Russell. Kneller.
- 30 Boys with a boat and swans. Polidoro.
- 31 Boys with a boat. Polidoro.
- 32 A Portrait. Pordenone.
- 33 An old Woman blowing Charcoal. Holbein.
- 34 A Portrait. Dobson.
- 35 The Overthrow of Pharaoh and his Host. Jordaens. [avone.
- 36, 37 Two Landscapes, with figures. Schiavone.
- 38 St. William divesting himself of his armour, to take upon himself the monastic order of the Carthusians.
- 39 A Saint's Head. Lanfranco.
- 40 A Man Reading. A. Catalani.
- 41 A Landscape, with figures. Schiavone.
- 42 A Portrait. Titian.
- 43 A Portrait. Giorgione.
- 44 A Man showing a trick. L. da Vinci.

- 45 Calumny, an Allegory. T. Zuccherro.
- 46, 47 Two Landscapes, with figures. Schiavone.
- 48 Italian Lawyer. P. Bordone.
- 49 A Portrait of a Gentleman. Tintoretto.
- 50 A Portrait of a Man. Bassano. [Cortona.
- 51 Augustus consulting the Sibyl. P. da
- 52 Peter the Great, Emperor of Russia. W. Vandevelde.
- 53 Robert Boyle. Kersboom.
- 54 Mrs. Elliott. Riley.
- 55 Venus. Titian.
- 56 De Bray and his family, by himself.
- 57 Admiral Sir J. Gradin. Bockman.
- 58 Admiral Lord Anson.
- 59 Admiral Sir G. Byng. Bockman.
- 60, 61 Over the doors are pieces of Ruins. Rousseau.

The next apartment is called

THE SECOND PRESENCE CHAMBER.

- 62, 63, 64 Over the doors are pieces of Ruins. Rousseau.
- 65 The Doge of Venice. Fialetti.
- 66 Jupiter and Europa. Giulio Romano.
- 67 The Sculptor, Baecio Bandinelli. Correggio.
- 68 A Sculptor. Bassano.
- 69 Mrs. Lemon. Vandyke.
- 70 An Italian Knight. Pordenone.
- 71 A Holy Family. F. Vanne.
- 72 The Annunciation. Paul Veronese.
- 73 St. Michael. Sir J. Reynolds, after Guido.
- 74 Christ in the house of the Pharisee. Bassano.
- 75 An Italian Lady. Parmegiano.
- 76 Virgin and Child. Bronzino.
- 77 A Warrior. Giorgione.
- 78 Artemisia Gentileschi, by herself.
- 79 Alexander de' Medici. Titian.
- 80 Charles I. on horseback. Vandyke.
- 81, 82 Philip IV. of Spain, and Queen. Velasquez.
- 83 Jacob's departure from Laban. F. Laura.
- 84 Joseph and Mary. G. Honthorst.
- 85—88 The Seasons. Breughel and Rothenhamer. [Veronese.
- 89 Judith and Holofernes. Teniers, after P.
- 90 The Last Supper. Young Palma.
- 91 Conversion of St. Paul. V. Malo.
- 92 Tobit and the Angel. Schiavone.
- 93 Guereino, by himself.
- 94 Diana and Acteon. Titian.

- 95 The Marriage of St. Catherine. P. Veronese.
 96 St. Francis and the Virgin. Carlo Maratti.
 97 Christian IV., K. of Denmark. Van Somer.
 98 Cupids and Satyrs. Polidoro.
 99 Jacob, Rachael, and Leah. Guido Cagnacci.
 100 Jacob's Journey. Bassano.
 101 Peter Oliver, the Painter. Hannemann.
 102 A Dutch Gentleman. Vander Halst.
 103 Joseph brought before Pharaoh.
 104 A Portrait.
 105 Joseph's Departure from Jacob.
 106 A Portrait.

The fourth chamber is termed

THE AUDIENCE CHAMBER.

- 107 Our Saviour in the Rich Man's House—
 Mary Magdalen anointing his feet.
 108 CHRIST HEALING THE SICK.
 109 THE WOMAN TAKEN IN
 ADULTERY. } S. Ricci.
 110 THE WOMAN OF FAITH.
 111 THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA.
 112 The Nursing of Jupiter. Giulio Romano.
 113 Ignatius Loyola. Titian.
 114 Jupiter and Juno. Giulio Romano.
 115 Titian's Uncle. Titian.
 116 The Birth of Jupiter. Giulio Romano.
 117 A Ruin. Viviani and Jan Miel.
 118 Venus and Cupid. Rubens, after Titian.
 119 The Battle of Forty. P. Snayers.
 120 The Departure of Briseus. Schiavone.
 121 Over the fire-place, the Queen of Bohemia,
 daughter of James I. G. Honthorst.
 122, 123 Two Landscapes. Swaneveldt.
 124 Venus and Cupid. Titian.
 125 Death and the Last Judgment. M.
 Hemskerk.
 126 Diana and Acteon. Giorgione.
 127 The Shepherds' Offering. Palma.
 128 The Expulsion of Heresy. Tintoretto.
 129, 130 The Heads of St. Peter and Judas.
 Lanfranco.
 131 Virgin and Child. Andrea del Sarto.
 132 A Spanish Lady. Sebastian del Piombo.
 133 A Holy Family. Correggio.
 134 The Virgin and Child, with St. Andrew
 and St. Michael. J. de Mabuse.
 135, 136 Madonna and Child. Parmegiano.
 137 Roman Emperor on horseback. G.
 Romano.

- 138 Triumph of Venus. G. Romano.
 139 A Sibyl. C. Cignani.
 140 Flora. L. da Vinci.
 141 Diana.
 142 An Old Man with a Large Beard.
 143 Buildings, with figures.
 144 A Female with a Helmet. Pordenone.
 145 Holy Family. Pordenone.
 146 The History of Argus. F. Floris.
 147 Head of a Young Man. C. Cignani.
 148 Death of Adonis. Van Orlay.
 149 Roman Emp. on Horseback. G. Romano.

The fifth chamber in succession is

THE KING'S DRAWING ROOM.

- 150 David with Goliath's Head. D. Fetti.
 151 A Holy Family. Dosso Dossi.
 152 The family of Pordenone, by himself.
 153, 154 Christ's Agony in the Garden. N.
 Poussin.
 155 Nabob Walajah of Arcot. Willison.
 156 Cupids and Goats. Polidoro.
 157 Apotheosis of a Saint. Bassano.
 158 A Venetian Senator. Pordenone.
 159 A Knight of Malta. Tintoretto.
 160 The Presentation of Queen Esther.
 Tintoretto.
 161 The Muses. Tintoretto.
 162 The Offering of the Magi. Luca Giordano.
 163 The Wise Men's Offering. Carlo Cagliare.
 164 The Cornaro Family. Old Stone, after
 Titian.
 165 Joseph and Potiphar's Wife. Gentileschi.
 166 George III. reviewing the 10th Light
 Dragoons (now Hussars). The Prince
 of Wales on his right, giving the word
 of command; the Duke of York is on
 the left of his Father; Sir William
 Fawcett is on the ground, and General
 Goldsworthy and Sir David Dundas are
 on horseback beside the Duke of York.
 Sir William Beechey.
 167 A Holy Family. Parmegiano.
 168 A Holy Family. Giorgione.
 169 Our Saviour in the House with Mary and
 Martha. Bassano.
 170 Fruit, with a Monkey.
 171 Landscape, with Ruin.
 172 A Lady Playing on the Virginal. Pordenone.

The sixth apartment is

KING WILLIAM III.'S BEDROOM,

In which is the state-bed of Queen Charlotte.

The ceiling was painted by Verrio, and is in good preservation; it is intended to represent Night and Morning. The clock which stands at the head of the bed, goes twelve months without winding up, and was made by Daniel Quare. Round the room are the celebrated portraits of the beauties of Charles the Second's Court—

- 173 ANNE, DUCHESS OF YORK. Sir Peter Lely.
- 174 LADY BYRON. Lely.
- 175 PRINCESS MARY, as Diana. Lely.
- 176 QUEEN CATHARINE. Lely.
- 177 MRS. KNOTT. Verelst.
- 178 DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH. Gasker.
- 179 DUCHESS OF RICHMOND. Lely.
- 180 NELL GWYNNE. Lely.
- 181 COUNTESS OF ROCHESTER. Lely.
- 182 DUCHESS OF SOMERSET. Verelst.
- 183 MRS. LAWSON. Verelst.
- 184 COUNTESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND. Lely.
- 185 LADY DENHAM. Lely.
- 186 COUNTESS OF SUNDERLAND. Lely.
- 187 LADY MIDDLETON. Lely.
- 188 LADY WHITMORE. Lely.
- 189 COUNTESS OF OSSORY. Lely.
- 190 DUCHESS OF CLEVELAND. Lely.
- 191 COUNTESS DE GRAMMONT. Lely.
- 192—204 Thirteen small Portraits of Ladies
whose names are unknown. Russell,
after Vandyke.
- 205 Over the door are Flower subjects. Baptist.

The seventh chamber is called

THE KING'S DRESSING ROOM.

- 206 The ceiling, painted by Verrio, represents
Mars reposing in the lap of Venus, with
Cupid stealing his Armour.
- 207, 208 A Shepherd and Shepherdess. Collins.
- 209 Charity. Carlo Cignani.
- 210 Cupid and Psyche. Vandyke.
- 211 Vulcan, delivering the Armour of Achilles
to Thetis. A. Balestra.
- 212 Achilles presented to the Centaur. A.
Balestra.
- 213, 214 Two Landscapes. Edema.
- 215 A Landscape. Loten.

- 216 Poultry. Hondekoeter.
- 217, 218 The Virgin teaching the Infant to
read, and a Mother and two Children.
Carlo Cignani.
- 219 A Warrior. Guercino.
- 220 A Sibyl. Gentileschi.
- 221 A Magdalen's Head. Sasso Ferrato.
- 222 Head of the Virgin.
- 223 Head of Christ.
- 224 Five Drawings, representing the Interior
of the Colonna Gallery.

The eighth room is known by the name of

THE KING'S WRITING-CLOSET.

- 225, 226 Still Life. De Heem.
- 227 Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and Family. G. Honthorst.
- 228 A Village Repast. G. F. Cepper.
- 229 The Triumph of Flora. S. Ricci.
- 230 The Painter in his Study. G. F. Cepper.
- 231, 232 Two Flower-pieces. J. Baptist.
- 233 A Sea-piece. Monamy.
- 234 Judith with the head of Holofernes. Guido.
- 235 A Turkey Carpet. Maltese.
- 236, 238 Poultry, and two Flower-pieces.
Bogdane.
- 239 Tritons carrying off a Nymph. C. D.
Arpino.
- 240 Grapes. Verelst.
- 241 Head of a Man. Schiavone.
- 242 Judgment of Paris. Rothenhamer.
- 243 A Landscape. Huysman.
- 244 Head of a Saint. Parmegiano.
- 245 Virgin and Child.
- 246 The Queen of Charles I. Gibson.

The ninth and last apartment in this suite is

QUEEN MARY'S CLOSET.

- 247 A Sacrifice. J. Romano.
- 248 George, Duke of Buckingham, and Francis
his brother, after Vandyke.
- 249 Still Life. Kalf. [phael.
- 250 A Holy Family. G. Romano, after Ra-
- 251 A Boy with Puppies. Castiglione.
- 252 Singing by candlelight. Honthorst.
- 253 The Continence of Scipio. S. Ricci.
- 254 A Landscape. Adrian Henn.
- 255 King Will. III., when young. Hanneman.
- 256 A Landscape. P. Brill.

- 257 A Man's Head. Bassano.
- 258 The Head of Cyrus. Russell.
- 259 A Laughing Boy. F. Hals.
- 260 The Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew. L. Nottory.
- 261 Children with a Lamb. F. Floris.
- 262 A Holy Family. Titian.
- 263 St. Catharine at the Altar. P. Veronese.
- 264 The daughter of Herodias with the Head of John the Baptist. Leonardo da Vinci.
- 265 The Infant Christ and St. John. C. Marratti.
- 266 David and Goliath. Titian.
- 267 A Japan Peacock. Bogdane.
- 268 A Landscape. Everdingen.
- 269 Martyrdom of St. Sebastian. L. Van Leyden.
- 270 Joseph bound. L. Van Leyden.
- 271 Hercules and the Centaur. B. Lens.

From this closet you proceed into

HER MAJESTY'S GALLERY.

A room of large extent, containing some fine and very curious old portraits.

- 272, 273 Over the doors, King William III. and Queen Mary. Wissing.
- 274 Sir Theodore Mayerne. Rubens.
- 275 Anne of Denmark. Van Somer.
- 276 Shakspeare.
- 277 A Portrait of a Lady. Sir A. More.
- 278 A Portrait of a Man. Q. Matsys.
- 279, 280 Two small Portraits. Sir A. More.
- 281 Queen Elizabeth, when a child. Holbein.
- 282 Queen Elizabeth, when young. Holbein.
- 283 Queen Elizabeth. Zuccherro.
- 284 Queen Elizabeth. L. de Heere.
- 285 Queen Elizabeth (supposed to be the last portrait taken of her.) Mark Garrard.
- 286 Earl of Nottingham.
- 287 Earl of Leicester.
- 288 Sir Francis Walsingham.
- 289 Sir Nicholas Bacon.
- 290 Judge Croke.
- 291 Sir Peter Carew.
- 292 The Emperor Rodolphus.
- 293 Charles I. and Queen dining in public. Van Bassen.
- 294 The King and Queen of Bohemia dining in public. Van Bassen.
- 295, 296 Two small octagon Portraits of Flemish Gentlemen. Gonzales.
- 297 A Portrait of a Gentleman.
- 298 Sir Theobald Gorges.
- 299 Head of a young Man.
- 300 Lady Vaux. Holbein.
- 301 Queen Mary I., when a child. Holbein.
- 302 Portrait of a Lady, supposed to be Queen Mary I. Sir A. More.
- 303 A Portrait. A. Durer.
- 304 Queen Elizabeth in a fancy dress. Zuccherro.
- 305 Lord Zouch. Mytens.
- 306 The Earl of Surrey. Holbein.
- 307 Sir John Gage.
- 308 Henry Prince of Wales, son of James I., and Lord Harrington. L. D. Heere.
- 309 Duke of Richmond and Lennox. Van Somer.
- 310 Henry Prince of Wales.
- 311 The Battle of Pavia. Holbein.
- 312 Philip II. of Spain. Sir A. More.
- 313 The Jester of Henry VIII. Holbein.
- 314 Sir Henry Guildford. Holbein.
- 315 Henry VIII. when young. Holbein.
- 316 A Portrait of a Lady of the Court of Henry VIII.
- 317 The Father and Mother of Holbein.
- 318 A Portrait of a Lady of the Court of Henry VIII. L. Corneliz.
- 319 Elizabeth Woodville.
- 320 A Portrait of a Lady of the Court of Henry VIII. L. Corneliz.
- 321 John de Bellini, by himself.
- 322 A Portrait of a Lady of the Court of Henry VIII. L. Corneliz.
- 323 A French Nobleman. Holbein.
- 324 Frobenius. Holbein.
- 325 Mary Queen of Scots. Janette.
- 326 Lord Darnley and his Brother Charles Stuart. Lucas de Heere.
- 327 Francis II. of France, when a boy. Janette.
- 328 James I. Van Somer.
- 329 Queen of Francis I. of France. Janette.
- 330 Francis I. and the Duchess of Valentino.
- 331 Sir Robert Cave, dated 1589.
- 332 The Admirable Crichton.
- 333 Holbein, by himself.
- 334 A Portrait of a Lady of the Court of Henry VIII. L. Corneliz.
- 335 The Children of Henry VII. Jan de Mabuse.
- 336 Lazarus Spinola, Uncle to Spinola, Governor in the Low Countries. W. Kay.

- 337 Erasmus. Holbein.
 338 Reskemeer. Holbein.
 339 Henry VIII. Holbein.
 340 Francis I. of France. Holbein.
 341 Erasmus. Holbein.
 342 The King of Bohemia. C. Janssen.
 343 The Children of the King of Bohemia. C. Poelemberg.
 344 The Queen of Bohemia. C. Janssen.
 345 A Portrait of the Aunt of the Emperor Charles the Fifth. Cornelius.
 346 Countess of Derby. L. De Heere.
 347 Sir George Carew. Holbein.
 348, 349 Two Portraits of Ladies. Sir A. More.
 350 Holbein, (a drawing) by himself.
 351 The wife of Holbein, (a drawing). Holbein.
 352 A Medallion of Henry VII. Torrigiano.
 353 James II., when young. Honthorst.
 354 A Portrait.
 355 Prince Rupert, when a Boy. Mytens.
 356 A Portrait of a Gentleman. Bassano.
 357 A Portrait of a Child, four years old, discharging a small cannon.
 358 Duke of Gloucester. Sir P. Lely.
 359 Louis XIV., when young. Mignard.
 360 Portrait of Cornelius Ketel.
 361 Portrait of a Lady. P. Perugino.
 362 Portrait of a Gentleman.
 363 Portrait of a Youth.
 364 Portrait of a Child.
 365 Garden Scene. Steenwyck.
 366 A Landscape. Ferg.
 367 St. Peter in Prison. Steenwyck.
 368 A Sorceress. Elsheimer.
 369 A Landscape. Paul Brill.
 370 A Landscape with Nymphs. Poelemberg.
 371 The Discovery of Calisto. Breughel.
 372 A Landscape with Nymphs. Poelemberg.
 373 The Tribute Money. Dietricy.
 374 Dead Game. Van Aelst.
 375 The Woman taken in Adultery. Dietricy.
 376, 377 Two Pieces of Dead Game. Weenix.
 378 A Small Whole-length of a Lady. Vandyke.
 379 A Hermit. Slingelandt.
 380, 381 Youth and Age. Denner.
 382 Venus and Adonis. Gennari.
 383 Inside of a Farm House. Teniers.
 384 Lions in a Landscape. R. Savery.
 385 A Sea Piece. Vandevelde.
 386 A Man in Armour. Correggio.
 387 Mary Magdalen at the Tomb of Christ. Holbein.
 388 St. Catherine reading. Correggio.
 389 A Sibyl. P. Bordone.
 390 Moses Striking the Rock. S. Rosa.
 391 Infant Christ and St. John. L. da Vinci.
 392 Cattle in a Landscape. Vandevelde.
 393 Fruit and Still Life. Cuyt.
 394 A Landscape. Holbein.
 395 A Landscape. Wynants.
 396 A Warrior on Horseback. Mazzolini di Ferrara.
 397 Nymphs in a Landscape. Dietricy.
 398 A Scene from a Play, supposed to be Charles I. acting. C. Poelemberg.
 399 Hungarians at the Tomb of Ovid. Schoonefeld.
 400 Nymphs and Satyrs. N. Poussin.
 401 Lucretia. Titian.
 402 St. Catherine. Luini.
 403 St. Peter in Prison. Steenwyck.
 404 A Battle Piece. Wouvermans.
 405 A Dying Saint. Vandyke.
 406 The Assumption of the Virgin. D. Calvart.
 407 The Rape of the Sabines. Rothenhamer.
 408 A Saint's Head. G. Douw.
 409 Lot and his Daughters. Schalken.
 410 Dutch Boors. 'Egbert Hemskerck.
 411 Female by Candlelight. Schalken.
 412 A Penitent received into the Church. Barroccio.
 413 A Venetian Gentleman. Tintoretto.
 414 Sophonisba. S. Gaetano.
 415 Flower Piece. M. Van Osterwyck.
 416 Landscape with Ruins. Poelemberg.
 417 March of an Army. Bourgognone.
 418 Nymphs and Satyrs. Rubens.
 419 Landscape with a Rainbow. Rubens.
 420 A Jewish Rabbi. Rembrandt.
 421 An Old Woman Reading. G. Douw.
 422 St. Peter in Prison. Steenwyck.
 423 Flowers. D. Seghers.
 424 Nymphs in a Landscape. Poelemberg.
 425 Lot and his Daughters. Poelemberg.
 426 A Boar's Head. Snyders.
 427 Flowers. D. Seghers.
 428 A Dutch Lady. Rembrandt.
 429 Hay Stacking. Wouvermans.
 430 St. Francis. Teniers.
 431 A Dutch Church. Peter Neefs.
 432 Soldiers in a Landscape. Bourgognone.
 433 A Woman Milking a Goat. Berghem.

- 434 Flowers. Van Osterwyck.
- 435 A Boy paring Fruit. Murillo.
- 436 A Venetian Gentleman. L. Bassano.
- 437—448 Between the windows are Cybele,
Pan, Mercury, Juno, Diana, Bacchus,
Daphne, Apollo, Venus, Mars, Syrx,
Endymion, S. Ricci.

From this magnificent room, occupying a considerable portion of the eastern front of the Palace, we make our way into

THE QUEEN'S BED-ROOM,

where is now placed the state bed of Queen

Anne, the rich velvet furniture and hangings of which were wrought at Spitalfields; the chairs and stools are covered to correspond. The ceiling was painted by Sir James Thornhill, and represents Aurora ascending from the sea.

- 449 Henry, Prince of Wales. Van Somer.
- 450 James I. Van Somer.
- 451 Christian Duke of Brunswick-Lunenbourg.
Honthorst.
- 452 The Queen of James I. Van Somer.
- 453 Princess of Brunswick.
- 454 St. John Baptising Christ in the River
Jordan. Francesco Francia.
- 455 Jacob Stealing the Blessing. Schiavone.
- 456 A Sea Port. Claude.
- 457 St. Francis with the Infant Jesus. Guido.
- 458 Venus and Cupid, by Pontormo, the outline by Michael Angelo.
- 459 Dogs. Snyders.
- 460 The Shepherds' Offering. Old Palma.
- 461 A Landscape, "The Devil Sowing Tares
among the Wheat." Van Uden.
- 462 The Judgment of Midas. Schiavone.
- 463 The Deluge. Bassano.
- 464 The Shepherds' Offering. Giorgione.
- 465 Virgin and Child, with Saints. Giorgione.
- 466 Virgin and Child, with Tobit and the
Angel. Titian.
- 467—478 Twelve Pictures representing the
History of Cupid and Psyche. L. Giordano.
- 479 Mary, Queen of James II. Sir G.
Kneller.
- 480 A Magdalen, after Titian.
- 481 A Portrait.

- 482 A Man's Head. Giorgione.
- 483 A Portrait.
- 484 Judith and Holofernes.
- 485 Flowers. Baptiste.
- 486 The Last Supper. Bassano.
- 487 Head of an Old Man.
- 488 St. Peter.
- 489 A Portrait.

The next apartment of this suite is called

THE QUEEN'S DRAWING-ROOM.

The ceiling, painted by Verrio, represents Queen Anne in the character of Justice.

- 490 George III. when forty-two years of age,
with Lord Amherst and the Marquis of
Lothian on horseback, and a View of Cox-
heath Camp in the background. West.
- 491 Queen Charlotte, when thirty-six years of
age, with her thirteen Children in the
background. West.
- 492 The Prince of Wales and the Duke of
York. West.
- 493 The Duke of Clarence and the Duke of
Kent. West.
- 494 The Apotheosis of the Infant Princes,
Octavius and Alfred. West.
- 495 The Duke of Cumberland, and two Prin-
cesses. West.
- 496 The Dukes of Cumberland, Sussex, Cam-
bridge, and three Princesses. West.
- 497 Queen Charlotte and Princess Royal. West.
- 498 The Swearing of Hannibal. West.
- 499 Peter denying Christ. West.
- 500 The Departure of Regulus. West.
- 501 The Death of General Wolfe. West.
- 502 St. George and the Dragon. West.
- 503 The Wife of Armenius brought Captive to
Germanicus. West.
- 504 Cyrus presented to his Grandfather. West.

THE QUEEN'S AUDIENCE-CHAMBER.

- 505 The Duchess of Lunenburg. Mytens.
- 506 Venus and Adonis. G. Chiari.
- 507 The Woman of Samaria. Palma.
- 508 Cupid Shaving his Bow. Parmegiano.
- 509 James IV. of Scotland, his brother Alex-
ander, and St. Andrew. Jan de Mabuse.
- 510 The Queen of James IV., with St. George.
Jan de Mabuse.
- 511 Henry VIII. and Family. Holbein.

- 512 Countess of Lennox. Holbein.
- 513 The Death of the Chevalier Bayard. West.
- 514 The Wise Men's Offering. S. Ricci.
- 515 The Death of Epaminondas. West.
- 516 Henry VIII. embarking from Dover. Holbein.
- 517 The Battle of Spurs. Holbein.
- 518 The Meeting of Henry VIII. and Francis I. of France.—"*Field of the Cloth of Gold.*" Holbein.
- 519 Pilate delivering up Christ. Schiavone.
- 520 Over the fire-place, the Meeting of Henry VIII. and the Emp. Maximilian. Holbein.
- 521 The Apostles, Peter, James, and John. Caravaggio.
- 522 Margaret, Queen of Scots.
- 523 Duke of Brunswick. Mytens.
- 524 Edward IV. Belchamp.
- 525 Isabella, Arch-Duchess of Austria, daughter of Philip II. of Spain.
- 526 Duchess of Brunswick. Mytens.
- 527 Head of a Female.
- 528 Head of a Youth.
- 529 Portrait.
- 530 Portrait.
- 531—537 Foreign Birds. Bogdane.
- 538 Portrait.
- 539 Christian IV., King of Denmark.
- 540 Maximilian, Archduke of Austria.
- 541 The Maid of the Inn. Rosalba.

THE PUBLIC DINING-ROOM.

This room is hung with arras tapestry, in five compartments; on the south side of the room are two pieces, representing Rebekah at the well, Gen. xxiv. 18; and Abraham and Melchizedek, Gen. xiv. 18. There are eight more pieces of this splendid tapestry in the Great Hall, all the same design, and the subject the History of Abraham.

On the west side the story of Midas.

On the north side, Tobias and the Angel taking leave of his Father, Tobit, and his Mother grieving for his departure.

Elymas the Sorcerer struck with blindness, after Raphael. This piece of tapestry was worked at Sir Francis Crane's manufactory, at Mortlake.

A model of a palace, the residence of his Highness the Nabob Nazin, at Moorshe-dabad, in Bengal, with figures in miniature, designed by Major-General M'Leod, of the Bengal Engineers.

- 542 A Magdalen. Young Palma.
- 543 Prometheus chained to the Rock. Young Palma.
- 544 A Ruin, by Viviani and Jan Miel.
- 545 Duns Scotus. Spagnoletto.
- 546 Don Carlos, son of Philip IV. of Spain. Murillo.
- 547 King William III. when a boy.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S PRESENCE-CHAMBER.

- 548 Count Gondomar, Ambassador from the King of Spain to King James I. Mytens.
- 549 A Magdalen. Titian.
- 550 A Lady, with an Orrery and Dog. Parmegiano.
- 551 A Concert. Giovanni Bellini.
- 552 The Wise Men's Offering. P. Veronese.
- 553 The destruction of the Children of Niobe. Rothenhamer.
- 554 The Flight into Egypt. Teniers, after Bassano.
- 555 Frederick the Great.
- 556 Ganymede. Michael Angelo.
- 557 St. John with a Lamb. Spagnoletto.
- 558 Nymphs. G. Chiari.
- 559 Christ in the house of Mary and Martha. Bassano.
- 560 The Good Samaritan. Giacomo Bassano.
- 561 Judas betraying Christ. Pordenone.
- 562 Buildings in a Landscape. John Breughel.
- 563 St. Jerome, after Albert Durer.
- 564 Christ blessing Little Children. Huens.
- 565 Jacob's Journey. Giacomo Bassano.
- 566 Faith. Guercino.
- 567 Madame Chastillon.
- 568 Nymphs. G. Chiari.
- 569 Boaz and Ruth. Giacomo Bassano.
- 570 Mars and Venus. P. Veronese.
- 571 The Marriage of Joseph and Mary. Mazzuoli.
- 572 The Assumption of the Virgin. Giacomo Bassano.
- 573 Nymphs and Satyrs (a drawing). Isaac Oliver.

- 574 A Barrack-room. C. Troost.
 575 A Drawing. Isaac Oliver.
 576 Adam and Eve. Jan de Mabuse. This highly-finished picture belonged formerly to King Charles the First, and hung in the gallery at Whitehall, thence called "The Adam and Eve Gallery."
 577 Venus and Cupid. Palma.
 578 Over the fire-place, Louis XIII. of France. Belcamp.
 579 A Portrait. P. Perugino.
 580 Ceres in search of her Daughter, Proserpine.—"*A Boy transformed to an Eft.*" Elsheimer.
 581 Portrait. Sir A. More.
 582 Louis XIV. of France, on horseback. Vander Meulen.
 583 Portrait of a Foreign Prince, with the Order of the Garter. Mirevelt.
 584 Villiers Duke of Buckingham. C. Janssen.
 585 Robert Walker, by himself.
 586 Lord Falkland, after C. Janssen.
 587 Don Gusman. Mytens.
 588 The Queen of James I. Van Somer.
 589 Virgin and Child. P. Veronese.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S DRAWING-ROOM.

- 590 Count Mansfeldt. Mytens.
 591 George II., after Pine.
 592 Cupid Asleep (a drawing), by Bartolozzi, after Guido.
 593 The Woman taken in Adultery, by Hussey, after A. Caracci.
 594 The Duchess of Brunswick, sister to George III. Angelica Kauffman.
 595 James II. Russell.
 596 Countess of Sunderland. Russell.
 597 An Entertainment. Vanderbank.
 598 Charles II. Russell.
 599 The second Lord and Lady Clarendon. Russell.
 600 The Family of Frederick Prince of Wales, by Knapton. The Prince himself is drawn at full length, and in a frame, in the right hand corner of the painting. George III. is sitting with a plan of the garrison of Portsmouth on his knee, and his brother, Edward, Duke of York, is inspecting the plan. The Dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland are amusing themselves on the floor with a toy-boat; Prince Frederick, who died very

young, playing with dogs. The Duchess of Brunswick and the Princesses Elizabeth and Mary are standing around their mother; and Matilda, the posthumous baby of his Royal Highness, is the child in her lap. This Princess was afterwards Queen of Denmark, and died in the palace of Celle, after being separated from her royal husband.

- 601 The Daughter of Frederick II. of Denmark.
 602 James Stuart. B. Luti.
 603 Frederick the Great.
 604 A Princess of Prussia (a drawing).
 605 A Prince of Prussia (a drawing).
 606 A Prince of Prussia (a drawing).
 607 Frederick Prince of Wales. Vanloo.
 608 Pope Benedict XIV. P. Battoni.
 609 A Cavalier on a White Horse. A. Vander Meulen.
 610 A Cavalier on Horseback. A. Vander Meulen.
 611 A small whole-length Portrait. F. Hals.
 612 A Female Saint. P. Perugino.
 613 The Queen of George II. Zeeman.
 614 George II. Zeeman.
 615 The Daughters of George II. Maingaud.
 616 Louis XIV. of France (a drawing). Kneller.
 617 James Stuart, when young.
 618 Queen Charlotte, with the Prince of Wales, and Duke of York, when young. Ramsay.

From this room the visitor will return through the Public Dining-Room into a little obscure closet called

THE ANTE-ROOM.

- 619 View on the Thames.
 620 View of Windsor Castle.
 621, 622 Views of Portsmouth. Dankers.

THE QUEEN'S PRIVATE CHAPEL.

- A Model of Buckingham Palace, designed by J. Nash.
 623 Jonah under the Gourd. M. Hemskereck.
 624 St. John, after Correggio.
 625 The Apostles at the Tomb.
 626 Virgin and Child, after Tintoretto.
 627 Holy Family. Perugino.
 628 The Raising of Lazarus. Van Orlay.
 629 Christ healing the Sick. A. Verrio.

- 630 Holy Family.
- 631 Ecce Homo, after Titian.
- 632 Holy Family. Bassano.
- 633 Ecce Homo, after Titian.
- 634 Pharaoh sleeping. Van Harp.
- 635 Holy Family, after Dosso Dossi.
- 636 Christ healing the Sick. M. Hemskerck.
- 637 The Annunciation. Bassano.
- 638 The Tribute Money. P. Veronese.
- 639 Peter in Prison. Steenwyck.
- 640 Thief on the Cross. P. del Vaga.
- 641 The Crucifixion. L. Van Leyden.
- 642 Virgin and Child. V. Mola.
- 643 The Resurrection of Christ. L. Van Leyden.
- 644 Thief on the Cross. P. del Vaga.
- 645 Peter in Prison. Steenwyck.

THE CLOSET NEAR THE CHAPEL.

- 646 An Italian Gentleman. G. Pens.
- 647 An Italian Market. Bamboccio.
- 648 A Landscape. Lucatelli.
- 649 Children with a Goat. Amiconi.
- 650 St. Paul.
- 651 An Italian Market. Bamboccio.
- 652 Jupiter and Europa, after P. Veronese.
- 653 Cupid and Psyche. Lazzarini.
- 654 George II. Sir G. Kneller.
- 655 A Portrait of a Man.
- 656 A Portrait of an Old Man.
- 657 Virgin and Child.
- 658 An Act of Mercy, after A. Caracci.
- 659 Christ brought before Pilate. Tintoretto.
- 660, 661 Dutch Amusements. C. F. Cepper.
- 662—666 Heads (sketches.) Tiepoli.
- 667 A Venetian Gentleman. L. Bassano.

THE PRIVATE DINING-ROOM.

In which are placed the state-beds of King William III. and his Queen Mary.

- 668 Colonel St. Leger. Gainsborough.
- 669 George IV. Owen, after Hoppner.
- 670 Queen of James I. Van Somer.
- 671 Christ bearing his Cross. Van Harp.
- 672 A Ruin, with Cattle at a Fountain. Roos.
- 673 David with Goliath's Head.
- 674 A Shepherd with a Pipe. Giorgione.
- 675 Christ in the house of Mary and Martha.
- 676 Venus and Cupid. Pontormo.

- 677 A Labyrinth. Tintoretto.
- 678 Armed Men fighting with Bears. Bassano.
- 679 View on the Thames, near Whitehall.
- 680 Queen of George II.
- 681 The Stoning of St. Stephen. Rothenhamer.
- 682 Fisher, the Composer. Gainsborough.
- 683 Ruins with a Vase. Griffier.
- 684 St. John. L. Spada.
- 685 A Child with a Lamb. Sir P. Lely.
- 686 A Virgin and Child.
- 687 A Landscape. Edema.
- 688 A Landscape. Van Deist.
- 689, 690 Two Landscapes. Dankers.

IN THE NEXT CLOSET ARE

- 691 Virgin and Child, after Vandyke.
- 692 Virgin and Child, after Vandyke.
- 693—704 Twelve Saints. D. Fetti.

THE QUEEN'S PRIVATE CHAMBER.

- A Model of a Palace, intended by George III. for Richmond Gardens, but never executed, designed by Sir W. Chambers.
- 705 Buildings and Figures. Ghisolfi.
- 706 Queen of George II., and her Son William Duke of Cumberland. Sir G. Kneller.
- 707 The Emperor Charles VI. Kneller.
- 708 A Jewish Rabbi. Gainsborough, after Rembrandt.
- 709 A Spanish Boy. Murillo.
- 710 Lucretia. P. Bordone.
- 711 A Landscape. R. Savery.
- 712 Anne, Duchess of York. Sir P. Lely.
- 713 The Infant Duke of Gloucester, with a Bird. Sir P. Lely.
- 714 St. Christopher, with Saints. L. Cranach.
- 715 Portrait of William III.
- 716 The Queen of James I. Van Somer.
- 717 Tobit restored to Sight. M. de Vos.
- 718 George I. Sir G. Kneller.
- 719 James I. Van Somer.
- 720 George II. Sir G. Kneller.
- 721 Cattle in a Landscape. M. Carre.
- 722 Dead Game, with Fruit. Snyders.
- 723 The Marriage of St. Catharine, after Correggio.
- 724 Frederick, Prince of Wales, when young.
- 725 A Landscape. Dankers.

THE KING'S PRIVATE DRESSING-ROOM.

Hung with tapestry, representing the Battle of Solebay. The Delf Vases in this room were brought to England by King William III.; and in the centre of the room is a Marble Bust of a Negro.

726 Over the fire-place, Caroline Queen of George II.

727—730 Four Dogs of Venice. Fialetti.

GEORGE THE SECOND'S PRIVATE CHAMBER.

731—744 Flower Pieces. Baptiste.

745 Fruits. Van Aelst.

746 Fruits. M. A. Campidoglio.

747 A Flower Piece. Bogdane.

748, 749 Two Flower Pieces. Mario di Fiori.

750 Grapes. M. A. Campidoglio.

751—753 Flower Pieces, with Insects. Withoos.

754 A Portrait of a Female with Flowers.

755 Fruit. M. A. Campidoglio.

756, 757 Boys with Flowers. S. Ricci.

IN THE NEXT CLOSET,

A Model of a Palace, intended by George II. for Hyde Park, designed by Kent.

758 Judith with the Head of Holofernes.

759 Lord Holderness.

760 Lucretia.

761 The Destruction of Popery by the Evangelists.

762 Chiron instructing Achilles in the use of the Bow.

763 Judith with the Head of Holofernes.

764 Virgin and Child.

765 Still Life. Roestraten.

766 An Encampment. Vander Meulen.

767 King of Prussia.

768 The Judgment of Paris.

We are now about to enter the Gallery built by Sir Christopher Wren for the reception of the Cartoons of Raphael—the grand attraction of Hampton Court, and which, were all else destroyed and gone, would still draw thousands of pilgrims to this place, as to a shrine. It is to be regretted, perhaps, that we are now somewhat weary and eye-sore with much picture-viewing, and foot-sore, it may be, with much perambulating palace halls—so that, on coming here into the presence of these reflections of a master spirit—these truly great creations of a mighty mind—our enthusiasm may not amaze ourselves, and we may marvel why we are not wonderstruck: wait a little—it is with the Cartoons of Raphael as men say it is with the majestic Temple of St. Peter's—by long looking, their grandeur and their beauty swell upon the eye and fill the mind; they are not to be seen only, but to be meditated upon in seeing.

Yet it is as well that these works are where we see them: they form a climax in our picture-viewing; and who would care after perusing these great works—we say perusing, for it is to the understanding that they recommend themselves rather than to the eye—who would pore upon imitative groves and flowers, or lineaments of the human face divine transcribed on painted canvas? Let imitation do its best; it is but imitation still.

Here is creation—noblest, loftiest faculty vouchsafed to man ; loftiest we say, and noblest, because of its divinity. Here we have it in these pictures, if you choose to call them such ; but we rather say in this epic poem, in these seven magnificent cantos. Alas ! that we should have lost other three. Here we have all that is highest, greatest, in poesy or painting, which you will—grandeur of conception, grandeur in the working of it out ; expression of human passion, powerful as nature and as true ; dignity, beauty, grace, wondrously harmonized to one majestic purpose—mind, predominant over all.

But to return to our humble descriptive duties :—

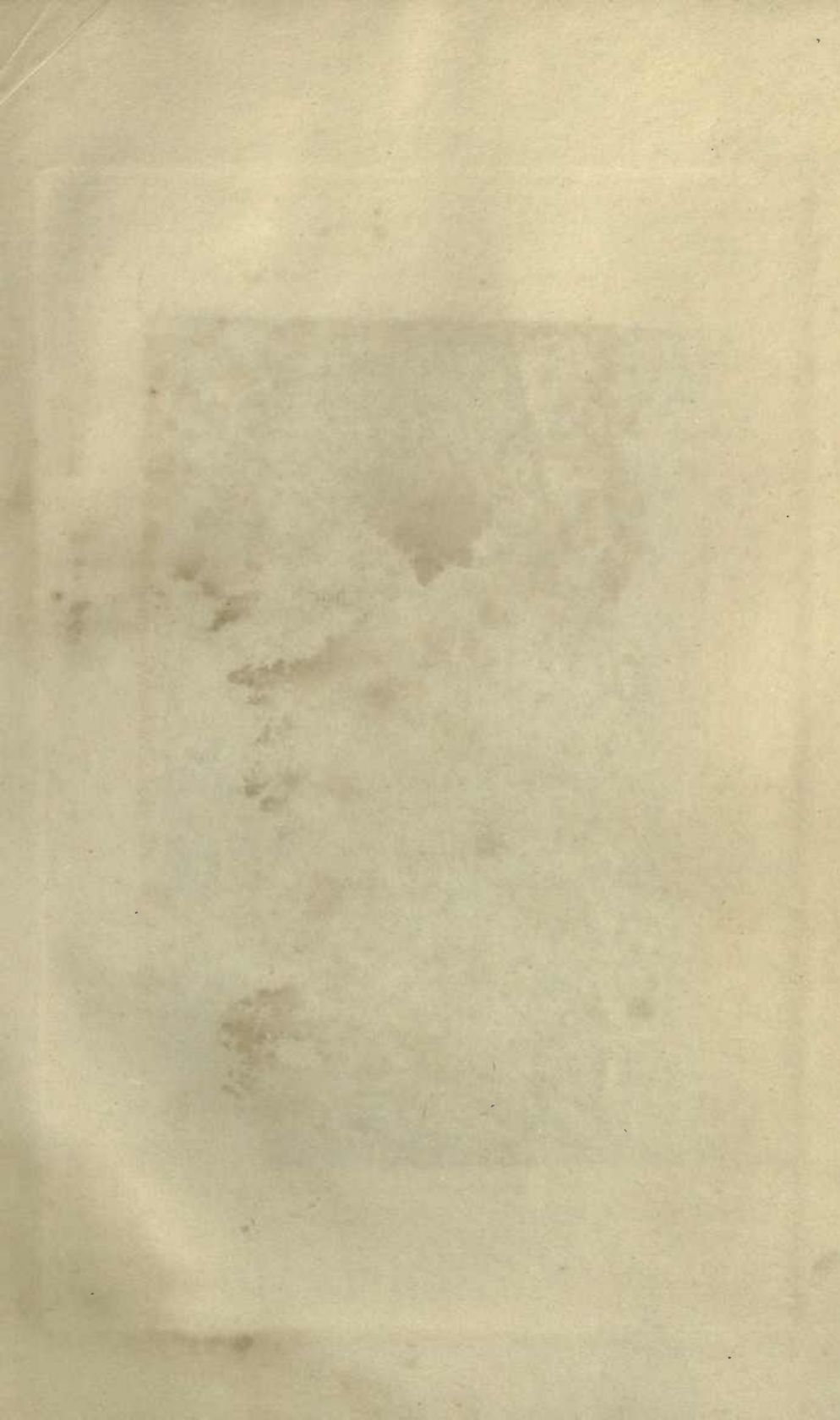
The Cartoons, a series of designs drawn with chalk upon strong paper, and coloured in distemper for the purpose of being worked in tapestry, were executed by Raphael Sanzio d' Urbino for Pope Leo X. in 1514.

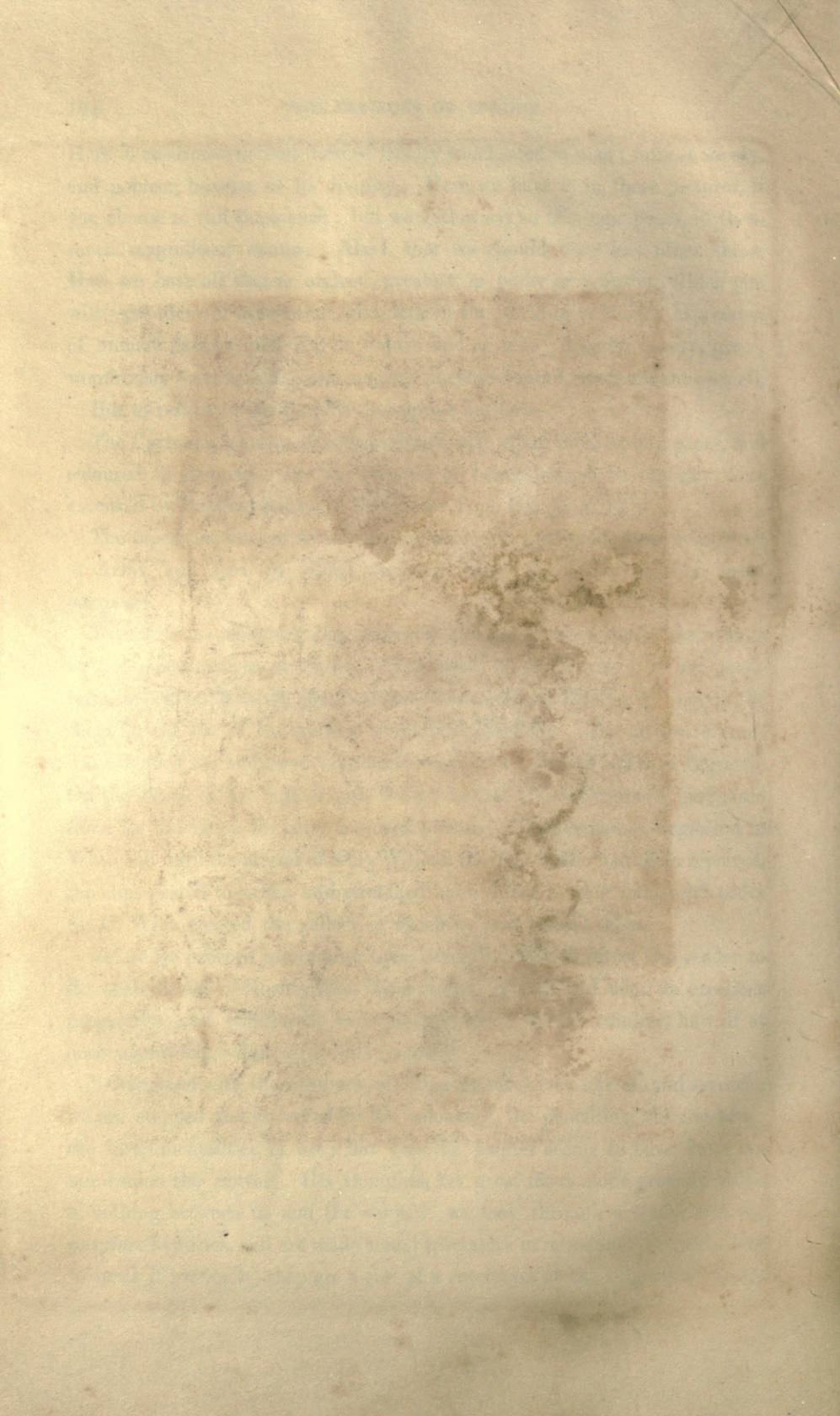
The tapestries worked from them in wool, silk, and gold, were completed at Arras, and sent to Rome the year before the death of their great composer.

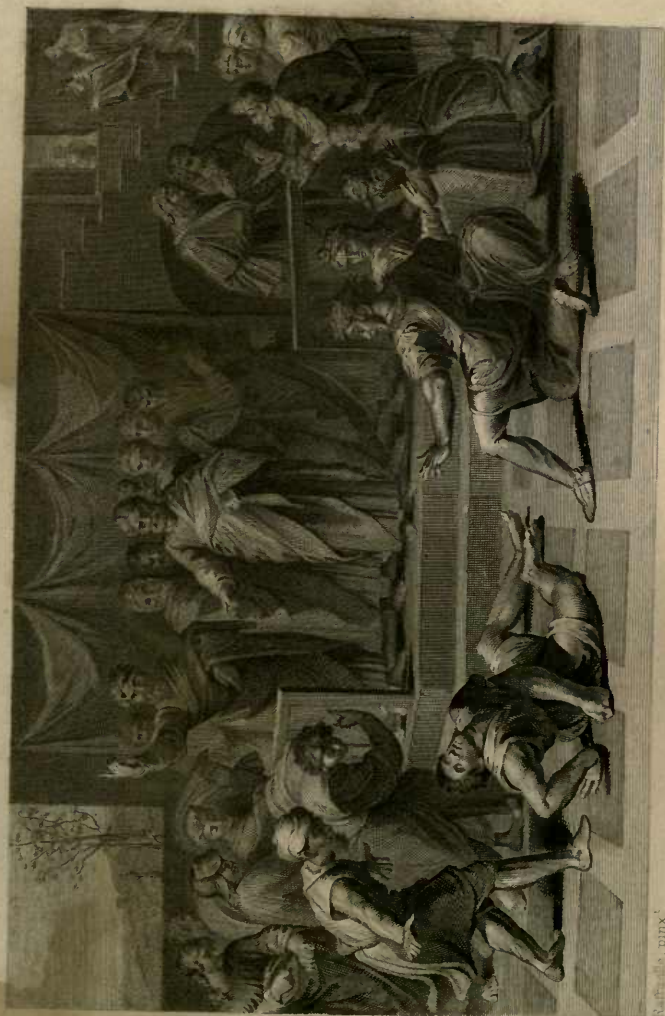
The Cartoons meanwhile lay neglected and forgotten in the lumber rooms of the manufacturer at Arras ; three were unfortunately lost, but seven remained, when Rubens, just a century after, advised Charles I. to purchase them for the use of his tapestry-weavers at Mortlake. The advice so given was attended to ; and these inimitable works of art arrived safely in England. On the death of the unfortunate King Charles, Oliver Cromwell purchased them for the nation for three hundred pounds. They remained neglected in Whitehall until the arrival of King William the Third, who had them repaired, the slips pasted together, and stretched upon linen ; by that monarch's order Sir C. Wren erected the gallery in which we now behold them.

Before we proceed to examine them severally, we will direct the reader to the observations of Hazlitt upon these works ; he will find them an excellent preparative, and, whether he be a connoisseur or simple admirer, he will at once acknowledge their truth and accuracy.

“ Compared with the Cartoons, all other pictures look like oil and varnish : we are stopped and attracted by the colouring, the pencilling, the finishing, the instrumentalities of art ; but *here* the painter seems to have flung his mind upon the canvas. His thoughts, his great ideas alone prevail ; there is nothing between us and the subject : we look through a frame and see scripture histories, and are made actual spectators in miraculous events. Not to speak it profanely, they are a sort of a revelation of the subjects of which







Raffaels pinx.

THE DEATH OF ANANIAS.

A. W. Warren sculp.

they treat; there is an ease and freedom of manner about them, which bring preternatural character and situations home to us with the familiarity of every day occurrences; and while the figures fill, raise, and satisfy the mind, they seem to have cost the painter nothing. Everywhere we see the means; here, we arrive at the end apparently without any means. There is a spirit at work in the divine creation before us; we are unconscious of any steps taken, of any progress made: we are aware only of comprehensive results, of whole masses and figures; the sense of power supersedes the appearance of effort. It is as if we had ourselves seen these persons and things at some former state of our being, and that the drawing certain lines upon coarse paper, by some unknown spell, brought back the entire and living images, and made them pass before us, palpable to thought, feeling, sight. Perhaps not all this is owing to genius; something of this effect may be ascribed to the simplicity of the vehicle employed in embodying the story, and something to the decaying and dilapidated state of the pictures themselves. They are the more majestic for being in ruins. We are struck chiefly with the truth of proportion, and the range of conception. All the petty meretricious part of the art is dead in them; the carnal is made spiritual, the corruptible has put on incorruption: and amidst the wreck of colour and the mouldering of material beauty, nothing is left but a universe of thought or the broad imminent shadows of 'calm contemplation and majestic pains.'"

The subjects of these exquisite masterpieces of art are the following:—

769 THE DEATH OF ANANIAS—" *Thou hast not lied unto men but unto God.*"
—Acts v.

770 ELYMAS THE SORCERER STRUCK WITH BLINDNESS.

771 THE HEALING OF THE LAME MAN AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE OF THE TEMPLE.

772 THE MIRACULOUS DRAUGHT OF FISHES.

773 PAUL AND BARNABAS AT LYSTRA.

774 PAUL PREACHING AT ATHENS.

775 CHRIST'S CHARGE TO PETER.

Leaving the Cartoon Gallery, we enter another dark closet, also called

THE ANTE-ROOM.

776 A Chalk Drawing, after Raphael's Transfiguration.

777 John Lacey, a comedian of the reign of Charles II.

778 James praying at the tomb of Lord Darnley.

779 Battle Piece. Bourgognone.

780 Sea Piece. Parcelles.

781 Magdalen. Lely.

782 Louis XIV. on Horseback.

783 Judith with the Head of Holofernes. Guido.

784 Interview of Henry V. with the Princess Catharine of France.

785 Portrait. Bassano.

786 Palace of Prince Maurice of Nassau, at Clues Oldenburgh.

- 787 Marriage of Henry V. Kent.
- 788 Sir P. Lely, by himself.
- 789 Susannah and the Elders. P. Veronese.
- 790 Interior of a Church. Steenwyck.
- 791 St. Peter in Prison.
- 792 Lot and his Daughters, after Guido.
- 793 Sea Piece. Parcelles.
- 794 Lady and Gentleman. Giorgione.
- 795 Diana, after Titian.
- 796 Joseph Interpreting the Dream.
- 797 Portrait.

We now proceed along

THE PORTRAIT GALLERY,

A long, rather narrow chamber, occupying the western side of the Fountain Court. The pictures in this gallery are

- 798 William, Prince of Orange. Sir G. Kneller.
- 799 Dobson and his Wife. Dobson.
- 800 Mary, Queen of James II. Verelst.
- 801 Admiral Lord Keith.
- 802 Lord Hutchinson. T. Phillips, R. A.
- 803 Spencer Perceval. Joseph.
- 804 Richard Brinsley Sheridan.
- 805—813 The Triumphs of Julius Caesar, consisting of nine pictures in water colours, painted by Andrea Mantegna, for the Marquis of Mantua; they are the most esteemed of his works, and were purchased with the rest of that celebrated collection by Charles I., for 80,000*l*.
- 814 Sir Jeffery Hudson. Mytens.
- 815 Alderman Lemon.
- 816 Henry VII. and his Queen, Elizabeth; Henry VIII. and his Queen, Jane Seymour. Remee, after Holbein.
- 817 Portrait.
- 818 Portrait of a Lady.
- 819 Schachner of Austria.
- 820 Portrait of a Lady.
- 821 Lord Darnley and his Brother. L. de Heere.
- 822 Two Portraits.
- 823 Jane Shore.
- 824 Duke of Wirttemberg. Mytens.
- 825 Edward III.
- 826, 827, 828 Portraits.
- 829 The Daughters of George II. Maingaud.
- 830, 831, 832 Portraits.
- 833 Haydn.
- 834 Portrait.

- 835 George I.
- 836 Portrait.
- 837 The Emperor Paul of Russia.
- 838 Stanislaus, King of Poland.
- 839 William of Nassau, Prince of Orange, great-grandfather to King William III.
- 840 Queen of Prussia.
- 841 Louis XV. of France, when young.
- 842 Portrait.
- 843 General Spalken.
- 844 Portrait.
- 845 Portrait.
- 846 North, Bishop of Winchester. Dance.
- 847, 848 Hurd, Bishop of Worcester. Gainsborough.
- 849 Portrait.
- 850 Duke of Gloucester. Kneller.
- 851 George, Prince of Denmark. Dahl.
- 852—855 Portraits of foreign Princes.

THE QUEEN'S STAIRCASE,

An ornamental Ceiling, painted by Vick; also a large Painting representing

- 856 Charles I. and his Queen, as Apollo and Diana, sitting in the clouds; the Duke of Buckingham under the figure of Mercury introduces to them the Arts and Sciences, while several genii drive away Envy and Malice. G. Honthorst.

From the lobby of this staircase we turn into

THE QUEEN'S GUARD-CHAMBER.

- 857 The Triumph of Bacchus. Ciro Ferri.
- 858 A Fruit Piece. De Heem.
- 859 Christ in the House of Mary and Martha. Vriese.
- 860 The Murder of the Innocents. Old Breughel.
- 861 An Incantation. J. Bos.
- 862 A Portrait of Gentz. Sir T. Lawrence.
- 863 Fair Rosamond Clifford.
- 864 C. F. Abel, an eminent musician and composer (he died in 1787). Robineau.
- 865 Philip III. of Spain.
- 866 A Portrait of a Man in Armour, at the age of 72, the date 1617.
- 867 A Portrait of a Youth at the age of 17: inscribed on the Picture "Genus et Genius, 1617."

- 868 Mrs. Delany. Opie.
 869 Portrait.
 870 Duke of Gloucester, son of Queen Anne. Kneller.
 871 Mary de Medicis. Pourbus.
 872 A whole-length Portrait of a Child, with a wreath of flowers in her hand.
 873 Henry IV. of France. Pourbus.
 874 A Portrait of a Lady, in a large ruff.
 875 A Portrait of a Lady, with a fan of feathers in her hand, dated 1594.
 876 Sir I. Newton. Sir G. Kneller.
 877 Sampson and Dalilah. Vandyke.
 878 John Locke. Sir G. Kneller.
 879 The Assembly of the Gods. B. Sprangher.
 880 The Burning of Rome. Giulio Romano.
 881 The Earl of Moira. J. Hoppner.
 882 The King of Oude receiving Tribute. Home.
 883 Over the fire-place, a Wild Boar Hunt. Snyders.
 884 The Comic Muse. J. Hoppner.
 885 Francis, Duke of Bedford. J. Hoppner.
 886 Virgin and Child. Carlo Cignani.
 887 St. Jerome. J. De Hemessen.
 888 The Marquis del Guasto and Page. Titian.
 889 A Sea-port. Parcelles.
 890 Portrait of Giacomo Bassano, by himself.
 891 Portrait of Sir Peter Lely, by himself.
 892 Portrait of Tintoretto.
 893 Portrait of Holbein.
 894 Portrait of Giulio Romano.
 895 Portrait of Michael Angelo.
 896 Portrait of P. Del Vago.
 897 The Triumph of Bacchus, Venus, and Ariadne, by Romanelli, after Guido.
 898 Interior of a Hall with Figures. Van Delen.
 899 St. George and the fair Princess Cleodolinde. Tintoretto.
 900 Virgin and Child. Tintoretto.
 901 Cleopatra. L. Caracci.
 902 Still life. Roestraeten.
 903 A Landscape with Cattle. Swaneveldt.
 904 Christian VII. of Denmark.
 905 Charles XII. of Sweden.
 906 Frederick II. of Prussia.
 907 The Queen of Frederick II. of Denmark.
 908 Mademoiselle de Claremont.
 909 Marianne, Duchess de Bourbon, daughter of the Prince de Conty.
 910 Madame Pompadour, mistress of Louis XV. Greuze.
 911 Cherries in a Dish. Daniel Nes.
 912 The Holy Family. F. Lauri.

- 913 Portrait.
 914 View in the West Indies. F. Post.
 915 Venus and Satyr. Albano.
 916 Portrait. Titian.
 917 Italian Peasants. M. A. Battaglia.
 918 Virgin and Child. J. De Mabuse.
 919 Portrait of Titian, by himself.
 920 An East Indian Scene.
 921 A Dead Christ. N. Poussin.
 922 Portrait of Raphael.
 923 The Judgment of Paris. L. Cranach.
 924 The Shepherds' Offering. T. Zuccherro.
 925 Portrait of Giorgione, by himself.
 926 Nymphs and Satyrs. Poelenberg.
 927 Worshipping the Host. Bassano.
 928 Portrait of Holbein, by himself.

THE ANTE-ROOM.

- 929 Rear-Admiral Sir Charles Knowles' Squadron attacking Port Louis in St. Domingo, March 8, 1748.
 930 A Dock-yard. J. Clevely.
 931 Deptford Dock-yard. R. Paton.
 932 The Royal Yacht in a Storm. R. Wright.
 933 Rear-Admiral Sir Charles Knowles's Action with a Spanish squadron off the Havannah, in the Isle of Cuba, Oct. 1, 1748.
 934, 935 The Hull of the Sphynx, sixth rate, 20 guns. Marshall.
 936, 937 The Hull of the Enterprize, sixth rate, 28 guns. Marshall.
 938, 939 The Hull of the Kingfisher, a sloop, 14 guns. Marshall.

The next apartment is known by the name of

THE QUEEN'S PRESENCE CHAMBER.

- 940—943 Over the doors are four pictures, representing George III. reviewing the Fleet at Portsmouth. D. Serres.
 944 Charles I. returning from Spain. H. C. Vroom.
 945 The close of the Action of November 4, 1805, in which Sir Richard Strachan, with four ships of the line and four frigates, captured four French ships of the line; the Hero, Captain Gardner, took a distinguished share in this action, and suffered a greater loss of men than the other ships. Pocock.

- 946 The commencement of Sir Robert Calder's action, July 22, 1805, at the time when the leading ship, the *Hero*, Captain Gardner, had found herself, on the clearing of the fog, near the van of the combined fleet, which was composed of the Spanish division, which the *Hero* engaged. The *Ajax*, *Triumph*, and *Barfleur* are the other British ships represented, and the *Sirius* frigate, which was fired at by the *Espana*, the fourth ship of the Spaniards. Pocock.
- 947 A British Ship engaged with three Spanish vessels. Vandevelde.
- 948 The close of the same Action. Vandevelde.
- 949 The destruction of a Dutch merchant Fleet and two Ships of War, and the Town of Bandaris on the coast of Holland, by Admiral Sir R. Holmes, on the 29th of July, 1666. Vandevelde.
- 950 The Battle of August, 1673, in which Prince Rupert commanded the French and English, the former of which kept out of the action, and the brunt was borne by Sir E. Spragge against Van Tromp; both were obliged to change their ships, and Spragge was drowned in a boat in doing so to change his flag to a fresh ship. Vandevelde.
- 951, 952 The Hull of the *Royal George*, First Rate, 100 Guns. Marshall.
- 953, 954 Sea Pieces, (sketches in black and white). Vandevelde.
- 955 The Dock-yard at Portsmouth. R. Paton.
- 956 The Commencement of the Battle of Camperdown. J. T. Serres.
- 957 The Dock-yard at Sheerness. R. Paton.
- 958 An Action between a British Ship and a Dutch Fleet. Vandevelde.
- 959 Sir John Lawson. Sir P. Lely.
- 960 An Action between the English and Dutch. Vandevelde.
- 961, 962 Two Small Sea Pieces. Swaine.
- 963 The Battle of Trafalgar. Huggins.
- 964 The Day after the Battle of Trafalgar. Huggins.
- 965 The Close of the Action of Trafalgar. Huggins.
- 966 An Action between English and Dutch. Vandevelde.
- 967 The Earl of Sandwich. Dobson.
- 968 The British Fleet attacking the French Fleet in a Harbour. Vandevelde.
- 969 The Dock-yard at Chatham. R. Paton.
- 970 The Battle of Camperdown—the Close of the Action. J. T. Serres.
- 971 The Dock-yard at Woolwich. R. Paton.
- 972 Sea Piece, a Calm. Vandevelde.
- 973, 974 The Hull of a Vessel.
- 975 A Sea Engagement. Parcellles.
- 976, 977 Two Pictures, representing the burning of the French ships, *Soleil Royal*, *Admirable*, and *Conquérant*, by fire-ships and boats at La Hogue, May 23, 1692.
- 978 The Burning of a Fleet in a Harbour. Vandevelde.
- 979 The Burning of a Fleet. Vandevelde.
- 980 The English Fleet Attacking the Dutch Fleet in a Harbour. Vandevelde.
- 981 The Burning of a Fleet. Vandevelde.
- 982, 983 The Hull of the *Barfleur*, Second Rate, 90 Guns. Marshall.
- 984 A Sea Piece.
- 985 View of the Thames at Greenwich.
- 986 A Sea Piece. Elliot.
- 987 View of the Thames at the Tower.
- 988 Blackwall. J. T. Serres.
- 989 View of the Thames at the Temple.
- 990 A Sea Piece. Elliot.
- 991 A Sea Piece.
- 992 A Sea Piece. J. T. Serres.
- 993, 994 The Hull of the *Experiment*, Fourth Rate, 50 Guns. Marshall.
- 995, 996 The Hull of the *Royal Oak*, Third Rate, 74 Guns. Marshall.
- 997, 998 The Hull of the *Ambuscade*, Fifth Rate, 32 Guns. Marshall.
- 999, 1000 The Hull of the *Intrepid*, Third Rate, 64 Guns. Marshall.
- 1001, 1002 The Hull of the *Portland*, Fourth Rate, 50 Guns. Marshall.
- 1003 Sea Piece. Brooking.
- 1004 View in Holland.
- 1005 View in Holland.
- 1006 River in Holland. Solomon Ruysdael.
- 1007 A Sea Piece. D. Serres.
- 1008 A Sea Piece. Monamy.

Our survey of the state apartments being now finished, we pass to the broad walk by the Grand Entrance of the east front. The first view of this walk, whether we approach it thus, or turn suddenly into it from the



PORTICO LEADING TO GARDENS.

Wilderness, is very striking and beautiful. After wandering from room to room, poring upon the living canvas, which really and truly is exhausting work, it is wonderfully refreshing to fling oneself on a seat beneath a shady yew-tree, and inhale the limpid air, pregnant with thousand delicious odours. After all, can anything that we have gazed upon within these lofty walls, compare with the pictures that are without ?

“ Who can paint like nature ?

Can imagination boast, in all her gay creation, hues like hers ? ”

Although the disposition of the walks and flower plats is formal, yet the formality does not displease the eye ; the surface of the ground is happily adapted to give effect to the long-drawn avenues and opening glades ; the trees and shrubs, especially the evergreens, of which there are very many, contrast finely in their perennial verdure with the blaze of thousand flowers of various dyes which, in their season, overspread the grounds like a gorgeous carpet.

These gardens contain about forty-four acres, and were laid out in the Dutch style, or as others will have it, in imitation of the style of Louis Quatorze, by London and Wise, gardeners to William and Mary.

The formal disposition of the gardens was not in those days confined to laying out the walks ; the evergreens were educated to assume fantastic

forms, and great was the gardener who could produce the most ridiculous shapes in yew, or juniper, or holly. At present a more judicious taste prevails, and nature is allowed to dress after her own fashion.

The broad walk, terminating to the north at the Flowerpot Gates, leads us



CENTRE AVENUE IN GARDENS.

to the Terrace parallel to the Thames to the south, where is a delightful prospect of the river and verdant meads on the opposite side; we can almost fancy, seated in conscious beauty beneath the awning of that gilded barge, Pope's *Belinda*, now floating without effort adown the stream, like life's prosperous career:

"But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sunbeams trembling on the floating tides:
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And softened sounds upon the waters die;
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay."

THE VINE, ORANGERY, AND PRIVATE GARDEN.

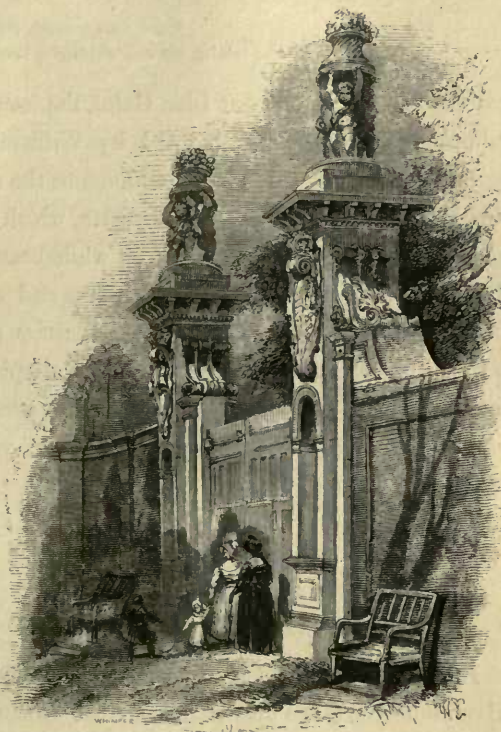
A little beyond the south-eastern angle of the garden front, a gate generally closed, but which will be speedily opened upon the summons of the bell, leads into the Private Garden, without seeing which none can say that they have explored all the beauties of Hampton Court. Evelyn alludes to these gardens: "In the garden is a rich and noble fountain, with syrens' statues, cast in copper by Fanelli, but no plenty of water. The cradel-walk of hornbeam in the garden, is very remarkable for the perplexed twining of

the trees. There is a parterre which they call Paradise, in which is a pretty banquetting-house set over a cave or cellar. All these gardens might be exceedingly improved, as being too narrow for such a place."

There are some very fine holly trees in these gardens, with a number of pleasant walks, shelving banks of velvet turf, arbours, pleached alleys, one in particular distinguished as Queen Mary's Bower, and the like. If the weather be sultry, the orange trees will be ranged in order outside their winter-house; among the plants preserved here is the orange myrtle said to have been brought to this country by King William III.

The Vine, the largest in Europe, if not in the world, in fruitful seasons encumbered with between

two and three thousand bunches of grapes weighing on an average a pound each, is worthy observation. The stem of this giant vine, in itself a vineyard, is thirty inches in circumference at the greatest girth, is one hundred and ten feet long, and incloses a space of two thousand two hundred feet square. The fruit is of the black Hamburgh sort, and said to be of exquisite flavour. It is exclusively preserved for Her Majesty's dessert. When the grapes are ripe, a visit to this vine will be amply repaid, even by a journey express from London.



GATE TO PRIVATE GARDEN.

THE WILDERNESS.

A labyrinth of delightful shade, with pleasant walks,

“and seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made,”

entered by the magnificent Lion Gates, the iron-work whereof is well worthy minute examination, was planted by William III., with the view of concealing the irregularity of the buildings to the north front of the palace. In this Wilderness is a Maze or Labyrinth, which affords much amusement to crowds of holiday folks, looking on while beaux and belles lose themselves and each other in its intricate doublings and circumvolutions. The guide-books generally give a map of the intricacies of this amusive contrivance; but the secret of making your way is simple enough. On entering the maze, first turn to the left; then, crossing over, keep the trees ever on your *right* hand, until, following every turning, you finally reach the centre: returning, a course precisely contrary must be pursued.

HAMPTON COURT AND BUSHY PARKS.

In his work entitled *Speculum Britanniae*, Norden mentions two parks at Hampton Court, the deer park near the Thames, and the hare park, both of which he describes as environed with walls of brick.

There are at this day two parks intimately connected with Hampton Court; Hampton Court Park, properly so called, and Bushy Park. The former extending from Hampton Court to Hampton Wick, occupies the greater part of the promontory formed by the sinuosity of the Thames, by which it is bounded on the south, and on the north by the road to Kingston; and is about five miles in circumference.

The canal, forming so beautiful an object from the east point of the palace, is one hundred and twenty feet in breadth, and nearly three-quarters of a mile in length: another, to correspond with it, was partly excavated by King William. The spot where that monarch met with the accident, from a stumbling-block thrown in his horse's way by “the little gentleman in velvet,” is still pointed out to curious inquirers.

The buildings in Hampton Court Park are the Stud House, an official residence of the Master of the Horse, and the Pavilion, opposite Thames-Ditton, the work of Sir Christopher Wren, and erected about the same time as the Fountain Court of Hampton Court Palace. This Pavilion was formerly occupied by his late Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, in right of his office as keeper of this park : it is now in the possession of Mrs. Moore, relict of the late General Moore.

“There are two elm-trees, or rather the remains of two, in Hampton Court Park, known by the name of the ‘Giants,’ which must have been of an enormous size, the trunk of one of them measuring twenty-eight feet in circumference. The only one I have met with of a larger is by the side of the road at Crowley in Sussex, in the interior of which a party of five or six persons are stated to have dined ; and from its external appearance I can easily believe this.

“Perhaps the largest oak-tree in England is to be seen near the Old Stables in Hampton Court Park. It is thirty-three feet round, and its diameter, therefore, eleven feet. I never see this beautiful tree, and I often go to admire it, without carrying my mind back to the time it was probably planted, and the ages which have since elapsed.

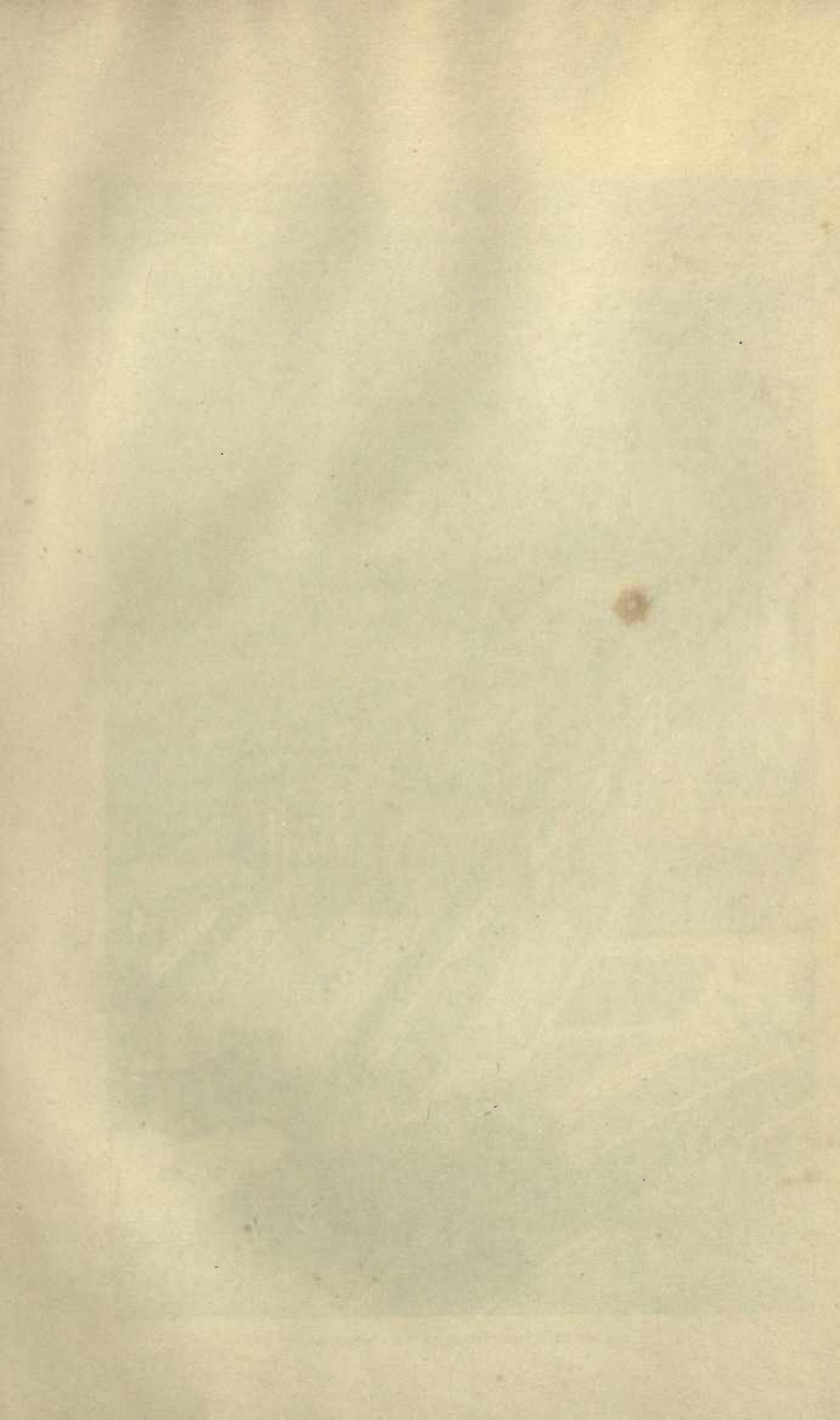
“There is also a remarkably fine poplar-tree in the Stud-house grounds in the same park. The height of this tree is ninety-seven feet ; and to look at it, one might almost suppose that it was composed of several trees, so mighty are the branches which have shot up from the main trunk within a short distance from the ground. This tree is fourteen feet in circumference, and near it is a thriving English elm, so called to distinguish it from the wych elm. There are seven hundred and ninety-six feet of solid timber in this tree ; the trunk is forty-four feet in height, and eighteen feet in circumference. There is another elm near it, known by the name of King Charles’ Swing, which has a most curious appearance. There are two enormous limbs growing from each side of the trunk, which, at a height of eight feet six inches from the ground, measures thirty-eight feet round ; each of the limbs is about forty feet high, and they are so healthy that they seem likely to become stupendous trees.

“Cork-trees flourish in Hampton Court Park, where there are some very large ones.”

For the above particulars, distinguished by inverted commas, of remarkable trees in Hampton Court Park, we are indebted to Mr. Jesse, Surveyor of Her Majesty's Parks and Palaces, whose delightful "Gleanings" are the admiration of every lover of nature.

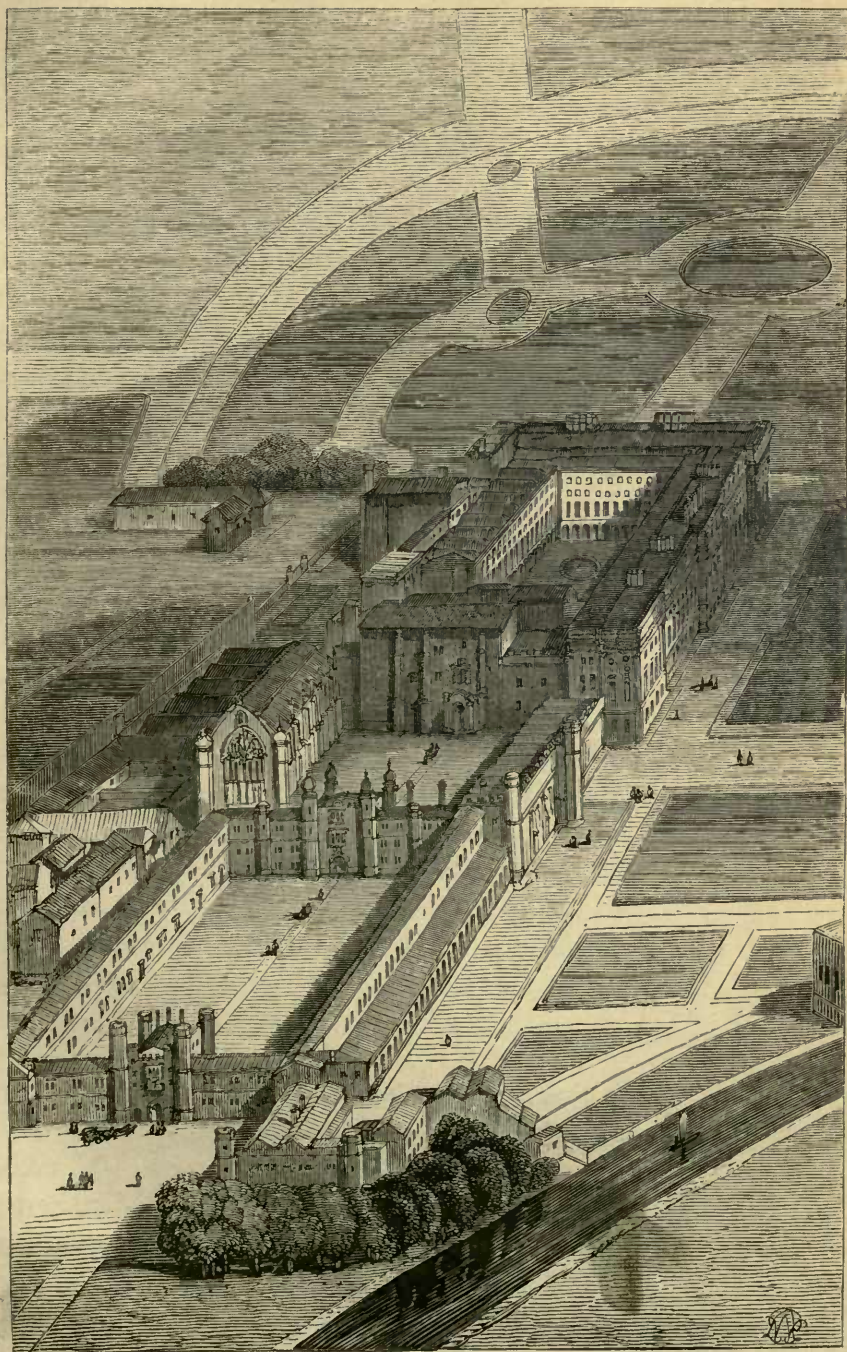


ARCHWAY IN HAMPTON COURT.



For the more particular description of the various scenes of the park, see the description in Mr. John Harris's "The History of the Park and Palace, which I have been the opportunity of many years of study."





BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF HAMPTON COURT PALACE.

BUSHY PARK.

WE cannot quit the vicinage of Hampton Court without paying our humble tribute to the beauties of Bushy Park. Indeed, a day may be well and happily spent in wandering among its secluded avenues, opening lawns, and verdant glades—where, suddenly bursting from a dense mass of ivy, honeysuckle, and jessamine, half appears a peace-possession cottage—a pet place such as poets dream of, and gamekeepers enjoy; places so happily situated, so secluded, so picturesque, that you would almost imagine they must convert gamekeepers to poesy.

How delicious the intermingling fragrance of the pleasaunce surrounding the happy-looking little cot! How soothing the various commingling sounds that, in quiet harmony, blend on the attentive ear: the ceaseless hum, busy, yet obscure, of thousand insects quivering in the sunny beam: the satisfied cluck-cluck of snow-white chanticler, leading his dame partlets to some favourite food: the tinkling of the distant sheep-fold, and the merry peal of neighbouring church bells swelling the minor sounds, and giving them substance: then the cleanliness and comfort that pervade the place: quiet, gentlemanlike dogs—silky-legged spaniels, wagging their fringed tails when you appear; lady-like, thin-waisted greyhounds, approaching wooingly to make your acquaintance; cleanly, white-bristled terriers, scorning to imitate the vulgar herd of curs by barking at the stranger; and, more domestic and home-like, grimalkin sunning her tortoise-shell coat on the ledge of a projecting casement; such are the quiet, home-like pictures one stumbles upon in strolling through Bushy Park.

Bushy Park is supposed to have derived its name from the old thorns—many of great magnitude—with which it abounds. In the time of Oliver Cromwell, this park was preserved for the diversion of coursing hares. During the usurpation an attempt was made to obstruct the right of footway through the park: the grand jury presenting in 1662 that the highway for horse and foot leading from the wick (now called Hampton Wick), through the hare warren (Bushy Park), was stopped up by pales lately erected by

Oliver Cromwell, and continued then stopped up. The jury also presented that by turning the course of the new river water into the ponds lately dug by Oliver Cromwell in the hare-warren (which still exist), and by the overflowing of the same water, the common highway leading from the Wick was made very dangerous and unsafe to pass, for man, horse, or carriage.

Not only was the outrage committed during the time of Cromwell, but the old monarchical system of extensive inclosures was attempted: the court-rolls of the manor of Hampton, preserved by the steward, containing a strong remonstrance of the inhabitants of the place to the Protector, complaining of his having encroached upon their rights, by adding a part of this common to Bushy Park.

So little do forms of government restrain men, by whatever name they may be called, from attempting, where they can with the hope of impunity, to further their private interests or pleasures at the expense of the public at large!

The Upper Lodge in this park is delightfully situated. It was formerly occupied by the Ranger of the Park; and was for some time the residence of Bradshaw, President of the Court that tried and condemned the unfortunate Charles the First. Charles the Second granted the Lodge, together with the rangership of the park and hare-warren, to one Edward Progers, who had been page of honour to his royal father, and very active in the service of both princes, during the Civil War.

There is an exceedingly pleasant pathway across this park from Hampton Wick to Teddington. An attempt similar to that which we have had occasion to record, as having occurred at Richmond, namely, stopping up the thoroughfare, was made here in the rangership, as it is said, of the Earl of Halifax. "A patriotic shoemaker, hight Timotheus Bennet, however, who had long enjoyed an agreeable walk among the thorn-trees, thought that he could not do better with the money which he had scraped together, than leave it to be spent in recovering the right of way for the benefit of his neighbours. The money was so spent, and the right of way established. Some of the cottagers in the neighbourhood have portraits of this public-spirited cobbler, with an account affixed of the above-mentioned circumstances."

The grand attraction of Bushy Park is, however, the magnificent avenue, or rather rows of avenues, of horse-chesnut trees, extending in length one mile and forty yards; on either side the great avenue are four others; the

united breadth of the whole is five hundred and sixty-three feet, and the quantity of ground covered, sixty-seven acres.

To the right, as you enter from the Teddington road, is the residence of the dowager Queen Adelaide. It is the plain substantial residence of a good old English gentleman, without pretension, and therefore without offence.



BUSHY PARK.

Here his late Majesty King William the Fourth lived for thirty-six years, in the quiet unobtrusive manner of a country gentleman.

A circular pond, called the Diana Water, adorned with a bronze statue of the goddess, seven feet in height, supported by an elevated base of statuary marble, and ornamented with lesser statues round the base, of the same material as the principal figure, is worthy attention.

On inquiring of our talkative coachman who Diana might have been, we

were assured that “she was wife of King Solomon!” a piece of information saying but little for the extent of Jehu’s reading—mythological or scriptural.

Before we quit the neighbourhood of Hampton Court, we should not omit a last illustration of the vast wealth and enterprise of its founder, in the expensive works completed by him, for the supply of his palace with water. The springs are situate at Combe Wood, a distance of two miles in a direct line, and the leaden pipes conveying the water are carried beneath the bed of the river Thames. There are two pipes from each conduit, making all together eight miles of leaden pipes. A foot of this old lead weighs twenty-four pounds, and, allowing one pound for waste in each foot since the time of Cardinal Wolsey, Mr. Jesse calculates that each pipe must have weighed one hundred and thirty-two thousand pounds, the total weight being one million and fifty-six thousand pounds of a metal, then and now expensive.



HAMPTON BRIDGE.

HAMPTON.

A PRETTY straggling village, to the westward of Hampton Court Palace, in the county of Middlesex, thirteen miles from London, and seven miles from Staines, situate on the Thames, opposite to one of the mouths of the “sullen” river Mole. Here is a bridge over the Thames to East Moulsey,

MAP OF THE RIVER THAMES FROM HAMPTON TO STAINES



erected in pursuance of an Act of Parliament passed in 1750, in favour of James Clarke, then lessee of the ferry under the Crown. It is a light wooden structure of eleven arches.

Sir Christopher Wren while engaged in his renovation, or as we should take the liberty of calling it, desecration of Hampton Court Palace, resided on Hampton Green.

The most distinguished inhabitant of Hampton was, however, the celebrated David Garrick, who became a resident here in the middle of the last century. Among many other alterations and improvements he built a new part to the house from a design by Adam, and having made several purchases to extend his premises, the gardens were laid out with much taste, under his own direction. Of this house, a local writer in the time of Garrick observes, that "it stands in the town of Hampton, but is quite concealed from view by a high wall; nothing can be neater or fitted up with more decent elegance than this little box; every room shows the true taste and genius of the owner: the whole is like a fine miniature picture perfectly well finished, though extremely small. The drawing-room is, however, of a handsome size, and may be called a large room; 'tis hung with canvas painted in all greens in the most beautiful colours imaginable, and decorated with carvings of the same colour. The garden is laid out in the modern taste, with a passage cut under the road to a lawn, where close by



GARRICK'S VILLA.

the water-side stands the Temple of Shakspeare. This is a brick building in the form of a dome, with a handsome porch, supported by four pillars. Opposite to the entrance, in a niche, stands a statue of the poet, by

Roubillac, as large as life, at his desk in an attitude of thought. The figure is bold and striking, the drapery finished in the most delicate manner."

The statue has been since removed to the British Museum.

Of the life of the celebrated and fortunate David Garrick few particulars will suffice. He was born at the Angel Inn, Hereford, the quarters of his father, Captain Peter Garrick, then employed upon the recruiting service: the family was originally French. His mother was a daughter of one of the Vicars of Lichfield Cathedral. In youth he was sprightly and eccentric, and the sallies of his fancy were noticed with partiality by Gilbert Walmesley, his friend, and the friend of Johnson. He received his education at the Grammar School of Lichfield; and his journey to London with Samuel Johnson, who was going to "try his fate with a tragedy," is matter of literary history.

It is a circumstance somewhat remarkable, and not likely again to occur, that two men, then almost friendless and utterly obscure, should have plodded their weary way together to the great metropolis, impelled by the desire of bettering their condition, and probably imagining that, with humble employments and remuneration adequate to their wants, their fortunes would have been made.

It was extraordinary, too, how altered by future circumstances were the views of these two men; now, the *ci-devant* pedagogue was ambitious of the honours of the stage, and the former pupil emulous of distinction at the bar: strange that he who had no idea at that time of the stage as a profession, should have afterwards become its miracle—its phenomenon, and by it should have acquired fame and fortune beyond the utmost dreams of vanity or avarice; while the other, whose ambition was success as a tragic writer, should in after days, when holding the highest rank in the literary world, have repined that his fate had not permitted him to make choice of the law as a profession.

It is a curious fact that Garrick like Pope, when a mere boy, patched up a play from Ogilby's Homer; his earliest attempt in private theatricals was the part of Sergeant Kite, in Farquhar's *Recruiting Officer*.

During a short visit he paid to Lisbon in 1727, he was the delight of the English residents, for his powers of social converse and entertainment; and many of the natives of rank and distinction were glad to cultivate his acquaintance.

In March 1737, the future monarch of the stage entered himself of

the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn. About this time his uncle, a wine-merchant, dying, left him a legacy of a thousand pounds, with which he purposed to support himself until his profession should remunerate him; but the stage had taken too strong a hold upon his affections to allow him to apply himself to less attractive avocations.

About this time his father died, leaving a numerous family slenderly provided for, and Garrick seems to have suffered that most disagreeable of all sensations to a young man entering the world, a difficulty to know what to do with his present time, or how to decide upon a settled plan of action for the future.

The thousand pounds left by his uncle suggested the choice of a profession, and we now see David metamorphosed into a wine-merchant, and occupying, in conjunction with his brother, vaults in Denham Yard. He had the success in business which might have been expected from the bent of his disposition. No man ever yet was great behind the scenes and behind the counter, and the play-bill and the petty cash-book are things incompatible. David and his brother differed so seriously, that at last the interference of their common friends became necessary, and the partnership between them was dissolved.

Garrick now led a life into which the students of our Inns of Court have long shown a disposition to plunge: he got introduced to managers, became the coffee-house acquaintance of players: he studied their profession infinitely more than the statutes, became the faithful mimic of their various manners, and wrote criticisms upon their performances, which gave him the newspaper celebrity of a diurnal wit.

At length, believing that he who could judge so well of the performances of others must needs make an actor himself, and wisely providing against the ridicule attending failure, by assuming the name of Lyddall, he tried his fortune at Ipswich, in the part of Aboan, in the play of *Oroonoko*. He became at once the delight of the town of Ipswich, where they long considered him the first of actors; and themselves, in having displayed a prophetic judgment, the first of critics.

His appearance on the London boards confirmed the judgment of Ipswich. Mr. Pope went to see his Richard. "As I opened the part," says the tragedian, "I saw our little poetical hero, dressed in black, seated in a side-box near the stage, and viewing me with an earnest and serious attention. *His look shot and thrilled like lightning through my frame*, and I had some

hesitation in proceeding, from anxiety and joy. As Richard gradually blazed forth, the house was in a roar of applause, and the conspiring hand of Pope shadowed me with laurels."

The poet, it is said, was so struck with the performance, that, turning to Lord Orrery, he said, "That young man never had his *equal* as an actor, and he never will have a *rival*."

Horace Walpole, like himself, believed, or rather affected to believe, that Garrick was an empiric—an overrated nobody; and in order that his judgment might be the more secure, refused to go to see him act. The truth is, Walpole could not descend to think with the public; and preferred error by himself, to truth in which multitudes participated. Quin, too, considered Garrick as the founder of a new sect, and thought himself witty in prophesying the "return of the people to church again:" the new actor demolished this sarcasm in the following lines:—

"Pope Quin, who damns all churches but his own,
Complains that heresy infects the town;
That Whitfield Garrick has misled the age,
And taints the sound religion of the stage.
'Schism,' he cries, 'has turned the nation's brain,
But eyes will open, and to church again!'
Thou great infallible, forbear to roar,
Thy bulls and errors are revered no more:
When doctrines meet with general approbation,
It is not *heresy*, but *reformation*."

Of his extraordinary versatility we need say no more, than that if any other evidence of a mind superior to the ordinary standard were wanting, it is to be found in that amazing power of change possessed by Garrick in so eminent a degree.

Few great minds are destitute of the power of transition; greatness is never exhibited with so much effect as in occasional descents from greatness; to move tears and laughter at will, and with equal force, would seem to be the exclusive attribute of the loftiest genius.

This power of transition, Garrick, in an eminent degree, possessed; he was great in great and in little things; he acted Master Johnny, a lad of fifteen, in *The Schoolboy*, a farce by Colley Cibber, after amazing the town by his inimitable performance of King Lear.

The representation of boyhood and extreme age, by the same individual, in the same evening, with complete success, has never been attempted since Garrick's time, by any British actor.

In the full splendour of his success he married Mademoiselle Violette, a popular dancer, and *protégée* of the Countess of Burlington, who settled upon her at her marriage six thousand pounds.

In this, the most important step in life, Garrick was as fortunate as in meaner matters, and was probably thus fortunate, because he was prudent.

After having been for thirty years deservedly at the head of his profession, Garrick determined to retire brilliantly, and with *éclat*, that there might be none to say—

“Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage.”

After performing Don Felix in the *Wonder*, Mr. Garrick advanced and delivered a farewell address, remarkable for eloquence and feeling, and bowing repeatedly to all parts of the house, with much hesitation and a lingering step, withdrew for ever from their presence.

Perhaps not the least graceful part of his behaviour upon this occasion, was his devoting the *last* fruits of his professional exertion to the cause of charity—by paying over to the Actors’ Fund the whole of the moneys received on his farewell night.

A good picture of his powers as an actor has been drawn by a friendly hand :

“The justice with which you conceive and exhibit the poet’s meaning are in general masterly. You act with much greater truth, spirit, and variety than any man I ever saw. It may be said I take you at a disadvantage in the decline of life. I believe not. In those tragic parts where your organs seem to have had a power, almost peculiar, to represent the poet’s meaning, your execution is masterly. Your province lies principally where the passions are exhibited by the poet as agitated or wrought up to a high degree ; your perfection consists in the extreme. In exaggerated gesture and sudden bursts of passion, given in a suppressed and under manner, you are inimitable. In the struggles and conflicts of contradictory passions, or in their mixture and combination, and when their effects are drawn by the author to a point of instant and momentary expression, there you are often excellent. But the expression must be in the extreme, or you are not Garrick.”

His retirement (to Hampton Court, after quitting the stage) was dignified by every charm that rank and accomplishments could confer upon it. One of the first of ladies—Lady Georgiana Spencer—considered him as her most brilliant guest. The hospitalities of the gay Rigby awaited him at Mistle, and Lord Camden hailed a period with joy when he could profit by

his visits without encroaching upon his business. Nor were these invitations unreturned: Garrick had rendered Hampton a scene of peculiar enjoyment; as a companion Mr. Garrick hit the true medium; nothing could exceed his love of the *bagatelle*, and he told a characteristic story with all his professional power. Garrick's wit secured his friendships; you laughed with Garrick without pain. He had studied human nature thoroughly. Pope brought all the world to wonder at his grotto, which he feigned to have inspired equally the patriotism of Marchmont and the pensive philosophy of St. John. Garrick had raised in his grounds a temple to Shakespeare; and the chisel of Roubiliac, at Hampton, inspired an interest scarcely less intense than the willows of Twickenham.

In the parish church, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, was interred Edward Progers, mentioned in our account of Bushy Park; his tomb was recently discovered in making certain repairs. There is also a monument to the memory of Sibel, daughter of John Hampden, Esq., and wife to one of the Penns, of Penn House. She was nurse to King Edward the Sixth.

“To court she called was to foster up a king
Whose helping hand long lingering sutes to spedie end did bring—”

saith the inscription on her monument.

There are monuments also to the memories of Richard Tickell, grandson of Tickell the poet, and himself an author in an humble sphere. He distinguished himself by publishing a poetical pamphlet called “Anticipation,” in which the debate on the king's speech at the opening of Parliament was so successfully anticipated, that some of the members who had not seen the pamphlet, are said to have made use of almost the very words put into their mouths. This gentleman was married to Miss Linley, sister to Mrs. Richard Brinsley Sheridan; her portrait now adorns the gallery of Dulwich College. There is also a memorial of David Garrick, nephew to the great actor, with a common-place inscription from the pen of Mrs. Hannah More; another to the memory of Richard, son of George Cumberland, the celebrated dramatic writer.

The church boasts many other monuments; none of the names, however, awaking recollections of general interest. In the churchyard is buried Rosaman, a well-known builder, and many years proprietor of Sadler's Wells. Ripley the architect, of whose taste the Admiralty House in Whitehall stands no very flattering memorial, and who was scourged by Pope in his Satires, is also buried in this churchyard.

HANWORTH, though a parish of itself, is historically and topographically so intimately connected with Hampton, that, before quitting the neighbourhood, we may mention a few particulars connected with the place—formerly a Royal residence. “Hanworth lies in the hundred of Spelthorne, about three miles from Hounslow, on the borders of the heath, and nearly thirteen miles from London. The parish is bounded by Hampton and Sunbury on the south; by Teddington and Isleworth on the east and south-east, and by Feltham on the north and west.”

King Henry the Eighth became possessor of Hanworth, which, by a grant of Edward the Confessor, had been confirmed to Westminster Abbey; he resided here, and Camden says, took much pleasure in this small royal retreat.

The Princess, afterwards Queen Elizabeth, was educated here; and it was made one of the charges against the Lord Admiral Seymour, that he was ambitious of marrying the Princess if he could have got rid of his wife (Queen Katharine Parr), and of seating himself upon the throne. Lord Cottington, the firm adherent of King Charles the First, possessed Hanworth; the Parliament having confiscated his estates, this property was given to the President Bradshaw.

The church contains no monuments of note; in the parish register are several entries respecting the Killigrew family, one of whom had a lease of the manor towards the close of the fifteenth century. The facetious Thomas Killigrew was supposed to have been born at Hanworth. This clever, but profligate person, whose wit and licentiousness were his recommendations to royal favour, was a dramatic writer of some celebrity in his day; he was ambassador at Venice, but “His Excellency” was compelled to leave, in consequence of the badness of his character. Sir John Denham makes him the subject of the following lively epigram:—

Our resident Tom
From Venice has come,
And has left all the statesman behind him;
Talks at the same pitch,
Is as wise and as rich,
And just as you left him you'll find him.

But who says he is not
A man of much plot,
May repent of his false accusation;
Having plotted and peuned
Six plays, to attend
On the farce of his negotiation.

Before finally taking leave of the vicinage of Hampton, we may as well cross the ferry to THAMES DITTON, in Surrey, pleasantly situated on the



RIVER SCENE, THAMES DITTON.

banks of the Thames, and well known to the disciples of Walton; its excellent inn, the Swan, is a favourite retreating place from the hurry and confusion of the Metropolis.

The church, formerly a chapelry of Kingston, is a picturesque little edifice, built of brown-stone and flints; the tower is partly built of the same materials, the rest of wood, and at the top a small spire shingled. The church consists of a north and south aisle, with a chancel. The church and churchyard contain no memorials worthy the attention of the casual visitor.

There are many delightful seats in the parish, of which the principal is EMBER COURT, once the seat of the celebrated Arthur Onslow, speaker of the House of Commons. The park, though lying low, is pretty, containing some fine trees, and watered by a branch of the river Mole. In the parish is Boyle Farm, a pleasant retreat of Sir Edward Sugden, Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

Closely connected with Thames Ditton are EAST and WEST MOULSEY: West Moulsey has a ferry to Hampton Court. Moulsey Hurst has been the scene of many pugilistic contests, but these have given place to the recreation of horse-races, which are held here in the summer of each year.

WIMBLEDON.

IN pursuance of the plan we have laid down for our guidance, and the convenience of our readers—that is to say, of considering the subjects of our work in their natural juxta-position, and of following them in the order in which they may be supposed most likely to be visited : a plan by which he who only refers to the work for information loses nothing, while he who journeys with us as a good-natured companion gains a great deal ; we must request the pleasure of your company to town, whence we will again set out on another tour, as far as Kingston and Esher, by the South-western or Southampton Railway, occupying ourselves with whatever is worthy of notice or remembrance on our route as far as Esher ; deserting the iron for the watery way, we shall then, swan-like, ascend Thames from the point, where we last quitted his translucent waters, until we reach that classic vicinage

“ Where his first lays majestic Denham sung,
Where the last numbers flowed from Cowley’s tongue.”

At Nine-Elms, then, or rather at the railway *terminus* so called—for the elms from which the place is supposed to have derived its name, have long since been converted into coffins, and now, with other illustrious dead, repose in the neighbouring churchyards, you will have the goodness to take your place for Wimbledon.

Leaving the station, you have an excellent view of Battersea-fields to the right, and of Battersea-rise, Clapham-common, and Wandsworth-rise to the left ; but the first glimpse of unequivocal greenery you lay your eyes on is Garret Mill, near Wandsworth ; as you whisk past it, you cannot avoid remarking what a sweet little spot it is: the mill, half-hidden among trees ; the mill-pond tastefully planted with embowering walks meandering through the emerald turf ; a little verdant isle in the midst, with its straw-roofed hermitage ; convince you that taste has evidently formed and preserved that little spot: the river is classic too ; it is the “blue transparent Vandalis” of the poet ; a favourite haunt of Izaak Walton, and famous for its peculiar variety of trout, with marbled spots like a tortoise.

By the way, though the carriages are rattling and the engine hissing in our ears, let us strain our lungs to ask you, how it is that millers—modern millers especially—are the most tasteless mortals in the world; all the materials of an enchanting place are ready to their hands; they must, for their trade, possess a lake, a river, and a waterfall—no insignificant element of the picturesque. Our mills are usually located in pretty retired valleys, rich in overhanging woods, and fertile holms following the windings of their water power; yet, how seldom does one see a mill that is not shockingly offensive to the eye? like a drunken man in a church, outraging the propriety of the place: all this for the want of a little taste—a little feeling. We see no reason, for our own parts, why a mill or manufactory in the midst of rural scenery might not be made an adjunct to the landscape, instead of an eyesore. Yet one never stumbles upon a four-square, formal, whitewashed, unadorned, ugly thing, by the banks of a pastoral river, without instinctively recognising a manufactory, and wishing it at Manchester.

We are now at Wimbledon, and we must pause to look about us, for Wimbledon is an historically interesting place, as well as a pleasant, fashionable resort of persons of rank and fortune.

Mr. Lysons informs us that, "In all of the most ancient records, Wimbledon is described as a grange or farm, within the manor of Mortlake, which accounts for its being omitted in the Survey of Domesday. Archbishop Cranmer, whose predecessors had been possessed of this manor from the time of the Conquest, exchanged for other lands with King Henry the Eighth. That monarch soon afterwards granted it to Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex; after his attainder it was settled upon Queen Catherine Parr for her life. Queen Mary granted it to Cardinal Pole: her successor, Elizabeth, first gave it to Sir Christopher Hatton; and again, in the thirty-second year of her reign, to Sir Thomas Cecil, afterwards Earl of Exeter, in exchange for an estate in Lincolnshire. His father, Lord Burleigh, had a grant of lands at Wimbledon in the reign of Edward the Sixth; and it appears from the date of some of his letters, that he resided there when he was Sir William Cecil, and Secretary of State. It is probable, notwithstanding the grant was made in his son's name, that he lived occasionally at the manor-house: in the year 1599 he entertained Queen Elizabeth at his house at Wimbledon for three days. The Earl of Exeter left this estate to his third son, Sir Edward Cecil, who was created a peer with the title of Viscount Wimbledon,

and Baron Putney. Immediately after his decease, which happened in 1638, the manor was sold by his heirs to Henry Earl of Holland, and others, trustees for Queen Henrietta Maria. The mansion at Wimbledon is mentioned among the houses belonging to the Crown in the inventory of Charles the First's jewels and pictures. It is worthy of remark, that this unfortunate monarch was so little aware of the fate preparing for him by his enemies, that a few days before he was brought to trial, he ordered the seeds of some Spanish melons to be planted in his garden at Wimbledon.

When the crown lands were put up to sale, this manor, valued at three hundred and eighty-six pounds nineteen shillings and eightpence per annum, was bought by Adam Baynes, Esq., of Knowstrop, in the county of York, at eighteen years' purchase. It is probable that it was sold by him to General Lambert, who was lord of the manor in the year 1656. "Lambert," says Coke, the author of a book called *The Detection*, "after he had been discarded by Cromwell, betook himself to Wimbledon-house, where he turned florist, and had the finest tulips and gilliflowers that could be got for love or money: yet, in these outward pleasures he nourished the ambition which he entertained before he was cashiered by Cromwell." General Lambert was not only a cultivator of flowers, but excelled in painting them. Some specimens of his skill in that art remained for many years at Wimbledon. After the return of Charles the Second, this manor was restored to the queen, of whom it was purchased in the year 1661, by the Earl of Bedford and others, as trustees for George Digby, Earl of Bristol, and his heirs. His lordship's widow sold it to Thomas Earl of Danby, the Lord Treasurer, who was afterwards created Duke of Leeds. The duke, by his will, bearing date January 21, 1711, left this estate in trust to Montagu Earl of Abingdon, and others; in the year 1717 the trustees sold it under a decree of chancery to Sir Theodore Janssen, Bart., who, becoming deeply involved in the unfortunate South Sea adventure, it was again put up to sale, and purchased by Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, for £15,000. Her grace gave it to her grandson, John Spencer, Esq., grandfather of the Right Honourable George John Earl Spencer, in whose descendants it still continues.

The manor-house, whose splendour was noted throughout England, was rebuilt by Sir Thomas Cecil, in 1558. Fuller calls Wimbledon House a "daring structure," implying thereby, the ambitious character of its architecture: it was quite a palace, emulating royal state. The architecture was

that of the time of James the First: the mansion consisted of a centre, with two pavilions, and wings; approached by a succession of terrace steps, from the declivity of the hill upon which it was erected.

In a survey of the gardens, taken in 1649, the orangery was said to have contained forty-two orange trees in boxes, valued at ten pounds each; one lemon tree, bearing great and very large lemons, valued at twenty pounds; one pomecitron tree, valued at ten pounds; three great and fair fig-trees, the branches whereof, by the spreading and dilating of themselves in a very large proportion, but yet in a most decent manner, covered a very great part of the walls of the south side of the manor house. In the several gardens, which consisted of mazes, wildernesses, knots, alleys, &c., are mentioned in the survey a great variety of fruit-trees and shrubs; particularly a fair bay-tree, "and one very fayre tree, called the Irish arbutis, very lovely to looke upon, and valued at thirty shillings." Above a thousand fruit-trees are mentioned, of which are every kind now cultivated, except the nectarine. Mention is also made of a "musk milion (melon) ground, at the end of the kitchen-garden, trenched, manured, and very well ordered for the growth of musk milions."

Wimbledon House is alluded to in a letter of Dean Swift, who describes it as much the finest place about London. This mansion was taken down in the early part of last century, by the Duchess of Marlborough, and rebuilt upon or near the site after a design by the Earl of Pembroke, a distinguished architect.



WIMBLEDON HOUSE.

This splendid house having been unfortunately destroyed by fire, some of the offices preserved from the flames were fitted up, and were

used for several years as an occasional retirement by Lord Spencer's family.

The present magnificent mansion, a little to the north-west of the site of the former, was erected in the commencement of the present century, from designs by Holland.

Nothing can compare, within a like distance of the metropolis, with the situation of Wimbledon House: it is difficult to say which front affords the most varied, extensive, and delightful views: from one front you behold a magnificently timbered park, delightfully and rather boldly undulated, with in the vale below, a fine lake, whose chief beauty is, that it is divested of that artificial character so disagreeably apparent in most of our ornamental waters around the metropolis: beyond, the finely wooded valley of the Thames extends, terminated in the dusky distance by the multitudinous towers and spires of mighty London. On the other side, the view embraces the level valley of Merton, Morden, and away to Cheam, Carshalton, Croydon; in the middle distance, the downs of Banstead, and beyond all, far as the eye can reach, the elevated heaths of Surrey, forming a blue line along the verge of the horizon.

The parish church, lately pulled down, was an exceedingly disagreeable-looking, square, brick-built edifice: in the chancel, which was left untouched in erecting this ungainly structure, and which is conjectured to have been erected in the fourteenth century, are some remains of painted glass, apparently coeval with the building. On the south side of this chancel is a small chapel or aisle—the mausoleum of the family of Cecil, Lords Wimbledon. It contains an altar tomb of black marble, over which hangs a viscount's coronet, suspended by a chain from the ceiling, in memory of Sir Edward Cecil, grandson of the great Lord Treasurer Burleigh, “who followed the warres in the Netherlands five-and-thirty years, and passed the degrees of captain of foot and horse, colonel of foot, and colonel of the English horse at the battle of Nieuport in Flanders; who was admiral and lord-marshal, lieutenant-general, and general against the King of Spain, and the emperor, in the service of King James and Charles the First; and at his return, was made councillor of state and war, lord-lieutenant of the county of Surrey, and captain and governor of Portsmouth: after so many travels, returned to this patient and humble mother earth, from whence he came, with assured hope in his Saviour Christ, to rise againe to glory everlasting.”

Such is a portion of the history of this Lord Wimbledon, engraven on his monument. He was the author of some short tracts on military affairs, and a vindication of his conduct in an unfortunate expedition to Cadiz, of which he was commander-in-chief. He is noticed in Walpole's Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors.

In the survey taken by order of the Parliament in the seventeenth century, the parsonage-house is described as containing a considerable number of rooms, and having two coaches, stabling for fourteen horses, and a hawk's mew. One other building is mentioned as adjoining to it containing two rooms above stairs, and two below stairs, wherein "the minister of Wimbledon, and the French gardener of Wimbledon orange garden, doe live."

In the churchyard is a tomb to the memory of the notorious miser, or Vulture Hopkins, as Pope styled him; it is picturesquely situated, and the giant ivy embraces the monumental stone with the grasp of a miser on his money-bags.

The parish register contains entries relating to the Osbornes, Herberts, Beauforts, Spencers, and other highly aristocratic families.

Wimbledon village has nothing remarkable about it; it is neat and respectable. During the progress of rebuilding the church, divine service is performed in a neighbouring barn—a lowly temple, to which an extemporaneous belfry has been affixed for the present.

WIMBLEDON COMMON—an elevated, breezy, and extensive waste, has long been noted for the delightful villas hanging upon its outskirts.

Its healthy situation, dry, gravelly subsoil, open unobstructed views, together with its pleasant proximity to London, whence it is easily accessible by railroad, or by the river, as far as Putney, have concurred to render property exceedingly valuable in this neighbourhood; the number of persons of rank, fortune, and distinction, who have occupied, from time to time, villas here, would make a catalogue of no ordinary longitude.

Calonne the celebrated financier, whose monetary plans affecting the interests of the nobility, gentry, and clergy, whose united opposition driving him from power had no inconsiderable effect in bringing about the French revolution, resided on the east side of the Common, in a park adjoining that of Earl Spencer, which he had purchased from Benjamin Bond Hopkins, Esq. Calonne was a man of distinguished ability, and although deprived of office, and exiled for having proposed sacrifices which would have saved the aristo-

cratic classes of his countrymen, ever remained faithful to his sovereign. He died at Paris in the sixty-eighth year of his age. The estate was sold by M. Calonne to Earl Gower Sutherland, and was for some time in the occupation of the exiled Prince de Condé. The Marquis of Bath, Sir William Draper, and Lord Grenville resided here.

Here also resided William Benson, Auditor of the Imprests, and successor to Sir Christopher Wren in the office of Surveyor General of Works; the venerable architect of St. Paul's, then at an advanced period of life, was removed to make way for Benson, who having been a seditious pamphleteer in the time of Queen Anne, turned courtier in the subsequent reign; he was a characterless, unprincipled fellow, a reputation which he endeavoured to varnish by an affected consideration for literary men, exhibited by bestowing his patronage and money upon blockheads. He is said to have paid the debts of Elisha Smith, author of a forgotten work styled the "Cure of Deism;" he is reported to have given a man, calling himself a poet, one Dobson, a hundred pounds—Warton makes it a thousand—for imitating *Paradise Lost*; and as a mark of his respect for Milton, he was permitted to erect a monument to that mighty genius in Westminster Abbey, upon which he has inscribed less of the poet than of himself. Pope, for this presumption, lashed him in the *Dunciad* :—

" On poets' tombs see Benson's titles writ !"

and in another place, alluding to his preference of Arthur Johnson's translation of the Psalms, to those of Buchanan, gives him another hard knock :

" On two unequal crutches propped he came,
Milton's on this, on that one Johnson's name."

Warburton records an anecdote of Benson, which gives a good idea of the probity of this would-be Mæcenæas.

He gave in a report to the Lords, in his official capacity of Surveyor-General of Works, that their House and the Painted Chamber were in immediate danger of falling. Whereupon the Lords met in a committee to appoint some other place to sit in, while the house should be taken down. But it being proposed to cause some other builders first to inspect it, they found it in a very good condition. The Lords upon this were going upon an address to the king against Benson, for such a misrepresentation; but the Earl of Sunderland, then secretary, gave them an assurance that His Majesty would remove him, which was done accordingly. In favour of this

man, the famous Sir Christopher Wren, who had been architect to the Crown for above fifty years, who built most of the churches in London, laid the first stone of St. Paul's, and lived to finish it, had been displaced from his employment at the age of near ninety years.

At Wimbledon Common lived and died the Marquis of Rockingham, head of the short-lived administration bearing his name. Charles James Fox resided here, whilst holding the office of Secretary of State.

The visitor to Wimbledon must by no means omit a careful inspection of the circular entrenchment, popularly called Cæsar's Camp, on a table-land at the south-west angle of the Common: it is not only a romantic and curious object, but derives additional interest from the mystery hanging over the traditions of its origin, occupants, and purposes. It remains a monument, perhaps a tomb, not of individuals merely, but of nations long since passed away; and all that antiquaries or topographers can do, is to surmise by whom, when, and why, it was shovelled up from the bosom of mother Earth.



WIMBLEDON COMMON.

This structure—for such we have a right to call it, includes a surface of about seven acres: the trench is deep, and tolerably perfect; the sites of the two gates, or openings, are still marked by an ordinary farm-road traversing a diameter of the circle, which may measure about two hundred and twenty paces.

Camden, who says that in his time this camp was called Bensbury, is of opinion that this spot, or the immediate neighbourhood, was the site of a battle between Ceaulin king of the West Saxons, and Ethelbert king of Kent, in which the latter was defeated; and which is said to have been fought in the year 568, at a place called Wibandune, whence, it may be, we have by euphony, Wimbledon. In this battle, two of Ethelbert's generals, Oslac and Cnebba, were said to have been slain. No mention is made of meaner victims to the hostility of the rival monarchs of Kent, and the West Saxons; yet, if Oslac and Cnebba had been drummer-boys, cut off in the retreat, their insignificancy, in the eyes of posterity, could not have been greater.

Thus it is with war and its memories: by just and proper retribution, military glories, exciting, spirit-stirring, as the sound of their own trumpets, and, when victorious, the most splendidly recompensed by honours and rewards, of all public services, are the soonest forgotten, and their apparently grand results the most difficult of remembrance; perhaps, when time has ripened tradition into rottenness, the topographer of future Belgia may record some rusty particulars of a battle gained upon her plains by a British general, whose name may fall as unheeded on the ear as that of Oslac; and the historian of the Russia of a thousand years hence, may surmise the destruction, at some long anterior period, of a foreign army under the command of a hero whose name, if it be at all remembered, will sound as ridiculous as that of Cnebba.

Yes—thus it is, and ever will be, with the immortalities of war; influencing political changes which are only the interests of the managing few; their influences are soon extinguished by other changes, and with each successive change, memory grows fainter, and particularity less particular. Not only are subordinate agents altogether effaced from our memories, or rescued from oblivion to a less worthy fate, but the name of emperor or king is bestowed in derision on a slave, and the brass collar of a cur becomes the monument of a Cæsar or a Pompey.

Arts of peace alone flourish for ever and ever; the names of those who contributed to their advancement may be and will be forgotten, but the arts themselves remain; the triumphs of the olive crown are not over kings or dynasties, treasons, usurpations, rebellions, but over material, inconsumable elements of nature; which, educated by a Newton, analyse the

sunlight, or directed by a Watt, force fire and water to the work of thousand men's hands, and unite the ends of earth,—bringing the scattered family of man into close and brotherly proximity.

Before we proceed upon our tour we must not forget a hint to the pedestrian, who, wishing a constitutional holiday walk not unmingled with intellectual entertainment, may take his way as far as Wandsworth, with our *libretto* in his pocket. When there, let him forthwith inquire for the thoroughfare through Earl Spencer's Park; a pleasant stroll over hill and dale, through corn-clad fields and alleys green, will bring him, in a couple of miles, upon Wimbledon Common; thence, after a visit to the camp or entrenchment, upon which he may philosophise and moralise to his heart's content, he will wend his downward way to the Robin Hood Gate of Richmond Great Park: entering the Park, he will find himself in as absolute a solitude as if he were hundreds of miles from London; and every variety of scenery, that of the mountains alone excepted, may be luxuriated in at his own sweet will. Leaving the Park by the Richmond Terrace Gate, he can descend the Thames on his return to town, or by the Roehampton Gate, taking water at Putney.

Those who take our advice in this particular, will, we doubt not, thank us for a delightful day.

Let us now, leaving Wimbledon, proceed to

KINGSTON UPON THAMES,

in Surrey, eleven and a half miles from Westminster Bridge.

The parish, which is of considerable extent, is bounded by Petersham, Richmond, Putney, Mortlake, Wimbledon, Merton, Morden, Malden, Chessington, and Long Ditton.

“That this town was a celebrated place in the early periods of our history, is evident, from the record of a council held there in the year 838, at which Egbert, the first king of all England, his son Athelwolf, and all the bishops and nobles of the land were present; Ceolnothus, Archbishop of Canterbury, presided. This record, in which the town is called ‘Kynningestun, famosa illa locus,’ destroys the supposition that it did not receive that appellation till the reign of King Athelstan; and proves that it was a royal residence, or at least a royal demesne as early as the union of the Saxon heptarchy.

Kingston was made choice of as the place of their coronation by some of the succeeding monarchs. 'The tounischmen,' says Leland, 'have certain knowledge of a few kinges crounid there afore the conqueste.' The following list of them is given on the authority of our ancient historians:—Edward the Elder, crowned A.D. 900; his son Athelstan, in the year 925; Edmund, in 940; Eldred, or Elred (who is said to have first assumed the title of King of Great Britain) in 946; Edwy, or Edwin, in 955; Edward the Martyr, in 975; and Ethelred II., in 978; Edgar, who succeeded to the throne in 959, is said to have been crowned either at Kingston or at Bath;



KINGSTON CHURCH.

Edward the Elder, Edmund, and Edgar, are not mentioned by Aubrey amongst the figures of the Saxon kings, which formerly existed in St. Mary's Chapel.—In the inscriptions over these figures some of the kings were said to have been crowned in the market-place, and others in the chapel; but I find no mention of the particular spot in any of the old chronicles above quoted. In the year 1264, Henry the Third, then at war with his barons, having marched out of London, is said to have taken the Castle of Kingston, belonging to Gilbert Clare, Earl of Gloucester; the castle was probably then demolished, its memory, except by this mention of it, is not preserved even by tradition.

In the year 1472, the bastard Falconbridge, with an army of 17,000 men, went to Kingston in pursuit of Edward the Fourth, but finding the bridge there broken down, he retired with his army into St. George's Fields.

Catherine of Arragon, on her journey to England, lodged at Kingston the night before she arrived at Kennington Palace.

Sir Thomas Wyatt, during his unsuccessful rebellion against Queen Mary, after the death of Lady Jane Grey, having in vain attempted a passage over London Bridge, came to Kingston, where he found the wooden bridge broken down by order of the council, and the opposite bank of the river defended by men, who, upon sight of two pieces of ordnance planted against them, quitted their station, and gave Sir Thomas Wyatt and his men an opportunity of repairing the bridge in such a manner, with planks and ladders, that his whole army passed safely over. It is probable that it was in consequence of the damage done to the bridge at this time, that the wear was granted to the town by Queen Mary.

The last struggle in behalf of the royal cause was made at Kingston. The Earl of Holland, who had been of all parties, at a time when the king's affairs were in the most desperate situation, and himself a prisoner in the Isle of Wight, formed an ill-concerted plan for rescuing him, and persuaded the Duke of Buckingham and his brother Lord Francis Villiers, to join him in the attempt. They assembled at Kingston, with a body of about 600 horse; their avowed object being to release the king and bring him to parliament; to settle peace in the kingdom, and to preserve the laws. A declaration to this effect was sent to the citizens of London, who were invited to join them. The parliament immediately sent some troops of horse from Windsor, under the command of Colonel Pritty, who found the royalists but ill-prepared for defence; a skirmish took place near Surbiton Common, in which the Earl of Holland and his party were soon defeated. The Earl himself fled to Harrow, but was soon afterwards taken prisoner; the Duke of Buckingham escaped; but his brother, the handsome Lord Francis Villiers, was slain in the skirmish. He behaved with signal courage, and after his horse had been killed under him, stood with his back against a tree, defending himself against several assailants, till at length he sank under his wounds. The next day, the Lords, who had heard the report of the skirmish, and that Lord Francis Villiers was dangerously wounded, made an order, that surgeons might be permitted to go to Kingston, and take care of him, if he were yet alive; but as one of the journalists of that time observes,—“It was too late, for he was dead, and stripped, and good pillage found in his pocket.” His body, covered with wounds, was conveyed to York-house, in the Strand, by water, and was afterwards buried in Henry the Seventh's chapel in Westminster Abbey: the following inscription was

put upon his coffin :—" *Depositum illustrissimi Domini Francisci Villiers, ingentis speciei juvenis, filii posthumi Georgii Ducis Buckinghamii ; qui, vicesimo ætatis anno, pro Rege Carolo, et patria fortiter pugnando, novem honestis vulneribus acceptis, obiit 7mo die Julii, Anno Domini 1648.*" The initials of his name were inscribed on the tree under which he was slain, and remained until it was cut down, as Aubrey says, in the year 1680. Some elegies are extant which were written upon his death.

Kingston is a remarkably handsome little town, with many good houses, and a fine bridge across the Thames to Hampton Wick. The Town Hall, lately rebuilt on the site of a similar structure, erected in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, is a neat and tasteful building. This structure is adorned with a statue of Queen Anne, with an inscription. The windows of the old Hall were enriched with stained glass, containing the armorial ensigns of various nations, as the Romans, the Heathen and Christian Britons, the Norman kings, and others.

Kingston, though now rather dull, has been in its day a right merrie and right Royal place : the Chamberlain's and Churchwarden's accounts contain some curious disbursements :—for example,

1570.—Paid to the ryngers at the command of the master baylifs when word was brought that the Earl of Northumberland was taken, twenty pence.

1581.—For ringing when the traytors were taken, ninepence. For ringing when Don Pedro came through the town, two-and-sixpence.

1610.—To the ringers for ringing on the day of the king's preservation from the Gowries conspiracy, two-and-fourpence.

1624.—To the ringers for joy of the Prince's return out of Spain, three-and-fourpence.

1665.—To the ringers when Prince Rupert lay in the town.

Surely, the bells of old Kingston would seem to have had no sinecure in those days, nor the ringers either.

Among the earlier entries are the following connected with church matters :—

Paid to maister doctor for the wax of the paschall, three shillings and fourpence halfpenny.

For ale upon Palm Sunday for syngyne of the Passion, one penny.

To the Peynter for peynting of Our Lady, twelvepence.

For paynting the base of Our Lady in the rode lofte, twelvepence.

To Palmer for iron work to set up Mary and John, one and tenpence.

For two holy water sticks, twopence.

For a holy bredde basket, threepence.

Paid for a year's whipping of the dogges out of the church, eightpence.

The items following afford a good idea of the relative value of money in the times in which we live, comparing them with three centuries ago.

Eight hens and four capons for Mr. Attorney, thirteen shillings and fourpence.

Two women for their labour for two days, sixpence

A salmon for the judges, two pounds seventeen shillings.

A labourer for a day's work, sevenpence.

A troute given to the Lord Admiral, eight shillings.

Three bushels of coals, threepence.

A couple of pheasants for the Earl of Holderness, fourteen shillings.

Three sheep, five shillings.

The cooks for their labour, one shilling and elevenpence halfpenny.

Interest for two hundred pounds, for six months, six pounds.

A curious tradition respecting one of the monarchs crowned at Kingston we have taken from Mr. Mackay's interesting work, "The Thames and its Tributaries."

"King Edwy, in his seventeenth year, was crowned with great magnificence in the market-place of Kingston. He was of a handsome figure, and a most amiable disposition. Before his accession he had been smitten with the charms of Elgiva, a noble lady, his kinswoman, whom he married secretly in spite of the fulminations of Saint Dunstan, and Odo, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who had represented to him that their relationship was too near to allow of a union. Upon the day of his coronation, a grand feast was prepared for all the nobles; but the king disliking their rude merriment, took an early opportunity to withdraw and spend the remainder of the day in the more congenial society of his best-beloved Elgiva. The nobles, after he was gone, expressed great dissatisfaction at the indignity with which they were treated in being abandoned by their entertainer. And Saint Dunstan was despatched by the rest to bring the monarch back to the table. Saint Dunstan readily undertook the mission, and, accompanied by Odo, Archbishop of Canterbury, who was also highly indignant at the disrespect Edwy had shown to the church, rushed into the royal apartment. The brutal Dunstan immediately tore him from her arms, and applying an opprobrious epithet to the queen, dragged the young monarch by force into the banqueting-hall of the nobles. It was not to be expected that any woman, however mild her temper, could forgive so deep an insult as this; and Elgiva exercised all the influence she possessed over her

husband's mind, to bring about the ruin of the presuming and unmannerly priest.

"An opportunity was soon found ; charges were brought against him, from which he could not clear himself, and he was finally banished from the kingdom, and forced to take refuge in Flanders. But the Archbishop of Canterbury still remained behind. The unhappy Elgiva, in espousing the king, had gained to herself a host of troubles and of enemies ; and instead of intimidating, had only embittered the latter by the means she had adopted. Intrigues were fomented against the young couple, who had loved so well, but so unwisely. The queen, all fresh in youth and all radiant in her beauty, was seized by the archbishop, at the head of a party of ruffians, and held forcibly upon the ground, while a wretch with a hot iron burnt her damask cheeks, to obliterate the traces of that transcendant loveliness which had set enmity between the civil and ecclesiastical power. She was then carried away to the sea-coast, and hidden for some days, till an opportunity was found to convey her to Ireland. She remained in that country for some months, when she effected her escape.

"The scars on her face had healed ; the brutal work had not been effectually done, and she shone in as great beauty as ever, and was hastening to Kingston, when she was intercepted, at Gloucester, by the spies of the relentless archbishop.

"At this time revolt was openly declared against the authority of Edwy, and to show him how strong and how reckless the conspirators were, the archbishop gave orders that the unhappy princess should be put to death by the most horrible tortures which could be devised. It was finally resolved that she should be ham-strung. The cruel sentence was carried into execution, and the poor queen was left to linger on a couch of straw, without nourishment or attendance of any sort, until death put a period to her sufferings a few days afterwards.

"Edwy was soon after deposed. He did not long survive his Elgiva ; crownless, and what to him was worse, wifeless, he died of a broken heart, before he had attained his twentieth year."

Our next station is at **ESHER**, a pleasant village in Surrey, on the banks of the river Mole.

The Mole is a peculiar and interesting river, not less remarkable for the quiet beauty of its course than for the interruptions to the current by sub-

terranean passages carrying off the waters of the stream, or what are popularly called Swallows.

The river Mole arises in the downs on the northern borders of Sussex, from the confluence of many small springs. Considerably increased by tributary streamlets, it deviously meanders at the base of Box Hill; and between Castle Hill and Burford, interruptions occur in the course of the river, from the porous nature of the immediately sub-lying strata, which, in dry seasons, absorb the waters, leaving the bed of the river dry below the points of absorption.

Camden mentions this circumstance, saying, "The Mole coming to White Hill, hides itself, or is rather swallowed up at the foot of the hill there, and for that reason the place is called the Swallow; but almost two miles below it bubbles up and rises again; so that the inhabitants of this tract, no less than the Spaniards, may boast of having a bridge that feeds several flocks of sheep."

From Burford Bridge the Mole winds pleasantly through the picturesque vale of Mickleham to Leatherhead; here is a bridge of fourteen arches. Passing Leatherhead, the river escapes from the hills and descends in a quiet course to Stoke D'Ebernon and Cobham, where are two handsome bridges. It next almost encircles the beautiful grounds of Pains Hill, and passing between Burford Park and Claremont, reaches Esher Place, whence its divided stream, sluggish and uninteresting, make its way to the Thames, in whose waters it is finally lost hard by Hampton. The Mole has much engaged the muse; Drayton, in his *Polyolbion*, personifies the river, wooed by old Thames, in guise of a soft and gentle nymph—

Whose eyes so pierced his breast, that seeming to foreshew
The way which he so long intended was to go,
With trifling up and down he wandereth here and there;
And that he in her sight transparent might appear,
Applies himself to fordes, and setteth his delight
On that which most might make him gracious in her sight.

Milton characterises the river as

"The sullen Mole that runneth underneath:"

who mentions a line borrowed, and repaid with interest, by Pope,

"The sullen Mole, that hides his diving flood."

Thomson characterises the river as the "silent Mole."

With the humble Dodsley we conclude our anthology of this pretty, but neglected little stream.

“In the lonely vale
Of Esher, where the Mole glides lingering ; loath
To leave such scenes of sweet simplicity.”

ESHER is a village sixteen miles from London, on what used to be the Portsmouth road. It is a happily-situated retired village, with many highly-respectable houses scattered here and there. There is also here an excellent inn, such as we do not always find in villages at the like distance from town. The chief general interest connected with Esher is its proximity to the royal seat of Claremont.



CLAREMONT.

CLAREMONT owed its origin to the witty and eccentric Sir John Vanbrugh, who bought some land here, and built a low brick house for his own accommodation. Thomas Holles Pelham, Esq., Earl of Clare, afterwards Duke of Newcastle, bought the estate of Sir John, much improved the grounds, and added a splendid banqueting-room, for the entertainment of his colleagues in office and parliamentary supporters.

Kent, the gardener, had the laying out of the grounds at Claremont, of whom Horace Walpole, in his tract on gardening, says, “that if his ideas were rarely great, it was owing to the novelty of his art. The features in his landscapes were seldom majestic; he aimed at immediate effect. His clumps were puny. A small lake, edged by a winding bank, with scattered

trees that led to a seat at the end of the pond, was common at Claremont, and others of his designs." The seat derives its name from a building erected on a mount in the park, by Lord Clare, and called after his own name. Of the gardens at Claremont another writer says, rather pompously, "There you may wander with secure delight, and saunter with perpetual amusement." Dr. Garth, in the preface to his poem of Claremont, remarks, that the situation is so agreeable and pleasing, that it inclines one to think someplace of this nature put Ovid at first upon the story of Narcissus and Echo.

The grounds being thus improved, the original house was found no longer worthy so magnificent a demesne; the great Lord Clive, who purchased the estate from the Duke of Newcastle, gave Browne orders to erect a mansion regardless of expense.

He is said to have performed the task very much to the satisfaction of his employer, although the expense was above one hundred thousand pounds.

This is the only mansion Browne completely finished from his own designs, although he altered many. It is a noble mansion, forming an oblong square of forty-four yards by thirty-four. On the ground floor are eight spacious rooms, besides the hall of entrance and the grand staircase. In the principal front a flight of thirteen steps leads to the great entrance, under a pediment supported by columns of the Corinthian order. The general effect is grand without heaviness, and chastely elegant.

On the death of Lord Clive, this estate was sold for little more than one-third of what the mansion and improvements had cost; it was purchased by Lord Galway, by whom it was sold to the Earl of Tyrconnell, who disposed of it to Charles Rose Ellis, Esq.; this gentleman re-



LORD CLIVE'S MONUMENT.

sided at Claremont until 1816, when it was purchased by Government for 69,000*l.*, for the country residence of the Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold.

In this delightful retreat, secluded from the tedious ceremony and heartless pomp of courts, the royal pair passed a too brief period of wedded bliss, and here, on the 6th of November, 1817, the Princess expired. The estate is still the property of Leopold, now King of the Belgians; his majesty's equerry, Sir Robert Gardner, residing at Melbourne Lodge, as also the house-steward, have authority to permit applicants to visit the house and grounds.



THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

We have read with attention Sir Samuel Garth's poem entitled "Claremont," in the hope of finding some descriptive touches—some landscape-painting with the pen—but in vain. Claremont, in the hands of Garth, is merely a peg to hang a courtier's hat on.

The poem opens with a complaint of the profusion of poets; an epidemic not peculiar to the days of the learned author of "The Dispensary." The bard then waxes satirical, but prudently conceals the point of his satire in barren generalities; he concludes his poem with a declaration of Parnassian independence, and incontinently begins to flatter.

Claremont, but not its owner, is forgotten, and heroic couplets sing the praises of the Earl of Clare. "Learned youth—Brunswick prince—Liberty—Augustus—Carolina's charms—Romulus in Nassau reigning again"—and the accumulated virtues of Lord Clare, swell the tumid page; ten lines, not worth transcribing, give a false description of the place, and of these seven assist in a panegyric on Sir John Vanbrugh. The other three contain not one attempt at an idea, although overloaded with epithets.

A wire-drawn druidical allegory occupies a great many lines, and the classic story of Echo and Narcissus is poorly paraphrased; the poem concludes with a dozen couplets of servile laudation of the owner of the place and hero of the poem.

The "Claremont" of Sir Samuel Garth is one of the many unhappy works modelled upon the "Cooper's Hill" of Denham; when the author, in his preface, observes, that "They who have seen those two excellent poems of 'Cooper's Hill' and 'Windsor Forest' will show a great deal of *candour* if they

approve of this," he says not enough ; they who approve his "Claremont" must be more than candid, or less than just.

ESHER PLACE, the seat of Mr. Spicer, is historically of much interest. This enchanting spot, together with the manor of Esher, was, from a very early period, the property of the episcopal see of Winchester. Here, on the banks of the Mole, the bishops had a house of stately proportions, built by William Wainfleet, Bishop of Winchester : his arms, and those of the see, carved in stone, were over the gate-house, and in several other parts of the building.

William of Wykeham, the architect of Windsor Castle, resided here.

Wolsey, on giving Hampton Court to the king, ordered the bishop's house here to be repaired, intending to reside, when the king should be at Richmond or Hampton Court. At this place he dismissed all his servants, and lived in much embarrassment of mind, body, and estate ; now having his hopes excited, now desponding, or, as he subscribes himself, "most miserable ;" hence he retired for a time to Richmond, and thence, all hope of his final restoration to royal favour having vanished, went to York.

Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, gave up this estate, which was described as a mansion-house sumptuously built, and divers edifices, and an orchard and garden adjoining, together with a park of three miles in circuit, stocked with deer, to the king, who annexed it to the honour of Hampton Court.

Queen Mary restored the lands to the Bishop of Winchester, from whom Queen Elizabeth repurchased them, bestowing them in fee upon the Lord Howard of Effingham.

The manor, with the estate and park, passed through the hands of a number of families, among which we cannot observe any name worthy of particular record ; until it came into the hands of Henry Pelham, brother of the Duke of Newcastle. Mr. Pelham, to whose retreat here from the turmoil of party politics, Thomson alludes in his "Seasons"—

" Where, in the sweetest solitude embraced
By the soft windings of the gentle Mole,
From courts and senates Pelham finds repose,"

made additions to the gate-house, then the only part of Wolsey's mansion remaining, in the same style.

Mr. Pelham devised by will his house and park at Esher, and all his

manors, and messuages in Esher, to his second daughter, Frances Pelham, for her life. This lady dying unmarried, the estate became the property of Lord Sondes, nephew of Miss Pelham, who sold the estate in lots.

The present proprietor, Mr. Spicer, pulled down the additions of Mr. Pelham, but carefully preserved the gate-house, part of the original building of Cardinal Wolsey. On the summit of a gentle hill, commanding fine prospects, he has erected a handsome and commodious mansion.

The grounds are beautifully laid out, the walks winding round the brow and along the undulating slopes of the hill upon whose summit the house is built. In the vale below tranquilly glides the peaceful Mole, and on a verdant holm, close to the river's brink, stands the lonely tower, now tenanted by the croaking raven, and bat—all that remains of the palace of Wolsey.



WOLSEY'S TOWER, ESHER.

Temples, grottoes, and hermitages are scattered through the groves and glades, but not in injudicious profusion: nothing can exceed the beauty, variety, and richness of the prospect, in which this park has greatly the advantage of its now royal rival, Claremont.

Opposite to Esher Place—divided from it only by the river Mole—in a low but fertile valley, is Weyland Farm, in Walton parish: this estate was the property of a distinguished agriculturist, named Duckett, whose skill and enterprise in farming are mentioned in high terms of praise by Arthur Young. His Majesty King George the Third was a frequent visitor here, taking much pleasure in observing the exertions of Mr. Duckett, in his efforts to further the most useful of the useful arts.

Pursuing the plan we have laid down, we now ascend the river Thames as far as SUNBURY, two miles above Hampton, and fifteen miles from London,

an exceedingly pleasant village on the banks of the Thames. The name is supposed by Mr. Lysons to have reference to the southern aspect of the place:—Sunnabyri, from *Sunna*, the sun, and *byri*, a town, being the name of the place in ancient records and memorials. The parish is bounded on the south by the river Thames, which separates it from Walton, in Surrey; on the west by Shepperton, Littleton, and Ashford; on the north by Feltham and Hanworth; and on the east by Hampton.

The manors in the parish are those of Charlton, Halliford, and Kennington or Col Kenyngton, now called Kempton. It is probable that Kempton was a royal residence so far back as the time of the Saxons, the name Kenynton or Kynyngton, the king's town, giving plausibility to the tradition; but it is certain that the manor-house was a royal palace in the reigns of the first Henrys and Edwards.

The parish church, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, is a modern structure of brick, consisting of a chancel, nave, and north aisle; at the west end, a square tower, with a cupola.

The church contains monuments to the memories of members of the families of Phelips and Dyer; also a memorial of Lady Jane Wharton, daughter of the marquis, sister of the duke of that name, and the last of that noble family.

The churchyard contains not one memorial of interest to the casual tourist.

At Sunbury, the Reverend Gilbert White, author of the "Natural History of Selborne," spent several summers: here he had opportunities of observing the habits and migrations of the swallow tribes, to which he has alluded with so much delightful particularity in his popular work.

A strong pull against the opposing current brings us, at length, to WALTON-UPON-THAMES, in Surrey, a place highly interesting to the antiquary, the historian, and the lover of the picturesque.

The objects of interest in this parish are the Coway Stakes, to which we shall briefly allude in our notice of Shepperton. On St. George's Hill is a camp called Cæsar's Camp, a single oblong work, with a trench running down to the town. The area of the inclosure is thirteen acres: antiquaries conclude it to have been an outwork to a greater camp at Oatlands.

The existence of these camps would seem to lend confirmation to the supposition that, somewhere near this spot, Cæsar, in leading his forces

against the Cassivelauni, must have crossed the Thames; others insist that the passage was effected near Petersham, to the opposite shore at Twickenham.

This parish boasts a number of magnificent parks and seats: Lord Tankerville's, hard by the bridge, Ashley Park, Burwood Park, and many others; among which must not be forgotten a memorable show-place, Pains Hill, near to Cobham, on the banks of the Mole.

PAINS HILL is on the verge of a heath which rises above a fertile plain watered by the river Mole. Large valleys descending in different directions break the brow into separate eminences, and the gardens are extended along the edge in a semicircular form, between the winding river, which describes their outward boundary, and the park which fills up the cavity of the crescent. There may be scenes, says an author who describes it, where nature has done more for herself, but in no place that I ever saw has so much been done for nature as at Pains Hill. The beauty and unexpected variety of the scene, the happy situation, elegant structure and judicious form of the buildings, the flourishing state, uncommon diversity, and con-



WALTON BRIDGE.

trasted groupage of the trees, will not fail to awaken the most pleasing sensations. The demesne contains two hundred and thirteen acres, but the happy situation and peculiarly skilful manner in which the grounds are disposed, would lead the visitor to imagine there was inclosed an area of much greater extent.

Walton Bridge is a handsome structure of brick, consisting of four principal arches, and several lesser ones ; it is situated ten miles above the flow of the tide, and the current runs only at the rate of three miles an hour. In our illustration, the woods of Oatlands are represented in the distance.

The Church, dedicated to St. Peter and St. Mary, is built of flints and rough-hewn stones. It consists of a nave, with two aisles, and a chancel ; the nave is divided from the aisles by pointed arches resting on pillars, of which those in the north side are round, with capitals adorned with volutes,



WALTON CHURCH.

the south side hexagons. At the west end is a square tower built with the same materials as the church, buttresses diminishing in stages, a small turret at each corner.

The North aisle has a magnificent marble monument executed by Roubiliac, to the memory of Lord Shannon, a distinguished military officer, and one of the Lords Justices of Ireland.

In the chancel are monumental brasses, on one of which, being suspended

by nail so that both sides may be examined, is the representation of a man sitting on the back of a stag, with his sword in the stag's throat; on the other side is a like device with some trifling variations, commemorative of one John Selwyn, under-keeper of the park at Oatlands, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. This man, it would appear by popular tradition, was famous for his strength, agility, and skill in horsemanship, specimens of all which he exhibited before the queen, at a grand stag-hunt in that Park, where, attending, as was his duty of office, he in the heat of the chase suddenly leaped from his horse upon the back of the stag, both running at that time with their utmost speed, and not only kept his seat gracefully in spite of every exertion of the affrighted beast, but drawing his sword, with it guided him towards the queen, and coming near her plunged it in his throat, so that the animal fell dead at her feet. This was thought sufficiently wonderful to be chronicled in his monument, and he is accordingly there portrayed in the act of stabbing the stag.

A large black marble, at the entrance of the chancel, commemorates Lilly the famous astrologer; being placed here, as the inscription informs us, out of love for the seer, by Elias Ashmole, founder of the museum bearing his name.

WEYBRIDGE, so called from the river Wey, on whose banks, not far from its confluence with the Thames, this village is situated, is next in order. This extensive parish is bounded to the north by the river Thames, to Byfleet on the south, Walton on the east, and the Wey on the west.

In the village is a house called Holstein House, from having been the occasional residence of a Prince of Holstein; the neighbourhood is rich in magnificent seats, of which the principal are Ham House and Oatlands.

The magnificent seat, Oatlands, now the property of the Lord Francis Egerton, was long a royal property and residence. King Henry the Eighth, in extending the honour of Hampton Court, became possessed of this estate, by one of his forced and summary exchanges with the then possessor.

Queen Elizabeth used to visit here, and is said to have shot with a cross-bow in the paddock. King Charles the First granted the manor to his Queen, Henrietta Maria, for her life: at this place his youngest son, called Henry of Oatlands, was born.

In the time of Queen Elizabeth the palace consisted of three courts; the first square and spacious, the other two narrow and irregular; the architec-

ture was of precisely the same character as Hampton Court ; during the period of the Commonwealth this building was almost wholly destroyed.

At the Restoration, the Queen-mother was again put in possession of Oatlands ; at her death it was leased out for different terms to persons enjoying the favour of the Crown ; among these were the Duke of St. Albans and Sir Edward Herbert, Justice of the King's Bench in the reign of James the Second, whose measures he supported ; being excepted from the pardon granted by King William, he followed his master into Ireland and France, where he died.

His son, a naval officer of distinction, whose opposite principles led him into the service of King William, recovered the fee simple of this estate, but dying without issue, devised by will all his property to the Earl of Lincoln.

The house was built, and gardens laid out, by George Holles, Duke of Newcastle, about the year 1725.

His nephew, Duke Henry, resided at Oatlands in the house built on the terrace, enlarged the park, and made great plantations. His Royal Highness the late Duke of York purchased the estate of Oatlands from the Duke of Newcastle, and having bought several adjoining estates, including a thousand acres of waste lands, commenced the consolidation of the present magnificent demesne.

The house was consumed by fire during the absence of the Duke with his army in Flanders ; a new mansion, every way unworthy the princely demesne, was soon after completed from the designs of Holland. At the foot of the terrace is a piece of water of considerable extent, supplied by springs.

The river Thames is not seen, and Walton Bridge, which terminates the view that way, seems to span this river ; near some springs which rise on the side of the hill, between the house and kitchen garden, and which have been formed into a small lake, is a magnificent grotto, said to have cost the sum of four thousand pounds. It consists of several apartments, and a winding passage, in which is a small bath, supplied by a spring dripping through the rocks ; the sides and roof are incrustated with shells, ores, and petrifications. On the side of the park towards Walton, is an arch or gateway, with this inscription :—"Henricus Comes de Lincoln, hunc Arcum opus Ignatii Jones, vetustate corruptum, restituit."

The park and surrounding grounds are nearly six miles in circumference, containing about three thousand acres.

BYFLEET adjoins Weybridge to the north, and was long a royal demesne. Edward the Second is supposed to have resided here at intervals; from this place he dated his order for the arrest of the Knights Templars. King James the First settled the manor upon his son, Prince Henry, and after his decease upon the Queen; "who began," says Aubrey, a "noble house of brick," which was afterwards completed by Sir James Fullerton, one of the King's favourites.

Byfleet has been the residence of two men differently distinguished in the world of letters,—Stephen Duck, the poetical thrasher, and the Reverend Joseph Spence, an excellent scholar, and most amiable man. Stephen Duck was originally an agricultural labourer, but having attracted some notice by his pursuit of the Muses under difficulties, was patronised by Queen Caroline, who bestowed upon him a small place, that of keeper of a temple erected in Richmond Gardens.

An edition of his Poems in quarto was published in 1736, with a preparatory memoir by Mr. Spence, without any pretensions to poetical merit; the distinguished patronage of the Queen procured for Duck greater attention than he merited, or had any right to expect.

Having taken orders, he was instituted to the rectory of Byfleet, a promotion that would seem to have turned his brain, as he soon after destroyed himself in a fit of melancholy insanity.

Spence first distinguished himself in literature by an Essay on Pope's *Odyssey*, which is characterised by Warton as a work of the truest taste. He was patronised by the then Duke of Newcastle, who gave him the use of a pleasant house and grounds here. Spence was Fellow of New College, Oxford, and Professor of Poetry there; he held also the appointment of Regius Professor of History at Oxford. His principal contribution to literature was his "*Polymetis*, or an inquiry concerning the agreement between the works of the Roman poets, and the remains of the ancient artists; being an attempt to illustrate them mutually from each other;" a happy idea, carried out very happily by the learned and ingenious author. In this work occurs a pleasing moral poem, called "The Choice of Hercules," which is generally read and admired.

Mr. Spence was drowned in a canal in his garden, here, into which he was supposed to have fallen in a fit of apoplexy.

Ham House, in this parish, often confounded with the mansion of the

same name near Petersham, was a royal gift to Catharine Sedley, mistress of James the Second, and Countess of Dorchester.

This woman had a pension of four thousand pounds a year : she died at Bath, twenty-seven years after the expulsion of her royal and religious protector.

Still pursuing the windings of the stream, we reach Shepperton, a pleasant retired village in Middlesex, distant four and a half miles from Staines, and seventeen from London.

The parish is bounded by Sunbury, Walton, Littleton, and Weybridge. The Saxon etymology signifies the Abiding-place of Shepherds.

A little distance to the west of Walton Bridge, are the celebrated Coway Stakes, which have excited so much controversy among antiquaries ; Camden contending that Cæsar crossed the Thames at this point, encamping his army upon St. George's Hill, near Chertsey, where traces of one of those earth-works, popularly called Roman camps, are still distinctly visible. Other distinguished antiquaries, among whom are Daines Barrington, are of opinion that Cæsar never did cross the Thames. Mr. Lysons inclines to their opinion, observing, "that it appears much more probable that these stakes, supposed to have been placed in the bed of the river to oppose the advance of the Romans, are neither more nor less than the remains of a fishing weir."

The parish church, dedicated to St. Nicholas, consists of a chancel, nave, and two transepts, with, at the west end, a small square tower, embattled. The Reverend Lewis Atterbury, brother of the celebrated bishop of Rochester, rector of the parish, rebuilt the church, chiefly at his own expense, in 1710. There are no monuments in the church of any general interest.

In the churchyard are the following singular inscriptions in Latin, now much effaced, of which a translation may be acceptable to some of our readers :—

"Here, in a foreign land, quietly repose the bones of Benjamin Blake ; scatter a little earth upon his grave, thou who hast nothing else to do, and if a tear steals adown thy cheek be not ashamed of it ; for below reposes a servant than Davus quicker, than Sancho himself more humorous, than Argus more watchful.

"From the island of Columbo, voyaging across the pathless ocean, he followed his master to these shores, where, unlike most men, he found only

change of soil and climate ; preserving here, as elsewhere, the same honest principles, the same devoted attachment to his master, the same prompt obedience. Go to Mauritania, reader, learn duty of an Ethiop, and know that virtue inhabiteth skins of other colours than thine own."

"Not far from the remains of her husband, whom she tenderly loved, his partner Cotto Blake, from the same far-distant land carried into Britain, and serving the same master, desired her ashes to repose.

"Skilled was she in the arts in which Pallas was skilful, and more ingenious than the ingenious Arachne ; whether plying deftly the needle or the shears, you could have sworn that her ready fingers had been guided by Minerva. Her husband taken prematurely from her side, she languished until a charitable fever soon after consigned her to his grave.

"To the honest memory of this faithful pair, Sir Patrick Blake, of Langham, in the county of Suffolk, Baronet, a friend to virtue, wheresoever or in whomsoever he may find it, raised this memorial."

At Shepperton lived William Grocyn, vicar of the parish, the correspondent



SHEPPERTON DEEP.

and friend of Erasmus, who is said to have resided here, for a time, before removing to the hospitable mansion of his generous patron, Sir Thomas More.

Shepperton is one of the favourite resorts of London anglers; the deeps are proverbial among the "gentle craft" for piscatorial triumphs; in truth, the quantities of the finny tribe *said* to have been captured in Hadley's-hole, where our brother anglers now appear busily engaged, surpass all bounds of calculation.

From Shepperton, by land or water, we are easily enabled to gain

CHERTSEY,

a market town in Surrey, twenty miles south-south-west from London. The parish is situated on the south-western side of the river Thames, and is bounded to the north by this river and Egham; by the same river and Weybridge parish on the east; by Chobham and Byfleet on the south; and by Thorpe and Chobham on the west. The country immediately adjoining the river is low and level, and is protected from inundations by an artificial mound or causeway, extending from Egham to Staines.

The town consists principally of two long and tolerably wide streets, intersecting at right angles; the houses, many of which are excellent, are chiefly of brick.

The manor of Chertsey was originally part and parcel of the endowment of the monastery; at the dissolution, in 1536, of the conventual establishments, the manor was seized by the Crown, and retained until a recent period, as part of the crown lands.

King James the First settled it on his eldest son, Prince Harry, and after his death granted it in trust, to Sir Francis Bacon and others, with other estates, for a term of ninety-nine years, for the use and benefit of his second son Charles, then Prince of Wales. Charles, soon after he succeeded to the crown, becoming distressed for money, it was proposed to the copyholders of this manor, that for the present payment of a given sum, their fines should be made certain, and they should be exempted in future from the payment of heriots.

Charles the Second settled this manor on his queen, Catherine of Braganza, who granted a lease of it to John Sayer, her Vice Chamberlain. The lease was for many years vested in the Bridgewater family, and the late Duke of Bridgewater enjoyed a lease of the manors of Chertsey and Hardwick, with the site of the same, and the demesne lands, for thirty-one years, expiring in 1810.

The late Duke of York was the last tenant under the Crown ; the manor, after the death of His Royal Highness, being disposed of with other lands of the Crown.

The Abbey of Chertsey is supposed to have been founded at a very remote period ; shortly after the conversion of the Saxons to Christianity. In the latter part of the ninth century, the kingdom being repeatedly invaded and devastated by the Danes, the convents in general were plundered and destroyed, and the abbey of Chertsey suffered in the common ruin. The abbot, a priest, and all the monks, ninety in number, were slaughtered ; the church and conventual buildings were burnt, and the surrounding territory laid waste. In the reign of Edgar the monastery was again restored, and continued to increase in wealth and importance until the dissolution.

The superior of the monastery was one of the mitred abbots, and was also a temporal baron ; from the nature of the tenure of his lands, the abbot was required to provide the services of three military knights ; in the reign of Edward the Second, the abbot of Chertsey, with other abbots, priors, and bishops, was summoned to attend the king at Berwick-upon-Tweed, by his military tenants and retainers, with horses and arms, in order to an expedition against the Scots.

The abbot enjoyed the right of free warren, and exclusive jurisdiction throughout the hundred, in civil matters ; he exercised the powers of sheriff within the hundred, making returns to all writs : there was also a coroner for the hundred, with exclusive jurisdiction.

Here, during the abbacy of John May, in 1471, the body of the unfortunate King Henry the Sixth—

Poor key-cold figure of a holy king,
Pale ashes of the House of Lancaster,

was brought for interment ; having been removed from Tower the morning after his death, and carried through the streets of the city to Blackfriars. There the body, according to Stow, barefaced and without a coffin, was put on board a boat, and rowed up the river to Chertsey Abbey, and there consigned to mother earth ; not as Grafton says, “without priest or clerk, torch or taper, singing or saying,” since an ancient record, or Issue Roll, of the eleventh year of Edward the Fourth, mentions sundry items of expenditure at the funeral of Henry, among which appear twenty shillings each, disbursed to the Carmelite Brethren, the Augustine Friars, the Friars Minors,

and the Friars Preachers, for obsequies and masses on the day of the burial of the king. In the second year of his reign, the body was disinterred, and removed to Windsor, by Richard the Third, in the second year of his reign.

The destruction of the material remains of this princely monastery seems to have been completed soon after its suppression. Aubrey says, nearly two centuries ago:—"Of this great abbey, scarce anything of the old building remains, except the out-walls above it; out of the ruins is built a fair house which is now in the possession of Sir Nicholas Carew, Master of the Buckhounds. The town is very low, *and the streets are all raised by the ruins of the Abbey.*"

Dr. Stukely describes, with the enthusiastic regret of an antiquary, the condition of the Abbey, nearly eighty years later, when the work of devastation was complete:—

"I went with eager steps to view the Abbey, or rather the site of the Abbey, for so complete a devastation I never saw; so inveterate a rage against even the least appearance of it, as if they meant to defeat even the inherent sanctity of the ground. Of that noble and splendid pile, which took up four acres of ground, and looked like a tower, nothing remains; scarcely a tittle of the outward wall of the precincture.

"The gardener carried me through a court on the right-hand side of the house, where, at the entrance of the kitchen-garden, stood the church of the Abbey, I doubt not splendid enough. The west front and steeple was by the door and outward wall, looking towards the town and entrance of the Abbey. The east end reached up to an artificial mound along the garden-wall. The mount and all the terraces of the pleasure-garden on the back front of the house are entirely made up of the sacred *rudera* and rubbish of continual devastations.

"Human bones of the abbots, monks, and great personages, who were buried in great numbers in the church and cloisters, which lay on the south side of the church, was spread thick all over the garden, which takes up the whole church and cloisters; so that one may pick up handfuls of bits of bones at a time everywhere among the garden-stuff. Foundations of the religious buildings have been dug up, carved stones, slender pillars of Sussex marble, monumental stones, effigies, crosses, inscriptions, everywhere; even beyond the terraces of the pleasure-garden.

"The domains of the Abbey extend all along upon the side of the river for

a long way, being a very fine meadow. They made a cut at the upper end of it; which, taking in the water of the river, when it approaches the Abbey, gains a fall sufficient for a water-mill, for the use of the Abbey and of the town.

“Here is a very large orchard; many and long canals, or fish-ponds; which, together with the great moat around the Abbey, and deriving its waters from the river, were well stocked with fish.

“I left the ruins of this place, which had been consecrated to religion ever since the sixth century, with a sigh for the loss of so much national magnificence and national history. Dreadful was that storm which spared not, at least, the churches, libraries, painted glass, monuments, manuscripts; that spared not a little out of the abundant spoil, to support them for the public honour and emolument.”

Even the Abbey House, erected from the materials of the conventual buildings, has been levelled with the dust, and the sole remains of Chertsey Monastery are a rude Gothic doorway, with a portion of adjoining boundary wall, and the side walls of a large barn.

Chertsey Church is a spacious and regular structure, in the decorated style of pointed architecture, consisting of a chancel, nave, and side aisles, and a tower containing six bells, one of which is conjectured to have belonged to the Abbey. The interior contains monuments to the memories of members of the Mawley family; there is also a tablet of black marble to record the memory of Laurence Tonson, a distinguished scholar in the time of Queen Elizabeth, by whose secretary, Walsingham, he was much employed in political matters. Tonson was professor of Hebrew at Geneva, and one of the earliest translators of the New Testament into the English language.

A cenotaph—a small oval of statuary marble, within a black marble frame—bears the following inscription:—

TO THE MEMORY OF THE BEST OF HUSBANDS AND THE MOST AMIABLE OF MEN,

CHARLES JAMES FOX,

WHO DIED SEPTEMBER 18TH, 1806, AGED 57, AND IS BURIED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY,

HIS AFFECTIONATE WIDOW PLACES THIS TABLET.

A patriot's even course he steer'd,
Midst faction's wildest storms unmoved;
By all who marked his mind, revered,
By all who knew his heart, beloved.

The grand attraction of Chertsey, however, to minds imbued with poetical associations, is the Porch House, or as it is now called, from respect to the memory of the poet, Cowley House, the seat of the Reverend John Crosby Clark, son of the late Richard Clark, sometime Lord Mayor of London, and many years Chamberlain of that city.

The Porch House, so called from a porch formerly projecting into the high road, together with the lease of a farm and lands producing about three



PORCH HOUSE, CHERTSEY.

hundred pounds a year, came into the possession of Cowley through the interest of Jermyn, Earl of St. Albans, and the Duke of Buckingham. The house, from its construction and general appearance, would appear to have been erected in the time of James the First; but many alterations, both in house and grounds, have been made by subsequent possessors. The porch, from the inconvenience it occasioned to wayfarers, was removed, and with it a tablet, upon which was affixed the epitaph written for himself by the poet, while residing here, and which has been exquisitely paraphrased by the worthy hand of Addison.

ABRAHAM COWLEY, born in 1618, was the posthumous son of a grocer, who resided in Chancery Lane, London. The infant was left to the care of a tender mother, who, struggling with difficulty to obtain for her son a literary education, had the happiness of living to see him, if not fortunate, at least eminent, and of receiving, in old age, his filial tenderness and duty, at once her happiness and reward.

Of his early flirtation with the Muses, and of the direction of his mind towards that "idle trade," which formed the business, pleasure, and pain of his future life, he gives an account in one of his prose essays.

"When I began to take pleasure in it (poetry), there was wont to lie in my mother's parlour, I know not by what accident (for she herself never in her life read any book but of devotion), but there was wont to lie Spenser's Works : this I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the stories of the knights, and giants, and monsters, which I found everywhere there (though my understanding had little to do with all this); and, by degrees, with the tinkling of the rhyme, and dance of the numbers; so that I think I had read him all over before I was twelve years old."



COWLEY

At Westminster School, "he lisped in numbers for the numbers came," and, while a schoolboy, published a small volume of poems : at this time, too, he wrote a pastoral comedy, called "Love's Riddle," which he afterwards published with a dedication to Sir Kenelm Digby, but without adding much to the reputation of the author. He also tried his hand at a comedy in Latin, entitled "Naufragium Jocularum," with no remarkable success.

When the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles the Second, passed through Cambridge to join the king at York, just before the commencement of the Civil War, he was entertained with a comedy called the "Guardian," of which the author says that it was neither made nor acted, but rough-drawn only, and repeated; for the haste was so great, that it could neither be revised or perfected by the author, nor learned without book by the actors, nor set forth in any measure tolerably by the officers of the college.

Cowley early began to taste the bitterness of life; the days that he fondly hoped to have passed in academic retirement were soon numbered, and immediately on taking his degree of master of arts, he was excluded from the University by the Parliamentary Visitors; he then removed to Oxford, where he published a satire, intituled the "Puritan and the Papist," which, having attracted the notice of the brave and accomplished Lord Falkland, would seem to have served as his letter of introduction to the court party.

When the surrender of Oxford made desperate the royal cause, Cowley followed the queen to Paris, where he became secretary to the Lord Jermyn afterwards Earl of St. Albans, being employed in various correspondence of confidence and importance, particularly in cyphering and decyphering the letters that passed to and fro between the king and queen, in which nearly all his time was fully, and, as the result afterwards proved, unprofitably employed.

"The Mistress" was the first poem from which the world augured the future eminence of our poet: of this work, in common with his other amorous ditties, Johnson says that they are written with exuberance of wit, and copiousness of learning: but, considered as the "verses of a lover, no man that has ever loved will much commend them. They are neither courtly nor pathetic, have neither gallantry nor fondness. His praises are too far-sought, and too hyperbolical either to express love, or to excite it; every stanza is crowded with darts and flames, with wounds and death, with mingled souls, and with broken hearts. Cowley's 'Mistress' has no power of seduction; she plays round the head, but reaches not the heart. Her beauty and absence, her kindness and cruelty, her disdain and inconstancy, produce no correspondence of emotion.

"His poetical account of the virtues of plants, and colours of flowers, is not perused with more sluggish frigidity. The compositions are such as might have been written for penance by a hermit, or for hire by a philosophical rhymers who had only heard of another sex; for they turn the mind only on the writer, whom, without thinking on a woman but as the subject for his task, we sometimes esteem as learned, and sometimes despise as trifling, always admire as ingenious, and always condemn as unnatural."

After a few years passed in Paris, Cowley was sent over to England, "that under pretence of privacy and retirement he might take occasion of giving notice of the posture of things in this nation." Soon after his arrival in London he was arrested by the then ruling powers, and having been put into prison, was not released until his friend Dr. Scarborough had become security for his appearance, to the amount of a thousand pounds. He, about this time, printed a collective edition of his poems, with a preface, in which he declares, "that his desire had been for some days past, and did still very vehemently continue, to retire himself to some of the American plantations, and to forsake this world for ever."

He procured the degree of doctor of physic at Oxford in 1657, but it does not appear that he ever practised physic, although evidently taking great pleasure in the study of the natural sciences connected with his profession, especially botany, of which his knowledge appears to have been applied to poetical uses, in his Latin work on flowers and plants. This book is divided into six parts, of which the first and second display the qualities of herbs, in elegiac verse; the third and fourth the beauties of flowers, in various measures; the fifth and sixth the uses of trees, in heroic numbers.

In that propitious year, when, as our poet said, "manna was showered upon all," the year of Restoration, Cowley, who had all his life been a confidential servant and retainer of the Court, not without reason expected his reward; the reward he received was to have his claims postponed, and himself neglected.

He had been promised, both by Charles the First and Charles the Second, the office of Master of the Savoy, but was disappointed in obtaining it, and vented querulous and unavailing remonstrances in rhyme, which procured for him the contempt of his enemies, and—harder fate—the pity of good-natured friends.

There was something peculiarly unfortunate in Cowley's career: the place upon which he had set his heart was refused him, through the ill offices, as one of his biographers has it, of some enemy to the Muses: and his play of the "Guardian," originally written to entertain Prince Charles, being afterwards produced upon the stage, with alterations, under the title of the "Cutter of Coleman Street," was popularly considered, notwithstanding the most solemn disclaimers of the author, as a satire on the Royalists.

The truth most probably was, that the people in whose service this amiable man had misspent his best years, were glad to fasten upon him the report of any delinquency that might relieve them from the inconvenience of rewarding his long and faithful services: as he evidently lacked that rude persistence of solicitation which might have quickened the gratitude of his patrons, he was thrown aside, like all the meaner tools of the great, when his services were no longer necessary, and when his presence would have been distasteful.

He was not, however, as we have seen, altogether forgotten: although he got no place for his services, while others, according to his biographer, "carried away all the places for their money," yet a slice of the crown lands,

sufficient for a decent maintenance, was bestowed upon him ; he obtained bread, although not buttered on both sides, and was not degraded, like Gay, into a gentleman-usher, or consigned, like Swift, to an honourable banishment. He pined, too, it appears by his own statement, for solitude and removal from the vice and hurry of courts and of the town, and with three hundred pounds a year, a good house, and great reputation, the solitude of twenty miles from town might very well be endured. Yet what enjoyment Cowley derived from his retreat may be best collected from the following letter :—

“ The first night that I came hither I caught so great a cold with a defluxion of rheum, as made me keep my chamber ten days. And, two after, had such a bruise on my ribs with a fall, that I am yet unable to move or turn myself in bed. This is my personal fortune here to begin with. And besides, I can get no money from my tenants, and have my meadows eaten up every night by cattle put in by my neighbours. What this signifies, or may come to in time, God knows ; if it be ominous, it can end in nothing but hanging. I do hope to recover my late hurt so much in a few days (though it be uncertain yet whether I shall ever recover it) as to walk about again. And then, methinks, you and I and the Dean might be very merry upon St. Anne’s hill. You might very conveniently come hither by way of Hampton town, lying there one night. I write this in pain, and can say no more. *Verbum sapienti.*”

Sprat informs us that the last illness of Cowley was owing to his having taken cold through staying too long among his labourers in the meadows ; but Spence asserts that his death was occasioned by a mere accident, whilst his great friend, Dean Sprat, was with him on a visit at Chertsey. They had been together to see a neighbour of Cowley’s ; who, according to the fashions of those times, made them too welcome. They did not set out for their walk home till it was too late, and had drunk so deep that they lay out in the fields all night. This gave Cowley the fever that carried him off. Pope, in his “ Windsor Forest,” pathetically laments his death.

“ O early lost ! What tears the river shed
When the sad pomp along his banks was led ;
His drooping swans on every note expire,
And on his willows hung each Muse’s lyre.
Since fate relentless stopp’d this heavenly voice,
No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice :
Who now shall charm the shades where Cowley strung
His living harp, and lofty Denham sung ?”

Denham, in a pompous and pedantic eulogy, in which he labours to

display the depth of his learning, rather than the worthiness of his subject, has a few good lines on "Mr. Abraham Cowley's death and burial among the ancient poets."

"Time, which made them their fame outlive,
To Cowley scarce did ripeness give.
Old mother-wit and nature gave
Shakspeare and Fletcher all they have :
In Spenser and in Jonson art
Of slower nature got the start ;
But both in him so equal are,
None knows which bears the happiest share.
To him no author was unknown,
Yet all he wrote was all his own ;
He melted not the ancient gold,
Nor, with Ben Jonson did make bold
To plunder all the Roman stores
Of poets and of orators.
Horace's wit and Virgil's state
He did not steal, but emulate ;
And, when he would like them appear,
Their garb, but not their clothes, did wear.
He, not from Rome alone, but Greece,
Like Jason, brought the Golden Fleece.
To him that language (though to none
Of th' others) as his own was known."

Among the natives of Chertsey we must not omit to enumerate Dr. Henry Hammond, a learned and eloquent divine, and a distinguished adherent of the fortunes of King Charles the First. As a scripture commentator he was celebrated, and his work on the "Reasonableness of Christianity" is still read with profit by many.

At ANNINGSLEY, near Chertsey, resided the eccentric Thomas Day, well-known by his boyish classic "Sandford and Merton," which he composed here. Mr. Day was a gentleman of independent fortune, and most amiable character ; he was among the first who employed his time and eloquence to further the abolition of the slave-trade : his views on the subject of education were based upon the idea of Rousseau, "That all the genuine worth of the human species is perverted by society ; and that children should be kept untainted with, and ignorant of, its vices, prejudices, and artificial manners : " which, in other words, means that youth should be rendered incapable of performing its duties in life, lest it should be tainted with the vices and temptations which must beset its thorny path, and which deprive virtue of all its honour, by secluding it from all its danger.

This absurd and ridiculous crotchet, however, occupied a great part of the life of this amiable man; among other wild schemes, he entertained the notion of educating for himself a wife.

When he became of age, Mr. Day commenced the execution of his project. Accompanied by his friend, Mr. Bicknell, he went to an establishment at Shrewsbury, connected with the Foundling Hospital, and from the orphan girls there assembled he selected two whom he thought fit subjects for his experiment. Previously to obtaining the custody of his pupils, he entered into a written engagement, guaranteed by Mr. Bicknell, that, within twelve months, he would resign one of them to a respectable mistress, as an apprentice, with a fee of one hundred pounds: and on her marriage, or commencing business for herself, he would give her the additional sum of four hundred pounds; and he further engaged, that he would honourably educate the one he should retain, in order to marry her at a proper age; or, if he should change his mind, he would allow her a competent support until she married, and then give her five hundred pounds as a dowry. The objects of Mr. Day's speculation were both twelve years of age; one, whom he called Lucretia, had a fair complexion, with light hair and eyes; the other was a brunette, with chesnut tresses, who was named Sabrina. He took these girls to France, without any English servant, in order that they might have no direct communication with any one but himself, nor obtain any knowledge but what he should impart. As might have been anticipated, they caused him abundance of inconvenience and vexation, increased in no small degree by their becoming infected with the small-pox: from which, however, they recovered without any injury to their features. The scheme ended in the disappointment of the projector. Lucretia, whom he first dismissed, was apprenticed to a milliner, and afterwards became the wife of a linendraper in London. Sabrina, after Mr. Day had relinquished his attempts to make her such a model of perfection as he required, (his idea of which included indomitable courage, and the difficult art of retaining secrets,) was placed at a boarding-school, at Sutton Coldfield, in Warwickshire, where during a residence of three years, she gained the esteem of all who knew her, and, strange to say, *was at length married to Mr. Bicknell.*

Poor Mr. Perfectibility Day, after educating a wife in this tedious and expensive manner, for his friend, and having been refused by some half-score of young ladies, to whom he successively made advances, was content, at last,

to wed a woman of this world, with whom he would seem to have lived in the usual alternations of conjugal strife and endearments.

As he had devoted his life to dreams of educational perfection, he found his death in carrying out his favourite theory ; imagining that the breaking-in of colts, as of children, was "a vicious artificial system," calculated to prevent the "moral excellences" of the quadruped from attaining their fullest development, he undertook to be his own horse-breaker, but, unfortunately, broke his neck in the experiment. Since then, children and colts are trained pretty much as they were before ; wives are no longer educated for friends who assist at their selection ; and the generality of mankind are content to take their spouses as they find them !

ST. ANNE'S HILL is a conspicuous eminence, about a mile westward from Chertsey ; on the south-eastern side of the hill is the former residence of the late Charles James Fox : the house, though plain and unadorned, is commodious, and the gardens are laid out with surpassing taste and elegance.

Charles James Fox was the second son of Henry, first Lord Holland of that family, and was born in 1748. He was educated at Eton, whence he removed to Hertford College, Oxford, where he had for his tutor Dr. Newcome, afterwards Archbishop of Armagh. In the *Musæ Etonienses*, some specimens of his poetry have been preserved ; but, although he displayed considerable taste in the composition of those trifles, his classical attainments are not acknowledged as remarkable.

That no time might be lost in bringing him into the arena of political life, Lord Holland procured for his gifted son a seat in Parliament for the borough of Medhurst, before he was of legal age, and two years after, he held office as one of the Lords of the Admiralty. His early predilections would seem to have been Tory ; he spoke and voted against Wilkes, and otherwise identified himself with the principles of the administration under which he held office. A quarrel with Lord North, supposed to have been in consequence of a difference of opinion as to the propriety of committing Woodfall the printer, led to his dismissal with very little ceremony ; and,—such is sometimes the source of public virtue,—we have hardly lost sight of the discarded placeman, "all tranquillity and smiles," before he reappears, "a patriot, bursting with heroic rage," on the opposition benches.

Instead of fitting out ships of war, in his capacity of a Lord of the Admiralty, we find that during the whole of the eventful contest with the

American colonies, he spoke and voted in direct opposition to the ministerial system, and in conjunction with Burke, Barré, Dunning, and other eminent leaders, displayed the highest talents both as a statesman and orator. At the general election in 1780, he became a candidate for the representation of Westminster, and succeeded, although opposed by the whole influence of the Crown: a circumstance that necessarily much increased his political importance.

On the dismissal of Lord North, and accession to power of the Marquis of Rockingham, Mr. Fox obtained the office of Secretary of State for foreign affairs, and a bright career of official life might have then been anticipated for him, had not the death of the Marquis of Rockingham, and the dissensions among his adherents, consequent upon that event, broke up the administration.

It would appear that Mr. Fox longed for the sweets of official life, otherwise we can hardly reconcile to the principles which he had so strenuously advocated, during the American war, his unexpected, and for his fame unhappy, coalition with his fallen foe, Lord North. Under this ill-assorted ministry, Mr. Fox held the office of Foreign Secretary. Whatever might have been his motives in uniting himself, and giving the benefit of his giant talents, to those he had denounced for years together, in the most eloquent and vehement language, as unfit to hold the reins of government, it is certain that it damaged the political reputation, not to speak of the mere popularity, of Mr. Fox. Notwithstanding his eloquent and ingenious defence of his conduct, in which he much insisted upon the doctrine that "measures not men" were to be considered, the men were deemed not fit to be trusted, and both the Crown and people joined in one universal expression of a desire to get rid of them. The India Bill offered an excellent opportunity, and the placemen patriots were dismissed with disgrace, to recommence, until the chance of another coalition, the war of antagonism to the next succeeding ministry. Upon this rock the political fortunes of Fox, as far as office was thenceforward concerned, were shipwrecked; a new star, that of Mr. Pitt, culminated and preserved its ascendancy, during a memorable, eventful period; in the election following the dismissal of the Coalition administration, Mr. Fox lost not less than seventy votes, and after an expensive and desperate contest, was with difficulty returned for Westminster.

Now began that brilliant career of opposition for which Fox seemed by

nature qualified, rather than for the heavy responsibilities and defensive tactics of office. While Fox, and Sheridan, and Burke had all the advantages of superior oratorical prowess, they never succeeded in weakening the array of votes marshalled upon the side of their great antagonist ; triumphs of talk were the only triumphs which they had to boast.

In 1788, Mr. Fox made an excursion on the Continent with the lady afterwards publicly acknowledged as his wife, and was proceeding to Italy, when he was recalled by the king's illness, and the necessity of constituting a Regency. The contest for the unrestricted right of the heir-apparent, which he warmly espoused, was marked by a great display of oratorical and logical ability on the part of the opposition ; but both in and out of Parliament the opinion of the majority justified the conduct of Pitt.

With his strenuous opposition to the wars against Spain and Russia, the popularity of Mr. Fox began to revive ; to which his Libel bill, regulating the right of juries in criminal prosecutions, and making them judges at once of the law and of the fact, not a little contributed.

The breaking out of the French Revolution was the signal for a breaking up of the hitherto compact party which regarded Fox as their great leader ; some espousing the principles—for the practice had not yet been developed, of that mighty political and moral earthquake ; and others, with Burke at their head, prophesying the horrors, political and social, to which that burst of popular fury would give rise. The torrent of eloquence and power in which Burke publicly renounced the friendship of Fox, upon the score of incompatible feelings upon this subject, is one of the most striking incidents in Parliamentary history.

The policy of the war which followed this event, Mr. Fox, in pursuance of his principles, announced at its commencement, strenuously opposed, and counselled peace on every opportunity ; which was at length, in 1801, concluded, with the cordial approbation of Fox, by Mr. Addington, afterwards Lord Sidmouth.

Yet strange to say, on the renewal of hostilities, he accepted office once again under the Grenville ministry, and became nearly as unpopular as he had been during his adherence to the memorable Coalition administration of Lord North.

But it was not fated for him to live to carry out his political views, through the medium of either official or opposition life : a free liver in his earlier years, and of social habits, he laid the foundation of a dropsy,

which carried him off, in the fifty-eighth year of his age, but a few months after the death of his rival, Pitt, near whose grave, in Westminster Abbey, Fox was interred.

It is impossible, within our limits, to enter into any detail of the characters that have been drawn of this distinguished man, and if it were possible, in a work of this sort it would be improper; tinged more or less, as all that has been written upon Fox must ever be, with the hues of party, it would be almost impossible to sum up without the appearance, at least, of throwing too much light or too much shadow on the picture.

It may be asserted without fear that he was a sincere and hearty friend to the principles of rational liberty, at the same time alloyed by great latitude on the subject of party and political expediency. His unhappy propensity to coalitions with men whose principles were opposed to his own, detracted mainly from his power or utility as a public man; he went a willing captive into the enemy's camp, and was then surprised to find himself powerless and disarmed; had he been able to have led his own party into power he had been truly great; but forming a hollow truce with the political enemies of a long life, he was a victim to his desire of coalescing with others, without the reputation of a martyr.

Of his oratory, the common consent would appear to be that it was powerful and argumentative, without being brilliant or seductive; of his speeches, when we have said that they were outpourings of the heart, expressed with honest fervour and blunt sincerity, we have said enough.

Of his social qualities and amiability in private life there is but one opinion; he had a happy temperament, no permanent bitterness found a place in his nature, and he was idolized in private by a large and powerful circle of attached friends.

As an author, Fox has no great claims upon the attention of posterity; during his life, with the exception of a few numbers of a paper called the "Englishman," he published nothing save a memorable "Letter to the Electors of Westminster," which had the fate of other temporary effusions of its kind, being soon forgotten. The "History of the early part of the reign of James the Second," which was intended to form a commencement of a history of the Revolution of 1668, a work expected with the most lively interest by the world, has hardly justified public expectation; and had it been heralded under the auspices of a meaner name, would probably have been considered a failure.

In his Memoirs of Mr. Fox, his private secretary, Trotter, who had an opportunity of visiting the place often during the life-time of his great friend, gives an account of St. Anne's Hill, as it then appeared, from which we extract the subjoined passage, together with his brief summary of the character of its own.

“St. Anne's Hill is delightfully situated, commanding a rich and extensive prospect. The house, which is embowered in trees, rests on the side of the hill, while the grounds decline gracefully to the grove which bounds the bottom. Some fine trees are grouped round the house, and three remarkably beautiful ones stand on the lawn, while a profusion of shrubs are distributed throughout with taste and judgment. Here Mr. Fox was the happy possessor of about thirty acres of land, and the inmate of a small but pleasant mansion. When I first visited St. Anne's Hill, the summer was not yet passed, and all the freshness of nature was upon that beautiful spot: its sloping glades were unparched by autumnal suns; the flowers and shrubs were redolent with sweets, and the full choir of birds, which burst from every tree and shady recess, filled the heart with gladness. The rich expanse of cultivated country, the meadows, corn, woods, villages, till the sight caught the far-distant smoke of London, composed the prospect; while the graceful Thames, winding beneath the hill, gave effect to all I saw.” In describing this place, it will be naturally expected that we should say something of the distinguished character who passed, during so many years of his life, every hour he could spare from his public duties at it. His superior talents, commanding eloquence, comprehensive mind, and great attainments, were so long, so continually, and so powerfully employed in the great concerns of his country, that no one can be a stranger to them. His private virtues, his social qualities, his winning manners, his undisguised heart, and his capacity for the endearments of friendship, all those who knew him in the privacy of life never lose the opportunity of recording.”

STAINES, called in ancient records *Stana*, from the Saxon word, *stana*, a stone, is a market town in the hundred of Spelthorne, sixteen miles from London. The parish is bounded by Stanwell on the north, by Ashford on the east, Laleham on the south, and the river Thames on the west.

The town, consisting of one principal street, is exceedingly neat, containing a number of excellent houses, and the air considered remarkably salubrious.

A little way above the bridge, near Colne Ditch, on the margin of the Thames, is the boundary stone, marking the limit of the jurisdiction of the



STAINES CHURCH.

City of London over the western portion of the river. On a moulding round the upper part of the stone, are inscribed the words, "God preserve the City of London, A.D. 1280."

The Court of Conservancy of the Thames, over which the Lord Mayor presides, has eight sittings every year, within the counties of Middlesex, Surrey, Kent, and Essex.

The city jurisdiction over the Thames extends from Yantlet Creek, in Kent, to this spot ; several attempts were made in former times to extend it to Oxford ; but in this the city did not succeed, and ancient custom has determined the limit before mentioned.

STANWELL, two miles from Staines, and fifteen from London, in Middlesex, is a parish of itself. Dugdale, who had the account from the lips of Thomas Lord Windsor, relates a curious anecdote of the forced exchange of this manor by the then lord, in consequence of an *invitation* of the Eighth Harry.

"The manor of Stanwell continued in the Windsor family till the year 1543, when King Henry the Eighth having been advised to dispose of the

monastic lands by gift or exchange to the principal nobility and gentry, thought fit to make an exchange of this sort with Andrews, Lord Windsor. To this purpose he sent a message that he would dine with him at Stanwell, where a magnificent entertainment was accordingly provided. The king then informed the owner *that he liked his place so well that he was determined to have it*, though not without a beneficial exchange.

Lord Windsor made answer that he hoped His Highness was not in earnest, since Stanwell had been the seat of his ancestors for so many generations. The king with a stern countenance replied, that it *must be*, commanding him, *on his allegiance*, to repair to the Attorney-General and settle the business without delay. The Attorney-General showed him a conveyance ready prepared, of Bordesley Abbey, in the county of Worcester, with all its lands and appurtenances, in exchange for the manor of Stanwell.

Being constrained, through dread of the king's displeasure, to accept of the exchange, he conveyed this manor to His Majesty, *being commanded to quit Stanwell immediately*, though he had laid in his Christmas provision for keeping his wonted hospitality there, saying that they should not find it *bare Stanwell*."

The manor was the property of the Knyvets; the Princess Mary, daughter of James the First, was placed under the tutelage of a member of this family, and died here. The manor was successively in the hands of the Carys, afterwards Lords Falkland, of the Earl of Dunmore, and of Sir William Gibbons.

All the above-named families, with others, have monuments in the parish church. On the north side of the chancel is an altar tomb, to the memory of Thomas Windsor, father of the Lord Windsor who was despoiled of his estate in the manner above mentioned.

Dr. Brown Ryves, vicar of this parish, author of the "*Mercurius Rusticus*," or an Account of the Sufferings of the Royalists, was deprived during the Civil War.

EXCURSION TO WINDSOR AND ITS VICINAGE

BY THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

RETURNING to town, we are at liberty, whenever time and opportunity serve, to make an excursion to Windsor and its enchanting vicinage, which, though not strictly forming part and pareel of the "Environs of London" topographically considered, have yet been so approximated by the power of steam as to form a legitimate object of our publication.

Continuing to adopt the natural order of our subjects, we will first take notice of the objects on and near the line of the Great Western Railway, now the usual means of communication with Windsor and its vicinage.

PADDINGTON, (where the traveller resigns himself to the locomotive agency of steam,) like Islington, and many other suburban villages, has now ceased to form part and parcel of our environs, being absorbed in the far-extending town.

In the churchyard lie interred Vivares the engraver, Nollekens the painter, and father of the celebrated sculptor; Dubourg, the Paganini of his day; Barret, the landscape painter; Merlin, the machinist; Banks, the well-known sculptor; the Earl of Shelburne, remiembered in the political world; Caleb Whitefoord, a wine-merchant and humourist, contributor to the "Foundling Hospital for Wit," and mentioned by Goldsmith in his poem of "Retaliation."

"Here Whitefoord reclines, and, deny it who can,
Though he merrily lived, he is now a *grave* man;
Rare compound of oddity, frolic, and fun,
Who relish'd a joke, and rejoiced in a pun;
Whose temper was generous, open, sincere—
A stranger to flattery, a stranger to fear;
Who scatter'd around wit and humour at will,
Whose daily bon-mots half a column might fill;
A Scotchman, from pride and from prejudice free;
A scholar, yet surely no pedant was he."

Paul Sandby, the painter in water-colours, is interred here, as also the Rev. Dr. Alexander Geddes, a bishop of the Roman Catholic persuasion, and a ripe scholar, upon whose tomb is the following extract from his works: "Christian

WINDSOR PARK AND VICINAGE



is my name, and Catholic my surname ; I grant that you are a Christian as well as I, and embrace you as my fellow disciple of Jesus ; and if you were not a disciple of Jesus, still I would embrace you as my fellow man." A life of this learned and liberal divine was published by the well-known Dr. John Mason Good.

At Paddington is a field, exchanged for a piece of ground, now Carnaby Market, which was given by one of the Lords Craven as a burying-place if ever London should again be desolated by the plague.

The manor of Paddington appertained by charter of King Edgar to Westminster Abbey, to which it was confirmed by the first and second Henries, and Stephen.

Walter, Abbot of Westminster, on hospitable thoughts intent, assigned the whole rents and profits of this manor for the celebration of the anniversary of his birth, in what he chose to call a *solemn* manner ; that is to say, a profusion of fine manchets, cakes, crumpets, cracknells, and wafers, with good ale in abundance, in the great tankard of twenty-two quarts ; there was, moreover, provision to be made honourably and in all abundance for the guests that should dine that day in the refectory, particularly for those of higher rank that should sit at the upper table : there was also abundant provision to be made for all comers in general, from the hour when the memorial of the anniversary was said, to the end of the following day, meat, drink, and provender of all sorts in abundance ; and no one either on foot or on horseback was to be denied admittance at the gates.

An extraordinary allowance was ordered to be made for the nuns at Kilbourn, who on that account were not to lose their ordinary provision. An allowance of a loaf each and a bottle of ale were to be given to three hundred poor ; five casks of the best beer were to be provided for this anniversary, and mead for the cup of charity.

This feasting was afterwards abolished, as Mr. Lysons observes, for obvious reasons,—since, if every abbot had appointed such an anniversary, it would have consumed the whole revenues of the convent.

Upon the dissolution of religious houses, the manor of Paddington formed part of the revenue of the Bishop of Westminster, and, on the abolition of that see, was given by King Edward the Sixth to Dr. Ridley, Bishop of London, and his successors.

The church, built at no great distance from the site of a former structure, which, being old and ruinous, was taken down, was consecrated in 1791 :

the design is Grecian, with a portico of the Doric order to the south, and a cupola at the top. The church is a curacy, or donative, in the Bishop of London's patronage, as lord of the manor, and was formerly a chapel of ease to St. Margaret, Westminster. In Bishop Aylmer's time, his enemies accused him of ordaining *his porter* to this curacy, which was not denied; and justified on the ground, that being a man of honest life and conversation, the bishop had ordained him to preach to a small congregation at Paddington, where commonly, on account of the meanness of the stipend, no preacher could be had.

The place of public execution, for many years, was in this parish, near where a stone marks the former site of Tyburn Gate, not far from the Oxford Street end of the Edgeware Road.

A little farther to the west is a cemetery, formerly belonging to the parish, but separated from it by an Act of Parliament, and annexed to that of St. George's, Hanover Square.

The only monument of general interest in the cemetery is that to the memory of Sterne.

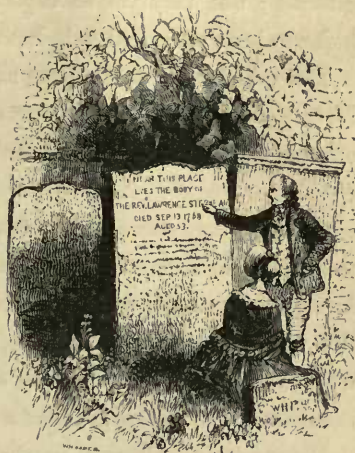
The inscription upon his tomb is as follows:—

ALAS, POOR YORICK!
NEAR TO THIS PLACE LIES THE BODY
OF
THE REVEREND LAWRENCE STERNE, A.M.
DIED SEPTEMBER 13TH, 1768,
Aged 53 YEARS.
AH! MOLLITER OSSA QUIESCANT.

If a sound head, warm heart, and humane breast,
Unstained worth, a soul without a stain—
If mental powers could ever justly claim
The well-won tribute of immortal fame,
STERNE was the man who, with gigantic stride,
Mow'd down luxurious follies far and wide.
Yet what though keenest knowledge of mankind
Unseal'd to him the springs that move the mind—
What did it boot him, ridiculed, abused,
By fools insulted, and by power accused?
Like him, mild reader, view the future state;
Like him despise what 'twere a sin to hate.

“ This monumental stone was erected to the memory of the deceased by his brother Masons; for although he did not live to be a member of the society, yet all his incomparable performances evidently prove him to have acted by rule and square; they rejoice in the opportunity of perpetuating his high and unimpeachable character to after ages.”

It would be difficult, if not impossible, to find an epitaph in worse taste than this upon poor Yorick: the closing couplet of the rhyme seems (if it has any meaning at all) a fling of some sceptic mason at our belief in the immortality of the soul; the technicality of the craft is ludicrously illustrated by their expressed conviction that the conduct of the subject of their panegyric was directed by *rule and square*, with which, as applied to men of life and conversation, Sterne was known to have had very little to do.



STERNE'S TOMB.

Not the least melancholy circumstance attending distinguished men is the frequently objectionable character of the memorials inscribed to their memory. Of this *post-mortem* impertinence we have many flippant examples, and this of the free-thinking Freemasons may be added to the melancholy catalogue.

Sterne deserves at our hands the exalted praise that must ever accompany the rare and wonderful faculty of originality in writing. We so ordinarily find habits of thought, manner, and style, copied by one man after another to successive generations—so much so that a principal employment of the critic consists, now-a-days, in grubbing up the roots of old ideas; we are so resigned, from usage, to men modelling their works upon the works of men who have gone before them, laying down for themselves a principle derived from some great exemplar in their art, and following him with a literary idolatry; we are so accustomed, now-a-days, to *schools* of writers, and to infant schools of their followers far behind, that we are wonderstruck when some one, more independent than the rest, instead of following the beaten road, and paying at every second mile-stone his turnpike of praise, takes his way across the country, making the path he does not find, and following only nature and his inclination.

This is the praise we must award to Sterne, that at the very time when the world was nauseated with maudlin sentimentality and long-winded

garrulity, he came forth, not merely with ideas altogether fresh, original, and glowing; but in style so captivating, yet so strange, that imitation has hitherto been vain, and only has exposed imitators to ridicule.

Instead of copying the great masters, Sterne copied their greater mistress, Nature; and instead of pictures finished down to tameness, he flung his studies from nature, with all their boldness of execution, upon an admiring world.

Great literary successes are reserved only for those who can give us something new, in a manner somewhat new; but so long as our students, whether in art or literature, will keep perpetually copying, in libraries and galleries, the works of the great masters, when they should be in the fields or the world copying nature and life, so long their hope must be vain of being numbered with the spirits that are immortal.

WESTBOURNE GREEN, in the parish of Paddington, was the estate of Ware, the architect, who leaving the aspiring, though unambitious employment of a chimney-sweeper, rose to some eminence in his new profession, and edited the works of Palladio.

At Westbourne Green was a small secluded cottage, a residence, for some years, of the inimitable Siddons. The late commander-in-chief of Her Majesty's land forces, General Lord Hill, resided occasionally here. Not many years ago this hamlet was remarkable for its seclusion, but the busy hum of men now environs it on all sides. Passing Westbourne Green, the view begins to open, and would be interesting, did the rapidity with which we are impelled along permit us to contemplate it. To the left, or Bayswater side of the road, is seen the Hippodrome, now about to be converted into sites for building; to the right, the frequent tombs of Kensall Green Cemetery. The Paddington Canal, joining the Grand Junction at Norwood, is at intervals visible. Passage-boats formerly plied in this canal as far as Uxbridge. This canal passes through the parishes of Paddington, parts of Chelsea and Kensington, Willesden, Twyford, the Hammersmith side of Fulham, Acton, Harrow, Perivale, Greenford, Northald and Hayes, to Wormwood, where it communicates with the Grand Junction Canal.

WORMWOOD, or WORMHOLT, SCRUBBS, an appendage to Fulham parish, is quickly traversed. Here are held frequent field-days of the Household Cavalry, and in the palmy days of the *fancy*, were many pugilistic encounters.

Wormwood Scrubbs is well known as an arena for giving and receiving satisfaction, in the manner prescribed by fashionable codes of honour.

EALING, which is our first station, is divided into Great and Little Ealing, and is a place of not much importance. Penruddock, who was executed for a rebellion in the west, during the Usurpation possessed this manor, as did also the unfortunate Edward Duke of Somerset. The celebrated Serjeant Maynard resided at Gunnersbury, a seat in this parish, alluded to in Lord Bath's little poem on Strawberry-Hill.

Sir William Trumbull, Secretary of State to William the Third, had a house in this neighbourhood called Hickee-upon-the-Heath, long afterwards the property of Mr. Spencer Perceval. On Castlebleare-Hill, commanding delightful views of the vale of Brent to the north, and that of Thames to the south and west, His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent had a villa, now pulled down. The brave Elliott, Lord Heathfield, whose portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds adorns the National Gallery, resided for some years on Castlebleare-Hill.

Oldmixon, author of a history of England, lies buried in Ealing Church. Robert Orme, the historian of Hindostan, is also interred here, and Serjeant Maynard, whose history is as singular and eventful as that of any man in the profession.

Serjeant Maynard lived in stirring times, and had a stirring part. He was born at Tavistock, in Devonshire, in the early part of the seventeenth century. After having taken his degree at Exeter College, Oxford, he entered at the Middle Temple, and was in due time called to the bar. He conducted the impeachment against the Earl of Strafford and Archbishop Laud; sat as one of the lay members in the Assembly of Divines; was called to the degree of Serjeant during the Usurpation; and was Protector's Serjeant both to Oliver Cromwell and his successor. During the life of the former, Maynard, for some opposition to the usurped power of the Protector, was committed to the Tower, but was soon released. After the Restoration he was knighted, and made King's Serjeant, declining a seat on the bench which had been offered him. He was employed also by James the Second, but warmly supported the proceedings in Parliament which ultimately led to the bringing in the Prince of Orange. Bishop Burnet tells an anecdote of him, that when he went with the procession to congratulate the Prince on his arrival, His Highness took notice of his great age, and added that he

must have outlived all the men of the law who had been his contemporaries ; to which the veteran courtier replied with much pertinency, that if His Royal Highness had not come over, he must have outlived the *law itself* !

When he had attained the advanced age of eighty-seven years, and for more than sixty had been a practitioner at the bar, he was appointed by King William one of the Lords Commissioners of the Great Seal in 1689, and died in the following year.

Maynard had the reputation of being an able advocate, and the best black-letter lawyer of his time. He was a man who looked at political events with a lawyer's eye, and whether on one side or the other, if he succeeded in getting the ear of the Court, and gaining his cause, the abstract justice of the cause would seem to have troubled him but little. The best proof of this is to be found in the fact that he was employed by all parties, and willing to be employed by all.

Acton lies a short distance south of the railway, between Wormwood Scrubbs and Ealing, on the Uxbridge road, and about four miles from Hyde Park Corner.

Acton is the ghost of a departed watering-place ; once a favourite of fashion, but now utterly deserted. " About half a mile from East Acton are three wells of mineral water springing out of a deep clay ; the water is clear, and rather of a bitter flavour, being impregnated chiefly with calcareous Glauber (sulphates of soda and lime) ; it is supposed to be more powerfully cathartic than any other in the kingdom of the same quality, except that of Cheltenham, which is considerably stronger, in the proportion of nearly three to two. The Acton Wells were in their glory about the middle of the last century. The assembly-room was then a place of fashionable resort, and the hamlets of Friar's Place and East Acton were filled with persons of all ranks, who came to reside there in the summer. The wells have long since lost their celebrity, fashion and novelty having given the preference to springs at a greater distance from the metropolis. The assembly-room was converted into a dwelling-house."

The migrations of the world of fashion from watering-place to watering-place would form a curious and amusing subject of inquiry. There would appear to be no reasonable motive for the desertion of one medicinal spring for another, if the mere curative effects of waters or baths were of much importance ; but the desertion of our suburban watering-places—Bagnigge

Wells, Dulwich Wells, Hampstead Springs, Acton Wells, Epsom, and others once much resorted to, would seem to have been consequent on the rapid extension of the town, and the too easy access of its miscellaneous population. While London was content to remain peacefully under the shelter of her own city walls, the watering-places we have named were sufficiently remote to be sufficiently exclusive, and while they so remained persons of quality remained also; but when, ambitious of extended empire, the town invaded the quiet precincts of the suburban districts, fashion fled to remoter seats, leaving the watering-places about town to those who needed no such excuses for dissipation of time and money.

The historical associations of Acton are few in number, and of no great interest. The Earl of Essex, Lord General of the Parliamentary Army, had his head-quarters here immediately previous to the actions of Brentford and Turnham-green. Cromwell, returning to London after the decisive battle of Worcester, was received at Acton by the political and civic authorities, and was complimented with a congratulatory speech by the recorder.

The manor of Acton has belonged to the see of London from time immemorial. Turnham-green, to which we have more particularly alluded in that part of our work describing objects of interest on or near the banks of the Thames, is within this parish.

The church contains monuments, to Catherine Viscountess Conway; to the wife of Major-General Skippon; a bust in white marble of Robert Adair, Surgeon-General to the Army, and of Lady Caroline Adair, his wife; and others of less note.

Francis Rous, Provost of Eton College, one of Cromwell's peers, and Speaker of the Little Parliament, died at his house at Acton, and was buried at Eton with great pomp and solemnity. His name and titles were erased from his monument by some zealous royalists. The *Mercurius Politicus*—the government organ of that day—gives a flattering account of his character, but, it must be confessed, very much in the strain of ordinary newspaper panegyric.

HANWELL, on the little river Brent, is our next station. Like the great majority of manors round London, Hanwell was church property, being given to Westminster Abbey by King Edgar, and confirmed by Edward the Confessor. Jonas Hanway, author of an *Essay on Tea*, a Journey from London to Portsmouth, and other small matters, but more worthily distin-

guished as a man of active benevolence, lies buried in the church of Hanwell.



HANWELL CHURCH.

That excellent institution, the Marine Society, owes its existence to the exertions of Mr. Hanway, whose life was one long-continued wish and exertion for the amelioration of the condition of his fellow-creatures. Hanwell boasts, moreover, a living philanthropist in the person of Dr. Connolly, director of the Asylum for Pauper Lunatics of the County of Middlesex, under whose care the system of personal restraint and coercion hitherto adopted towards those unfortunates has been abolished with triumphant success.

A short distance north of Hanwell, also on the Brent, is Greenford Magna, a little village about nine miles from Hyde Park Corner.

Edward Terry, who was presented to the vicarage in 1629, accompanied Sir Thomas Roe on his embassy to the Great Mogul, in the reign of James the First. An account of his voyage was published, abounding in interesting and curious observations. Mr. Terry was the author also of a Character of Charles the Second, and several sermons.

Greenford Parva, or Perivale, is bounded by Greenford Magna, Ealing, and Harrow, and is called by Norden, "Perivale, more truly Purevale," in allusion to the fertility of the valley in which it is situated.

Here lies buried Dr. Philip Fletcher, Dean of Kildare, brother of a bishop of that see; he was author of a poem called "Truth at Court," in which, if as Waller says, poets succeed better in fiction than in truth, Dr. Fletcher had ample scope for the imaginative faculty: to the Dean is attributed

another short poem, called "Nature and Fortune," printed in Dodsley's celebrated Collection.

SOUTHALL, a hamlet of the parish of Norwood, within the Earl of Jersey's manor of Hayes, is the next station, but contains nothing worthy of notice. The Queen's stag-hounds meet here usually once in the season, when the concourse of sportsmen from London is prodigious.

OSTERLEY PARK, between Southall and Hounslow, to the left, a magnificent seat of the Earl of Jersey, was enclosed by Sir Thomas Gresham.

"After Sir Thomas Gresham had enclosed the park at Osterley, he began to rebuild the manor-house, but it was not completed till the year 1577. Norden, whose Survey was first published in 1596 (the year in which Lady Gresham died), says, "Osterley, the house nowe of the Lady Gresham's, a faire and stately building of bricke, erected by Sir Thomas Gresham, knight, citizen and merchant adventurer of London. It standeth in a parke, by him also impaled, well wooded, and garnished with manie faire ponds, which afforded not only fish and fowle, as swanes and other wild fowle, but also great use for milles, as paper-milles, oyle-milles, and corn-milles, all of which are now decayed—a corn-mill excepted. In the same parke was a very faire heronry, for the increase and preservation whereof sundrie allurements were devised and set up, fallen all to ruine."

In the year 1578, Queen Elizabeth visited Osterley, where Sir Thomas Gresham entertained Her Majesty in a very magnificent manner. "The Devises of Warre," and a "Play at Asterly, her Highness being at Sir Thomas Gresham's," is the title of a pamphlet by Churchyard, not now known to be extant.

Fuller tells a story of the Queen's visit to Osterley, which, though well known, should not be omitted:—

Her Majesty having given it as her opinion that the court before the house would look better divided by a wall, Sir Thomas Gresham in the night sent for workmen to London, who so speedily and so silently performed their task that before morning the wall was finished, to the great surprise of the Queen and her courtiers; one of whom, however observed, that it was no wonder that he who could build a 'Change could so soon change a building.

Soon after Lady Gresham's death, Lord Chief Justice Coke, the Attorney-General, was an inhabitant of Osterley.

George Earl of Desmond, and his Countess, who was one of the coheirs to the estate, resided at Osterley several years. A remarkable story is told of this couple in the *Strafford Letters*, a book that abounds with curious anecdote :—"Young Desmond," says Mr. Gerrard, writing to Lord Wentworth, "who married one of the co-heirs of Sir Michael Stanhope, came one morning to York House, where his wife had long lived with the Duchess during his two years' absence beyond sea, and hurried her away, half undressed, much against her will, into a coach, and so carried her away into Leicestershire. At Brickhill he lodged, when she in the night put herself in milk-maid's clothes, and had like to make her escape, but was discovered. Madam Christian, whom your Lordship knows, said that my Lord of Desmond was the first that ever she heard of that ran away with his own wife." Lady Desmond's adventure was in 1635. It was about four years after that she and the Earl came to Osterley, where she bore him a numerous family. Sir William Waller, the celebrated Parliamentary General, a man whose integrity is said to have commanded the esteem of all parties, became an inhabitant of Osterley soon after the Desmond family quitted it, and continued there till his death, which happened in 1668. His daughter Anne was married in Osterley Chapel to Sir Philip Harcourt, ancestor of the present Lord Harcourt. Dr. Nicholas Barbon, a subsequent possessor of Osterley, and a great projector, published a treatise on the expediency of coining money lighter, in answer to Mr. Locke.

In the early part of the eighteenth century, Osterley became the property of Sir Francis Child, a citizen of great opulence and eminence. He represented the city of London in parliament, and was Lord Mayor, as was his son, Sir Francis.

Osterley House was rebuilt by Francis Child, Esq., about the year 1760. In the front, where was formerly a square court, is now a spacious portico supported by twelve columns of the Ionic order. The ancient ground-plan was for the most part preserved, and the turrets remain, having been newly cased. The house from east to west is one hundred and forty feet in length, and from north to south one hundred and seventeen. The inside, which is fitted up with taste and magnificence, was finished by the late Robert Child, Esq., who succeeded to his brother's estates. The staircase is ornamented with a fine painting, by Rubens, of the apotheosis of William the First, Prince of Orange, brought from Holland by Sir Francis Child. The most

remarkable of the rooms are, a noble gallery one hundred and thirty feet in length, containing a good collection of pictures by the old masters, and some valuable portraits ; the state bed-rooms,—very magnificently furnished ; and a drawing-room, hung with beautiful Gobelins tapestry. The library contains a large and valuable collection of books, of which there is a printed catalogue drawn up by Dr. Morell.

The house stands in the centre of a park containing about three hundred and fifty acres. In the garden was a menagerie, containing a large collection of rare birds, which were dispersed after the death of Lady Ducie.

Coloured prints of a hundred rare and curious birds from the Menagerie at Osterley, in two volumes, with descriptions, were published, in 1794, by William Hayes, of Southall.

At Smallberry-green, in Heston parish, Sir Joseph Banks, the celebrated circumnavigator and naturalist, had his residence.

HOUNSLOW, being in part a hamlet of Heston parish, may be noticed in this division of our subject. In a Parliamentary Survey, taken in 1650, the town of Hounslow is stated to have contained one hundred and twenty houses, most of them inns and ale-houses depending upon travellers. Here was formerly a priory, belonging to the brethren of the Holy Trinity, whose peculiar office it was to solicit alms from the faithful for the redemption of captives.

The only remaining part of the priory is the chapel, which contains a monument to the memory of Whitelock Bulstrode, to whose family appertained the manor of Hounslow.

Upon Hounslow Heath, once formidable to wayfarers, from the number of highwaymen who used to infest the place, there are traces, according to Doctor Stukely, of Roman encampments.

During several eventful periods in our history, the Heath has been occupied by armies: Fairfax's army was reviewed here. "There were present the Earls of Northumberland, Salisbury, and Kent ; Lord Grey of Wark, Lord Howard of Escrick, Wharton, Say and Sele, Mulgrave, and others ; the Speaker of the House of Commons, and about one hundred members. The general, accompanied by the said Lords and Commons, rode through the army from regiment to regiment, and were received with great acclamations."

Having viewed the army, they took leave of the general, and some went to the Earl of Northumberland's, at Syon, and others to the Lord Say and

Sele's, at Hanwell. After the review, the army was quartered at Hounslow and the surrounding villages.

In the year 1681, King James the Second encamped his army upon Hounslow Heath. Dalrymple, in his *Memoirs*, mentions King James's intended measure of establishing and regulating a perpetual encampment of twelve hundred men upon Hounslow Heath, as a means of rendering himself independent of his Parliament.

"He caressed," says Dalrymple, "his officers, he flattered his soldiers, and in the plenitude of his joy, he could not refrain from carrying the queen and princess to dine in the camp, and from descanting in his letters to the Prince of Orange on the beauty of his troops, not without a secret pleasure from the reflection that his exultation could give no pleasure to the prince."

CRANFORD is a short distance to the left of the line of railway, as we proceed from Hanwell to West Drayton; the church is about a mile north of the Bath road, and about thirteen miles from London.

The parish is bounded by Hayes and Norwood on the north; by Heston on the east; on the west by Harlington, and on the south by Bedfont.

Dr. Fuller, the historian, has a monument in the church of Cranford. The learned historian was son of the Reverend Thomas Fuller, of Aldwinckle, in Northamptonshire, at which place he was born in 1608. At twelve years of age he was sent to Queen's College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of Master of Arts. In 1631, being then of Sidney College, he published his first work, a poem of David's crime and repentance. Upon his entrance into holy orders, he became a very popular preacher. His first preferment was a prebend of Salisbury; he was presented to the rectory of Broad Windsor, in Dorsetshire, and was appointed lecturer at the Savoy. Having distinguished himself in the early part of the civil wars by the then ill-timed loyalty of his discourses, he found it expedient to quit London, and seek an asylum at Oxford, where the king then was. Soon after this he became chaplain to Lord Hopton, and was in Basingstoke during its first siege by Sir William Waller. The rectory of Waltham Abbey he afterwards obtained through the interest of the Earl of Carlisle, and soon after Lord Berkeley gave him that of Cranford,—his last preferment.

The principal works of Dr. Fuller are—the "*Worthies of England*," "*Church History*," "*History of the Holy War*," "*Pisgah Sight of Palestine*," "*Abel Redivivus*;" "*A History of Reformers, Bishops, and Martyrs*;"

“A History of the University of Cambridge,” and “A History of Waltham Abbey.”

Here also is a monument to the memory of Sir Charles Scarbrugh, or Scarborough; the inscription recites his titles as physician successively to Charles the Second and James the Second, and calls him another Hippocrates among British physicians, and among mathematicians a second Euclid.” Sir Charles published during his life a Treatise on Trigonometry, a Compendium of Lilly’s Grammar, and an Essay on Cowley.

WEST DRAYTON, the next station, is one of those places to which the stoppage of the railway trains alone gives importance. The river Colne—

“Colne, whose dark streams his flowery islands lave,”

divides the counties of Middlesex and Bucks, not far from Drayton.

North-east of Drayton lies Hayes, twelve miles from Hyde Park Corner. The name is probably derived from the Saxon, *Haeg*, a hedge; in the French, *Haye*. The manor-house at Hayes was the occasional residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury. In the year 1095, Archbishop Anselm, then at variance with William Rufus, was commanded to remove from Mortlake, where he was keeping the feast of Whitsuntide, to his manor of Hayes, that messages might more conveniently pass betwixt him and the king, who then kept his court at Windsor.

Robert Wright, presented to the vicarage of Hayes in 1601, was the first warden of Wadham College, Oxford, which situation he resigned because Dorothy Wadham would not suffer him to marry. Patrick Young, his successor, was esteemed one of the most elegant Greek scholars of his time, and was librarian to James the First and his successor.

A monument in Westminster Abbey perpetuates the memory of Dr. Triplet, one of the prebendaries of that church, who had for some time a school at Hayes. Anthony Wood calls him a great wit, a good Grecian and poet: he adds that several specimens of his poetry were extant in several books, and that he left many more in MS.

The church contains no monuments worthy remark, nor are there any historical records connected with Hayes of general interest.

To the left, about two miles south of Drayton, lies

COLNBROOK, partly in Middlesex, partly in Bucks, seventeen miles west from London, on the now comparatively deserted great western road,

a market-town, built between the four channels of the river Colne, over each of which it has a bridge. Camden is of opinion that Colnbrook was the Pontes of Antoninus; but other antiquarians differ as to the position of that station. Horsley places it at Old Windsor. The Colne, rising in Herts, falls into the Thames at Staines.

IVER, between Uxbridge and Colnbrook, to the north of the railway, is in the deanery of Burnham and hundred of Stoke, and is supposed to have derived its name from one Roger D'Iveri, who came over with William the Conqueror. It formerly enjoyed a market and two fairs, but latterly has sunk into complete insignificance. It was successively in the hands of the Doilleys, Crispins, and of Brien Fitz Count, the brave defender of Wallingford Castle, who, having taken upon him the vows of a religious order, lost his estates in consequence. King Edward the Third granted this manor to Simon de Beresford, and afterwards to Ralph Lord Neville. King Edward the Sixth gave it to the Lord Paget, in whose descendants it for some time continued.

The chief attraction in this part of our journey is Riching's Lodge, the property of the Sullivan family. Richings is well worthy the attention of the classical pilgrim who delights to tread whatever ground derives additional charms for its recorded associations.

In the year 1739 the estate was purchased from Lord Bathurst, the friend of Pope, (to whom that great poet dedicated his Epistle on the Use and Abuse of Riches,) by the then Earl of Hertford, who changed the name of the place to Percy Lodge. His Countess was, or affected to be thought, a woman of intellect and spirit, "whose practice it was," Dr. Johnson informs us, "to invite every summer some poet into the country, to hear her verses and assist her studies. This honour was one summer conferred upon Thomson, who took more delight in carousing with Lord Hertford than assisting her Ladyship's poetical operations, and *therefore never received another summons!*"

Thomson dedicated to this amiable lady his poem of Spring:—

" O Hertford, fitted or to shine in courts
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
With innocence and meditation join'd,
In soft assemblage ! listen to my song,
Which thy own season paints, when Nature all
Is blooming and benevolent, like thee."

A very pleasing poem by Shenstone, entitled "Rural Elegance," was suggested by a visit to Lady Hertford, afterwards Duchess of Somerset, at Richings:—

"Fatigued with form's oppressive laws,
 When Somerset avoids the great—
 When deafen'd by the loud acclaims
 Which genius graced with rank obtains—
 Ah! can she covet there to see
 The splendid slaves, the reptile race,
 That slight her merit, but adore her place?
 Far happier, if aright I deem,
 When from gay throngs and gilded spires
 Her philosophic step retires;
 While studious of the moral theme,
 She to some smooth sequester'd stream
 Likens the swain's inglorious day,
 Pleased from the flowery margin to survey
 How cool, serene, and clear the current glides away."

The correspondence between Henrietta Louisa, Countess of Pomfret, and this distinguished lady when Countess of Hertford, contains some letters of the latter descriptive of this place, and which, as they at the same time give an idea of the character of the writer, we think may be found worthy of perusal:—

"We have now taken a house just by Colnbrook. It belongs to my Lord Bathurst, and is what Mr. Pope calls in his letters his *extravagante bergerie*. The environs perfectly answer that title, and come nearer to my idea of a scene in Arcadia than any place I ever saw. The house is old, but convenient; and when you are got within the little paddock it stands in, you would believe yourself a hundred miles from London—which I think a great addition to its beauty. This paddock is about a mile and a half round, which is laid out in the manner of a French park, interspersed with woods and lawns. There is a canal in it about twelve hundred yards long, and proportionably broad, which has a stream constantly running through it, and is deep enough to carry a pleasure-boat. It is well stocked with carp and tench, and at its upper end is a greenhouse, containing a good collection of orange, myrtle, geranium, and oleander trees. This is a very agreeable room, either to drink tea, play at cards, or sit in with a book on a summer's evening.

"In one of the woods (through all which there are winding paths) there is a cave, which, though little more than a rude heap of stones, is not without

charms for me. A spring gushes out at the back of it, which falling into a basin, whose brim it overflows, passes along a channel in the pavement, where it loses itself. The entrance into this recess is overhung with periwinkle, and its top is shaded with beeches, large elms and birch. There are several covered benches, and little arbours, interwoven with lilacs, woodbines, seringas, and laurels, and seats under shady trees disposed all under the park. One great addition to the pleasure of living here is the gravelly soil, which, after a day of rain, if it holds up only for two or three hours, we may walk over without being wet through our shoes; and there is one gravel walk which encompasses the whole. We propose to make an improvement by adding to the present ground a little pasture farm which is just without the pale, because there is a very pretty brook of clear water which runs through the meadows to supply our canal, and whose course winds in such a manner that it is almost naturally a serpentine river.

“On the spot where the greenhouse stands, there was formerly a chapel dedicated to St. Leonard, who was certainly esteemed as a tutelar saint of Windsor Forest and its purlieus, for a place we left was originally a hermitage founded in honour of him. We have no relics of the Saint, but we have an old covered bench, with many remains of the wit of Lord Bathurst’s visitors, who inscribed verses upon it. Here is the writing of Addison, Pope, Prior, Congreve, Gay, and, what he esteemed no less, of several fine ladies. I cannot say that the verses answered my expectations from such authors; we have, however, all resolved to follow the fashion, and to add some of our own to the collections. That you may not be surprised at our courage for daring to write after such great names, I will transcribe one of the old ones which I think as good as any of them:

Who set the trees shall he remember
That is in haste to sell the timber;
What then shall of thy woods remain
Except the box that threw the main?

“There has been only one as yet added by our company, which is tolerably numerous at present. I scarcely know whether it is worth reading or not.

“There is one walk that I am extremely partial to, and which is rightly called the Abbey Walk, since it is composed of prodigiously high beech-trees, that form an arch through the whole length, exactly resembling a cloister. At the end is a statue, and about the middle a tolerably large circle,

with Windsor chairs round it; and I think for a person of a contemplative disposition, one would scarcely find a more venerable shade in any poetical description."

Delaford Park is another fine seat in this parish, formerly the seat of Lord Kilmorey, afterwards that of Mr. Clowes, who made considerable additions to the house, and embellished it with a circular portico of the Ionic order. The late Sir William Young, a great benefactor to the parish, built a bridge for the convenience of the villagers, and a poor-house, at his own expense, and in addition, was conspicuous for practical liberality and active benevolence. Having had occasion to dwell, in connexion with this spot, upon poets and their lady patronesses, who, whatever may be their unbounded theoretical philanthropy, are sometimes practically wrapped up in the unendearing delights of self, we should be to blame if we omitted to record the name of one who, unambitious of prosaic or poetic fame, is satisfied to solace himself with perhaps a more truly exalted ambition, that of being the benefactor of a lowly hamlet, and the friend of humble villagers.

At Shredding's Green, a hamlet of this parish, is Iver Grove, a brick mansion, built by Sir John Vanbrugh for the Dowager Lady Mohun, whose husband was killed, together with his antagonist, in a duel. The house is now in the occupation of the Lady Gambier.

Iver church, from its elevated situation a conspicuous object, contains a monument in memory of Sir George and Sir Edward Salter, successively carvers to King Charles the First, with the effigy of Lady Mary Salter, the wife of Sir George, rising from her coffin in a shroud. There is also a monument to the memory of John King, gentleman, who met his death from a shoemaker's awl struck into his forehead by a drunken kinsman.

There are also memorials of Alice Cutt, Richard Blunt, gentleman, Elizabeth his wife, and her father, Richard Ford; and also of Rauffe Aubrey, Cheyffe of the Kitchen to Prince Arthur.

LANGLEY is a scattered village, about two and a half miles to the north-west of Colnbrook, a part whereof is in this parish.

Langley has a parochial chapel, subject to the mother church of Wyrardsbury, in which are memorials to the family of Kedirminster, to whom a particular aisle, bearing their name, is appropriated.

The most remarkable curiosity connected with this church is a small library, consisting chiefly of books of divinity, left for public use by Sir John Kedirminster, with an express injunction that no book should ever be taken out of it.

Langley Park is a very noble seat in this parish. The house, a fine stone structure, was built by one of the Dukes of Marlborough, and was afterwards in the occupation of the Hawley family. The park is very delightful, shaded with trees of large growth, and adorned with a fine sheet of water, whose sloping banks are luxuriant with plantations. On the north side of the park is a large tract of ground, called the Black Park, from the number of fir-trees. Through this wood are cut some rides and walks, and in the centre is a considerable lake, gloomy and dark from the reflection in its waters of the funereal foliage which surrounds it.

HORTON, about a mile to the south of Colnbrook, is in the hundred of Stoke and deanery of Burnham. The manor was anciently in the Windsor family, who continued to possess it for several generations. The manor-house, which had been a large mansion, a seat of the Scawen family, was pulled down some years ago. In the parish church is a heavy monument, without any inscription, intended for some of the Scawen family, and a marble slab to the memory of the mother of Milton, who died in 1637.



HORTON CHURCH.

The interest of Horton is derived from the fact, that the then youthful poet passed some of his best and happiest years at this place.

Here much of that exquisite poetry which, as Johnson truly observes,

"all men read with pleasure," was composed; here was poured forth the plaintive melody of the "Lycidas;" here, wandering by smoothly-gliding waters, the divine bard, not yet winging an eagle flight, gave form and substance to thoughts less majestic, but, perhaps even more lovely than those of his later and drearier years, when "with danger and darkness compassed round," he sought refuge in the wilderness of London. Who does not love Horton and all about it, were it only that *there* the poet said—

"Alas ! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse ?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Næra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble minds)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days."

For ever sacred be the place that has part in the "Penseroso" and "L'Allegro," the "Comus" and the "Arcades;" for ever classic be its silent streams—for ever hallowed by the memory of the past, its sheltering groves!

Johnson informs us that when Milton left the University he returned to his father, then residing at Horton, in Buckinghamshire, with whom he lived *five years*, in which time he is said to have read all the Greek and Latin writers.

It is to be lamented that this mighty poet did not consecrate to everlasting fame, by one or two lines—enough from him—this quiet and secluded retreat—his study and nursery of thought; and that in all his works it is difficult, if not impossible, to identify any of the beautiful images he has drawn so largely from nature, with the spot whence many of them may have been derived.

Images drawn from nature are everywhere the same, and everywhere produce the same effect; yet we cannot help loving



MILTON'S PEAR-TREE.

the man who localises his images, and who makes classic by one touch the spot where they were gathered: we linger about such places, fondly and long, as if we might catch something of the inspiration of him who drew us thither, and in whose footsteps the poet lives again, not merely in the spirit but in the flesh, who has identified his haunts with his poesy: we converse with him when we wander among his native scenes, and we see, or think we see, a thousand beauties in those scenes he has "wedded to immortal verse," that, otherwise, we should never have beheld: why has not Milton confessed that, at Horton he gathered the sweetly pastoral imagery of his "L'Allegro," and that beneath his pear-tree, then bending under its overburthening store of fruit, now withered and naked, he—

" Heard the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;
Then to come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,—
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine :
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin—
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before ;
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill ;
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight ;
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the landscape round it measures ;
Russet lawns and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray ;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest ;

Meadows trim with daisies pied,
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide ;
Towers and battlements it sees



Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies
 The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.

How peculiarly English are the images contained in this exquisite poem ;
 how wondrously contrasted without apparent art, yet with what exquisite skill.

With the exception of the lines—

Mountains on whose barren breast
 The labouring clouds do often rest,

and which have no prototype in the landscapes around Horton, all else in the picture is of every-day familiarity ; and we cannot help fondly imagining, have been suggested by the solitary thoughtful rambles of Milton in this neighbourhood.

The house in which the poet resided has long since met with the common fate of most of the habitations of genius—it has been levelled with the ground. A dove-cot, said to have been contemporary with the mansion of Milton, remains : yet upon a careful inspection we cannot help thinking that it is of a later date.

Alas ! that we should ever have to lament that all that binds genius to earth, except the ethereal essence of its fame, should be continually desecrated and destroyed ; the legacies genius has bequeathed to us are spiritual, incorporeal, indestructible ; the gifts they are of gods, and eternal in their duration ; but how soon all that connects them with us as *men* crumbles from the surface of the earth ; their posterity too often die away in penury about the third or fourth generation ; their associates, peculiar tastes and habits of life, become conjectural ; a new proprietor pulls down the houses they have hallowed by their inhabitation—as if there was no need of more than their embodied thoughts and the immortal creations of their genius to preserve them for ever in our remembrance !

By this all-but sacrilege—this more than Vandalic lust of pulling down and annihilating the whereabouts of genius, genius itself loses nothing ; but how great the loss of those that love to trace its sacred footsteps !

From Horton, a short and pleasant walk brings us to WYRARDSBURY, pronounced Wraysbury, on the Middlesex bank of the river, and opposite the far-famed Runnymede. The chief point of interest at Wyrardsbury is Ankerwyke, the ancient seat of Mr. Harcourt.

The manor originally belonged to the Priory of Ankerwyke, in this parish, originally founded by Gilbert de Montfichet for Benedictine nuns, in honour of Mary Magdalen. After the Dissolution, this monastery was granted to Lord Windsor. Having soon after reverted to the Crown by exchange, the Priory was given by King Edward the Sixth to Sir Thomas Smith, the celebrated statesman, who resided at Ankerwyke. Ankerwyke Priory was afterwards for many years the seat of the Salter family, of whom it was purchased by the Lees. Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of John Lee, of Ankerwyke, was the second wife of Sir Philip Harcourt, ancestor of the present proprietor. There are no remains of the conventual buildings, which are described as wholly ruinous in the report of the Commissioners, in the reign of Henry the Eighth. Soon after the Dissolution, a mansion was built on the site, either by Lord Windsor or Sir Thomas Smith ; the hall of this

mansion still remains. Near the house is a remarkably large yew-tree, which at six feet from the ground measures thirty feet five inches in girth.

There is in this village a maypole, which on every May-day is decorated with boughs and garlands, surrounded by a merry crowd of dancers ; one of those old-world customs—ere relaxation and merriment were banished from the face of the country, and care and toil, and utilitarianism of all kinds, usurped their places.

In the parish of Wyrardsbury is Charter Island, whereon has been erected by Mr. Harcourt an exceedingly romantic little cottage, where is preserved the stone whereon, as tradition will have it, were signed the *Magna Charta* and the *Charta de Foresta*.

Here was that charter seal'd, wherein the crown
All marks of arbitrary power lays down ;
Tyrant and slave, those names of hate and fear,
The happier style of king and subject bear ;
Happy when both to the same centre move,
When kings give liberty, and subjects love.



CHARTER ISLAND.

Upon the level plain, called Runnymede, on the Surrey side of the river, nearly opposite Charter Island, the consent of King John to those great charters was extorted.

Akenside wrote the following inscription for a column to be placed upon this mead, in memory of the great event which perpetuates its interest in the memories of Englishmen.

INSCRIPTION FOR A COLUMN AT RUNNYMEDE.

Thou, who the verdant plain dost traverse here,
While Thames, among his willows, from thy trees
Retires—O stranger, stay thee, and the scene
Around contemplate well. This is the place
Where England's ancient barons, clad in arms,

And stern with conquest, from their tyrant king
 (Then render'd tame) did challenge and secure
 The charter of thy freedom ! Pass not on
 Till thou hast bless'd their memory, and paid
 Those thanks which God appointed, the reward
 Of public virtue ! And if chance thy home
 Salute thee with a father's honour'd name ;
 Go, call thy sons, instruct them what a debt
 They owe their ancestors ; and make them swear
 To pay it, by transmitting down entire
 Those sacred rights to which themselves were born.

Hard by Runnymede is

EGHAM, four miles distant from Windsor, and eighteen miles south-west from London. The village is of small extent, containing a neat alms-house, founded by Mr. Henry Strode, merchant, of London, for six men and six women, who must have been parishioners of Egham twenty years without having received any parochial relief.

Sir John Denham, father of the poet, Baron of the Exchequer in the reign of the first James and his successor, resided in this parish, and founded an almshouse here for six poor men and six women. In the church is a monument to the two wives of that eminent judge, one of them with an infant in her hand, and a curious monument of white marble, the lower division of it discovering an open coffin with several skeletons.

From Egham, a gentle ascent leads to the ever memorable Cooper's Hill, immortalised by the muse of Denham.

Sir John Denham was born at Dublin, in 1615, his father being then Lord Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer in Ireland. Having attended a grammar-school in London, he was, at the age of sixteen, elected a Gentleman Commoner of Trinity College, Oxford. There he was considered as a dreaming young man, given more to dice and cards than to study: he commenced Bachelor of Arts, and removed to Lincoln's-Inn with the intention of becoming a student of the law. He applied himself, however, more to the study of the doctrine of chances than to that of the law, and purchased his experience in that favourite branch of fashionable education at the price of several thousand pounds. His father being much grieved at the folly of his favourite son, severely reproved him, upon which the latter, to testify his repentance and publish his reformation, wrote an Essay upon Gaming; but on the death of his father, two years after, he returned, despite his essay, to his fascinating folly, and dissipated several thousand pounds that had been left him.

His first attempt to acquire a literary reputation was by the publication of a tragedy called the *Sophy*; a production so much admired, as to cause Denham's brother bard, Waller, to observe, that "the poet had broken out like the Irish rebellion, sixty thousand strong, when nobody suspected it."

At the commencement of the civil war he was appointed Governor of Farnham for the king, but disgusted with a military life, retired to Oxford, where he confirmed the hopes that had been entertained of his future eminence, by the publication of his master-piece, *Cooper's Hill*.

Of this work, Dr. Johnson observes, "that it confers upon Denham the rank and dignity of an original author. He seems to have been, at least among us, the author of a species of composition that may be denominated local poetry, of which the fundamental subject is some particular landscape, to be poetically described, with the addition of such embellishments as may be supplied by historical retrospection or incidental meditation.

"To trace a new scheme of poetry has in itself a very high claim to praise, and its praise is yet more when it is apparently copied by Pope and Garth; after whose names little will be gained by an enumeration of smaller poets that have left scarcely a corner of the island not dignified either by rhyme or blank verse.

"*Cooper's Hill*, if it be maliciously inspected, will not be found without its faults. The digressions are too long, the morality too frequent, and the sentiments sometimes such as will not bear a rigorous inquiry.

"The few verses, which, since Dryden has commended them, almost every writer for a century past has imitated, are generally known:

'O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme:
Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.'

"The lines are in themselves not perfect, for most of the words thus artfully opposed, are to be understood simply on one side of the comparison and metaphorically on the other; and if there be any language which does not express intellectual operations by material images, into that language they cannot be translated. But so much meaning is comprised in so few words; the particulars of resemblance are so perspicuously collected, and every mode of excellence separated from its adjacent fault by so nice a line of limitation; the different parts of the sentence are so accurately adjusted,

and the flow of the last couplet is so smooth and sweet, that the passage, however celebrated, has not been praised above its merit. It has beauty peculiar to itself, and must be numbered among those felicities which cannot be produced at will by wit and labour, but must arise unexpectedly in some hour propitious to poetry."

Denham was not permitted to enjoy his rising reputation in that poetic ease and vacuity of worldly care, which, had he been permitted to possess, would probably have enabled him to leave some more complete and finished example of his manly and resounding verse. He was entrusted with various delicate messages and negotiations, and was employed by the Royal family in carrying on their correspondence—a service, in those days, of no trivial delicacy and danger.

"He now resided in France, as one of the followers of the exiled king: and, to divert the melancholy of this condition, was sometimes enjoined by his master to write occasional verses: one of which amusements was probably his ode or song upon the Embassy to Poland, by which he and Lord Crofts procured a contribution of ten thousand pounds from the Scotch that wandered over that kingdom. Poland was at that time very much frequented by itinerant traders, who, in a country of very little commerce and of great extent, where every man resided on his own estate, contributed very much to the accommodations of life, by bringing to every man's house those little necessities, which it was very inconvenient to want, and very troublesome to fetch. I have formerly read, without much reflection, of the multitude of Scotchmen that travelled with their wares in Poland; and that their numbers were not small, the success of the negotiation gives sufficient evidence."

He returned to England in 1652; but how he employed himself till the Restoration does not appear: all that the gaming-table had spared of his estate having been sold, he found an asylum, for a time, with the Earl of Pembroke, a distinguished royalist.

At the Restoration, he was rewarded with the office of Surveyor of the King's Buildings, and dignified with the Order of the Bath.

About this time, Sir John Denham formed a second matrimonial connexion with the eldest daughter of Sir William Brooke, and niece of Digby, Earl of Bristol. This lady had attracted the notice of the Duke of York. Evelyn, in his Diary, mentions a visit to Hampton Court, where he saw much that he laments as melancholy evidences of the profligacy of the times,

and among other circumstances the Duke of York following my Lady Denham publicly up and down the drawing-room, as he says "like a dog."

She was about to be appointed Lady of the Bedchamber to the Duchess of York, when she was seized with sudden indisposition, conjectured to have been the result of poison administered in a cup of chocolate, and expired before she had completed her twenty-first year.

The circumstances attending the death of his wife affected Denham's intellect; but whether the frenzy that assailed him was the result of distress of mind or of conscience, there are very different and opposite opinions.

Recovering, he wrote his poem on the death of Cowley, whom he was fated not long to survive; for on the 19th of March, 1668, he was buried by his side.

But to return to the scene we are now contemplating, to which Denham gave, and from which he derived, an immortal fame.

Nowhere can be exceeded the magnificent expanse of view from the summit of the gentle hill, to whatever point of the compass we direct our eyes; far and widely extended is the various plain, meadows interspersed with corn-fields bending to the breeze; groves of the tall shady elm, and by the river side marshalled ranks of the spiral poplar: thousand hedge-rows of hawthorn, hazel, alder, through whose shade, half hidden and half shown, we catch glimpses of trim cottages, retired villages, and mansions of the great; the giant towers of imperial Windsor lift their battlemented heads like so many grim warriors, while the naiads of Thames playfully sport about their feet; in the remote distance dusky and dim as the clouds that that rest upon it, lies mighty London. Beauty, sublimity, art, nature, the near and the remote, the seen and the imagined, swell together on the enraptured soul; the mind in vain struggles to embrace the thousand associations, called up by what the eye catches in one moment. If there be any alloy in the gratification with which we behold the subject scenery of Cooper's Hill, it is only that we are unequal to the task of giving our sensations an adequate expression.

This the poet has accomplished for us, and we have no more to do than to gaze, and admire—to read and admire again. Well might the bard of Windsor Forest have exclaimed:—

Bear me, oh! bear me to sequester'd scenes,
To bowery mazes, and surrounding greens:

To Thames's banks, which fragrant breezes fill,
 Or where the Muses sport on Cooper's Hill :
 On Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths shall grow,
 While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow.

With what extreme accuracy of description the poet has embraced all
 beneath his ken ! Turning cityward,

Under his proud survey the city lies,
 And like a mist beneath a hill doth rise,
 Whose state and wealth, the business and the crowd,
 Seem, at this distance, but a darker cloud,
 And is to him, who rightly things esteems,
 No other in effect than what it seems :
 Where, with like haste, through several ways they run,
 Some to undo, and some to be undone.
 While luxury and wealth, like war and peace,
 Are each the other's ruin and increase ;
 As rivers lost in seas, some secret vein
 Thence reconveys, there to be lost again.
 Oh ! happiness of sweet retired content,
 At once to be secure and innocent.

Then, turning to the second great feature of the landscape, hear the
 poet—

Windsor the next (where Mars with Venus dwells,
 Beauty with Strength) above the valley swells
 Into my eye, and doth itself present
 With such an easy and unforced ascent,
 That no stupendous precipice denies
 Access, no horror turns away our eyes :
 But such a rise as doth at once invite
 A pleasure and a reverence from the sight.

Then, withdrawing the eye from the remote landscape, the poet finishes,
 with exquisite pencil, the foreground of his picture :—

My eye descending from the hill surveys
 Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays :
 Thames ! the most loved of all the ocean's sons
 By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
 Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
 Like mortal life to meet eternity ;
 Though with those streams he no resemblance hold
 Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold ;
 His genuine and less guilty wealth to explore,
 Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
 O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
 And hatches plenty for the ensuing spring ;
 Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
 Like mothers which their infants overlay ;

Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
 Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
 No unexpected inundations spoil
 The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's toil,
 But, godlike, his unwearied bounty flows ;
 First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
 Nor are his blessings to his banks confined,
 But free and common as the sea or wind.
 Then, he to boast, or to disperse his stores,
 Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
 Visits the world, and in his flying Towers
 Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours ;
 Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
 Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants.
 So that to us no thing, no place is strange,
 While his broad bosom is the world's exchange.

Having now embraced the greater portion of the vicinage of Windsor to the south and east, retracing our steps to Colnbrook, we again resume our route to

SLOUGH, only distinguished as having been the residence of the celebrated Herschel ; here several discoveries were made by that astronomer, with the assistance of his forty-foot telescope, measuring nearly five feet across, and reflecting the light from a concave polished mirror five feet in diameter. The mechanism of this wondrous instrument, as well as of the subordinate machinery by which it was elevated, depressed, and turned upon its axis, has been greatly admired, and is detailed at length in the *Philosophical Transactions*.

The usual route of the tourist, leaving the railway at Slough, is now to Windsor Castle, but we must crave his pardon if we detain him from that wondrous pile, only so long as we may embrace the delightful vicinage, to the north and west of Windsor, than which there is no scenery more richly endowed with natural beauty, nor hallowed by associations of higher interest.

STOKE POGES is nearly two miles north-west from Slough, six miles north-west of Colnbrook, and four from Windsor. The present name of the place is derived from the fact of Amicia de Stoke bringing the manor in marriage to Robert Poges, one of the knights of the shire in the twelfth century. His grand-daughter and heiress, Egidia, marrying Sir John Molyns, treasurer of the chamber to King Edward the Third, the estate came into possession of that family. Sir John had a licence from the king to fortify and embattle a mansion here. From Sir John Molyns this manor

descended by female heirs to the families of Huntingdon and Hastings. Henry Hastings, Earl of Huntingdon, rebuilt the manor-house in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The estate was soon after seized by the crown for a debt.

Sir Edward Coke, attorney-general in the beginning of the seventeenth century, entertained Queen Elizabeth very sumptuously at this place, presenting her majesty with jewels to the value of a thousand or twelve hundred pounds. Twenty-four years later, this celebrated lawyer being out of favour with the crown, and having quitted his high station, was obliged, very much against his will, to serve the office of sheriff for the county, and it was thought by his friends a great degradation that he who had filled one of the highest situations on the Bench should attend on the judges at the assizes. Sir John Villiers, eldest brother of the Duke of Buckingham, married Sir Edward Coke's only daughter; and this manor (then held by lease) having been settled on him at the time of his marriage, he was, in 1619, created a peer by the title of Baron Villiers, of Stoke Poges, and Viscount Purbeck. Lord Purbeck succeeded to the estate after the death of Sir Edward Coke. The house was settled on his lady, who was relict of Sir William Hatton. There appears to have been but little harmony between them; during the latter part of their lives they lived separately; and so eager was she to take possession, that upon a premature report of his death, we are told she hastened down with her brother, Lord Wimbledon, for that purpose; but meeting his physician near Colnbrook, and hearing from him tidings of her husband's amendment, she returned, much disappointed, to London. This great man seems to have been peculiarly unfortunate towards the close of his life, and to have suffered much from domestic affliction, his only daughter, Lady Purbeck, eloping from her husband with Sir Robert Howard. Lady Purbeck was sentenced by the High Commission Court to do penance in a white sheet at the Savoy church; she escaped this sentence by flight, but it hung over her for a long time. The year after her father's death, she and Sir Robert Howard were taken into custody, and committed to different prisons—she to the Gate-house, and Sir Robert to the Fleet, where he suffered a tedious imprisonment. Lady Purbeck escaped from prison disguised in male apparel, and got over to France. The government demanded her from that Court, but whether she was given up, or returned and submitted to the sentence, is not known. It is certain that, some years after—

wards, she was in England cohabiting with Sir Robert Howard, was with him in the king's garrison at Oxford, died there, and was buried in St. Mary's Church.

The life of Sir Edward Coke was singularly eventful, and we can find no better opportunity of recording a few particulars of his professional career than now, when we are describing a place with which he was so long and so intimately connected.

Edward Coke was the son of Robert Coke, a gentleman of good family at Mitcham, in Norfolk. He received his rudimentary education at the Free School of Norwich, whence he was removed to Trinity College, Cambridge. From the University he went to London, where he was entered of the Middle Temple, and became soon noted for his talents and diligence. His practice rapidly increased from the time of his being called to the bar, and his lectures, as law reader of Lyon's Inn, were fully attended. He now anticipated fame and fortune, by a marriage with a co-heiress of the Paxton family, and thus to talent and diligence superadded influential connexions and pecuniary independence—a combination of concurring favourable circumstances with which few men can fail in the struggle for name or station.

In that memorable year, the thirty-fifth of Elizabeth, he first sat in Parliament for his native county, and became, as Speaker of the House of Commons, by right of office the first among the gentry of his country.

In 1592 he was appointed Solicitor and soon after Attorney General; he was foremost in the conduct of the multitude of Crown prosecutions of those times, and infamously distinguished himself by the asperity and want of decency with which he treated the unfortunate Earl of Essex. Soon after the accession of James the First, he received the honour of knighthood. His gratitude for this new distinction was publicly displayed in his ungenerous conduct towards the unfortunate Sir Walter Raleigh; the contrast upon the trial of that distinguished man, between the bullying insolence of the Crown lawyer, and the patient yet not unresisting demeanour of the gallant and accomplished prisoner, is one of the most pathetic passages of real life. The clearness and sagacity with which he conducted the evidence against the traitors of the Gunpowder Plot, procured for him the important situation of Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, from which he was removed to the still more elevated station of Lord Chief Justice of England.

His hitherto uninterrupted career of professional prosperity now began to darken: more a lawyer than a courtier, or rather altogether a lawyer and no courtier, his literal expositions of the law were in many instances in opposition to the exaggerated views of that day on the ticklish subject of royal prerogative; his temper was very bad, his bearing offensive, and there was, notwithstanding all his faults, a certain surly integrity, when matter of law was in question, which would not permit him to wrest that law to any other than strictly legal authority. The zeal which he displayed, imprudently as regarded his own interest, in the affair of the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, and his prosecution of Somerset and his countess for that crime, made him many enemies; nor did a quarrel with his great rival, Lord Bacon, not less learned and much less scrupulous, at all decrease the disfavour in which he now began to be regarded by the Court. Coke, too, had no taste for the comburation of schismatics and witches—a too frequent occurrence in the reign of the First James: we find Archbishop Abbot writing to the Lord Ellesmere, Chancellor of England, touching the execution of “two blasphemous heretiques,” and expressly approving of the exclusion of Coke from all consideration of the legality or illegality of the punishment proposed for the delinquents, saying, “His Majestic did think the judges of the Kinge’s Benche to be fittest to deal withall in this argument, as unto whom the knowledge of causes capital doth most ordinarlie appertain; and as I conceived his Highnesse did not much desire that the Lord Coke should be called thereunto, lest by his singularitie in opinion he should give staye to the businesse.” And again, in another letter, Abbot, in a second epistle to the Chancellor, on the fire and faggot business, further states, “Mr. Justice Williams was with me the other day, who maketh no doubt but that the law is cleere to burn them (the heretiques). Hee told mee also of his utter dislike of all the Lord Coke his courses, and that himself and Baron Altham did once very roundly let the Lord Coke know their minde, that he was not such a minister of the law as he did take on him, to deliver what he list for law, and to despise all other. I find the Kinge’s attorney and solicitor to be thoroughly resolved in this present businesse (combustion of the heretiques).”

It is no small praise that Coke, with all his professional coarseness and severity, had the germs of honest principles within him, when we find him thus excluded from the counsels in such matters of King James and Archbishop Abbot, and snarled at by a pair of self-seeking lawyers,

like Mr. Baron Altham, and Mr. Justice Williams. His refusal to assist Villiers, one of the Royal favourites, with some pecuniary accommodation was another crime against the King, this, however, Coke attempted to atone for by marrying his youngest daughter to the elder brother of Villiers, giving with her a large fortune; the result was his restoration to favour, and his re-appointment to the Privy Council, where he once again disgraced himself by his active participation in the prosecutions for public malversation, and other crimes real and supposed, instituted for the purpose of replenishing an exhausted treasury by the imposition of fines upon those who were able or supposed to be able to bear them. Notwithstanding his criminal compliance in this matter, he supported the privileges of the Commons with great obstinacy and determination; for which, in the usual high strain of his Royal Master, he was committed to the Tower, and deprived of his seat at the Board of the Privy Council.

His talents as a popular member of parliament being found, by experience, dangerous, he was nominated sheriff of Buckinghamshire, on the accession of Charles the First, for the express purpose of keeping him out of the house; but having been soon after elected, he made himself exceedingly obnoxious to the crown, putting himself forward as the advocate of popular rights against the strained prerogative attempted to be usurped by the king; he greatly distinguished himself by his speeches for the redress of public grievances; vindicated the rights of the Commons to proceed against any public officer, however exalted; and finally ended the patriotic portion of his public life by framing and proposing the Petition of Rights, the most explicit declaration of the interests, rights, and privileges of Englishmen, that had till then been promulgated.

The dissolution of parliament, which soon followed, sent him to his retirement here, where he spent the remainder of his life in tranquillity, and died in the eighty-seventh year of his age.

The study of the law, according to the way in which it is cultivated, has a tendency either to give large and liberal views, or to narrow and contract the mind of the student to a mere registry-office of points, cases, and technicalities.

A more liberalising study, if we may use such a term, than the study of great principles of law, or one more calculated to bring the mind into robust and athletic condition, is not within the circle of the sciences; it is

dignified by its constant application to the great business of life, and is, or ought to be, as much the study of the monarch and the statesman as of the lawyer. But application to the petty details, technicalities, the quirks, quilllets, and parchment clippings of the law, has a decidedly opposite tendency; narrowing the mind, and hardening the heart, you may look in vain from lawyers of this illiberal class for anything above or beyond their trade; they are as far below the truly great lawyer as the apothecary is below the physiologist: the one sees in every case that comes under his notice merely something that requires doctoring or remedying; the other beholds a corollary from some or other of the great principles of law or of life, with which the synthetic faculty of his mind has enabled him to become familiar.

Coke was a lawyer, not of the synthetic but of the analytic class; it was not his to build up a fair and stately edifice of great principles, a task reserved for such an architect as Blackstone—his was the task to pull down heaps of old rubbish, and, labourer like, painfully to detach brick from brick, stone from stone, and lay them in decently-ordered heaps where those who wanted them might know where to find them.

The chief interest of this place, however, would seem to have concentrated itself upon the associations connected with Gray and his poetry; and as all that relates to such a man, whether of his life or works, is worthy our reverential admiration, we now proceed to recall such particulars of the former and the latter as may serve to instruct and amuse us while loitering in this the favourite haunt of that exquisite poet.

Thomas Gray was the fifth child of Mr. Philip Gray, a money scrivener in London. Of his ancestry little was known, except that it is said that he had a right acknowledged by the Lord Gray to bear the arms of that noble house; whether or no this supposed right implied any consanguinity, or whether it was only one of the many attempts made by vain persons in humble condition to connect themselves anyhow with the great, cannot now be known, and is of no consequence to know. Gray was a man who had no need of the escutcheon of another to blazon his good name; and as for his father, he appears to have been a person who, by no



GRAY.

imaginations of heraldry, nor force of *arms*, could be other than he was—a low ignorant wretch, cruel to his wife, and neglectful of his child.

The wife of Philip Gray was one Dorothy Antrobus, in every respect a woman favourably contrasted in character with her husband. She was the mother of twelve children, but of these, only the subject of our memoir survived the period of infancy.

He was born in Cornhill, on the 26th of December, 1716, and at a very early age was narrowly rescued from the fatal disorder which had carried off his brothers and sisters: this was suffocation arising from fullness of blood, to which our future bard would certainly have fallen a victim, had not his mother, forgetting the natural weakness of her sex, boldly opened a vein with her own hand, and relieved him from the paroxysm. This instance of maternal tenderness and devotion bound the son with more than filial tenderness to his admirable mother—not only his parent but protectress—one who not merely gave him life, but preserved the life she gave.

In a curious paper, rescued from obscurity by a friend of the late Sir Egerton Brydges, and quoted in Mitford's *Life of Gray*, we find an account of the difficulties with which the mother of Gray had to contend in her exertions to give her only son a gentlemanly education.

The document in question is a case, submitted by Dorothy Gray to the opinion of an eminent civilian in 1735, in which the poor woman, after reciting "that at the time of her marriage she was partner with her sister Mary Antrobus, and that her intended husband entered into articles of agreement, securing to her the stock in trade and profits, notwithstanding her marriage," goes on to state the following melancholy facts:—

"That in pursuance of the said articles, the said Mary, with the assistance of the said Dorothy her sister, hath carried on the said trade for near thirty years, with tolerable success for the said Dorothy. That she hath been no charge to the said Philip, and during all the said time hath not only found herself in all manner of apparel, but also for all her children, to the number of twelve, and most of the furniture of *his* house, and paying forty pounds a year for *his* shop, *almost providing everything for her son whilst at Eton School, and now he is at Peter House, at Cambridge.* Notwithstanding which, almost ever since he hath been married, he hath used her in the most inhuman manner, by beating, kicking, punching, and with the most vile and abusive language; that she hath been in the utmost fear

and danger of her life, and hath been obliged this last year to quit his bed and lie with her sister. *This she was resolved if possible to bear; not to leave her shop of trade for the sake of her son, to be able to assist in the maintenance of him at the University, since his father won't.*

“There is no cause for this usage, unless it be an unhappy jealousy of all mankind in general, her own brother not excepted; but no woman deserves or hath maintained a more virtuous character: or it is presumed if he can make her sister leave off trade, he thinks he can then come into his wife’s money, but the articles are too secure for his vile purposes.

“He *daily* threatens he will pursue her with all the vengeance possible, *and will ruin himself to undo her and her only son*, in order to which he hath given warning to her sister to quit his shop, where they have carried on their trade so successfully, which will be almost their ruin: but he insists she shall go at Midsummer next: and the said Dorothy, his wife, in necessity must be forced to go along with her, to some other house and shop, to be assisting to her said sister in the said trade, for *her own and son’s support.*”

So much for the *respectable* scrivener, as Mason calls him, who thought himself entitled to the armorial ensigns of the Lord Gray!

There is nothing, perhaps, in which the loveliness of the character of a mother is more lovely than in the desire that her son should make a creditable figure in life; it is a pride which we cannot help regarding with indulgence at least, if not with pleasure; it is a vanity akin to virtue. But when insult, unkindness, personal violence, and every sort of outrage, proceeding from the father of that child, are heaped upon the head of that mother, how much must we not admire the patient endurance, the long-suffering vitality of that smouldering spark of motherly vanity, which more and more enkindled with the object at once of her affection and ambition.

In her praiseworthy struggles to educate her son, Mrs. Gray found some assistance from her brother, who was at that time assistant master at Eton, and Fellow of Pembroke College, Cambridge, where our poet was admitted a pensioner in his nineteenth year.

The friendship which he had commenced with Horace Walpole, Richard West, and others, he endeavoured to preserve while at the University: like most men imbued with the poetic temperament, he loved to lean his spirit against the spirit of a friend: few have ever so exquisitely lamented such

a loss, and few ever felt more acutely the loss he so feelingly deplored. Richard West, the friend to whom we allude, was the son of a Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, uncle of the poet Glover, and the presumptive author of a tragedy called "Hecuba." A portrait of this gentleman adorns the Hall of the Inner Temple. "In him Gray met with one who, from the goodness of his heart, the sincerity of his friendship, and the excellent cultivation of his mind, was worthy of his warmest attachment. The purity of taste indeed, as well as the proficiency in literature, which the letters of West display, were remarkable at his age; and his studies and pensive habits of mind, his uncertain health, and his early and untimely death, have all contributed to throw a melancholy grace over the short and interesting narrative of his life. With him, for a period of eight years, Gray enjoyed what the moralist calls the most virtuous as well as the happiest of all attachments—the wise security of friendship. Latterly when West's health was declining, and his prospects in life seemed clouded and uncertain, Gray's friendship was affectionate and anxious, and only terminated by the early death of his friend, in his twenty-sixth year."

During the four years he resided at Cambridge, Mr. Gray composed some Latin verses on the Marriage of the Prince of Wales, and at the request of his college, wrote the lines entitled "Luna Habitabilis." He also employed himself upon a translation of Statius, a Latin version of the Pastor Fido, and an English translation of part of the fourteenth canto of Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata*, and some trivial pieces.

After quitting the University Gray resided for some time at his father's house, and would appear, about this time, to have turned his attention to the profession of the law. From this design he was for the present diverted, by an invitation from Mr. Horace Walpole to accompany him in his travels on the Continent, to which he acceded, and the friends took their departure together.

His delightful letters to his family, and to his friend West, give sufficient evidence that he travelled with a right spirit, a judicious taste, liberal sentiments, and an educated mind.

In our notice of the life of Mr. Walpole we took occasion to mention his version of the circumstance that induced his separation from Gray, but there is another account of the quarrel extant, given on the authority of Mr. Isaac Reed; in whose handwriting, in Wakefield's *Life of Gray*, is the following note:—

“Mr. Roberts, of the Pell Office, who was likely to be well informed, told me, at Mr. Deacon’s, that the quarrel between Gray and Walpole was occasioned by a suspicion Mr. Walpole entertained that Mr. Gray had spoken ill of him to some friends in England. To ascertain this he clandestinely opened a letter and resealed it, which Mr. Gray, with great propriety, resented; there seems to have been but little cordiality afterwards between them.”

Leaving his late companion at Reggio, Gray went immediately to Venice, returning through Padua and Milan; on his way home he visited, a second time, the Grand Chartreuse, and in the visitors’ book of the brethren there penned his *Alcaic Ode*, of which there is a translation in Heron’s “*Letters of Literature*.”

Two months after the return of Gray to England his father died, and his mother, with a small fortune, which her husband’s bad conduct and extravagance had materially impaired, retired, together with a maiden sister, to the house of Mrs. Rogers, another sister, at Stoke; and thenceforward our poet seems to have had no other aim in life than that of comforting the declining years of his surviving parent.

The intention of pursuing the profession of the law, from which Gray had been diverted by the invitation of Mr. Walpole, was now finally laid aside, in consequence of the smallness of his fortune, insufficient as he deemed it to enable him to sustain the long years of enforced obscurity which he must have endured, before he should attain sufficient notice to enable him to depend upon his professional resources.

Yet he was forced (in deference to the wishes of his excellent mother, who had no wish that her gifted son, after her endeavours to give him, in a superior education, the first element of success, would have fallen back into a mere poetic dreamer) to affect at least an application to a profession, and for this purpose proceeded to Cambridge, with the apparent intention of taking a degree as Doctor of the Civil Law. But it does not appear that he ever seriously intended to pursue the profession of a civilian: he describes, in one pathetic exclamation addressed to his dear friend West, the melancholy reflections haunting the man, conscious of power, yet unfitted with an aim: “Alas,” says he, “for him who has nothing to do but to amuse himself!”

He continued his residence at Cambridge, no doubt from the conve-

nience which its libraries afforded, as well as because it afforded him a place of study and retirement, not attended, as in London, with ruinous expense.

In the autumn of 1742, he composed the ode on "A distant Prospect of Eton College," the first English production of our poet which appeared in print: the "Hymn to Adversity," first given to the world in Dodsley's Miscellany; and commenced the immortal work which was to give him European fame—his "Elegy written in a Country Church-yard."

At the University he laboured hard in the study of the best Greek authors, digesting and arranging their contents, remarking their peculiarities, and noting their corrupt and difficult passages with great accuracy and diligence—with a view to what end we are not acquainted. In the winter of 1742 he was admitted a Bachelor of Civil Law, and about the same time repaid his Alma Mater with his severely satirical fragment, entitled "Hymn to Ignorance."

His Elegy, which had been for a long time laid aside, he took up again upon the death of his mother's sister, Mrs. Antrobus. "It was so popular," says Mr. Mitford, to whose Life of our poet we are indebted for much of our information, "that when it was printed, Gray expressed his surprise at the rapidity of the sale; which Mr. Mason attributed, and I think justly, to the affecting and pensive cast of the subject. It spread, he said at first, on account of the affecting and pensive cast of the subject, just like Hervey's Meditations on the Tombs. Soon after its publication, I remember sitting with Mr. Gray in his college apartment, he expressed to me his surprise at the rapidity of its sale. I replied,

‘Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.’

He paused awhile, and taking his pen, wrote the line in a printed copy of it lying upon the table. ‘This,’ said he, ‘shall be its future motto.’ ‘Pity,’ said I, ‘that Dr. Young’s Night Thoughts have pre-occupied it.’ ‘So,’ replied he, ‘indeed it is.’ He had more reason to think I had hinted at the true cause of its popularity, when he found how different a reception his two Odes at first met with.”

“Much time elapses before works of elaborate structure, of lofty flight and of learned allusion, gain possession of the public mind, and are placed in their proper rank in literature. While the ‘Bard,’ and the ‘Progress of

Poesy,' were but little read on their first appearance, Gray received at once the full measure of praise from the 'Elegy,' and perhaps even at this time the Elegy is the most popular of all his poems.

"Dr. Gregory, in a letter to Beattie, says it is a sentiment that very universally prevails, that poetry is a light kind of reading, which one takes up only for a little amusement, and that therefore it should be so perspicuous as not to require a second reading.

"This sentiment would bear hard upon all Gray's works, except his 'Church-yard Elegy,' which he told me, with a good deal of acrimony, owed its popularity entirely to the subject, and that the public would have received it as well if it had been written in prose."

To the attraction excited by the appearance of the Elegy, we owe the next of Gray's poems in the order of time, called the "Long Story."

He solicited the Professorship of History at Oxford, which was refused him, and given to Mr. Brocket, tutor of Sir James Lowther; but on the next vacancy, the Professorship was conferred upon him without solicitation. "He accepted it," says Johnson, "and retained it to his death, always designing lectures, but never reading them; uneasy at his neglect of duty, and appeasing his uneasiness with designs of reformation, and with a resolution which he believed himself to have made, of resigning the office if he found himself unable to discharge it."

But he was not long to enjoy what little of enjoyment might have remained to him in this world; an attack of gout, under which he had long and severely suffered, being diverted inwards upon the vital parts, produced convulsions, and on the 30th of July, 1771, terminated our poet's life.

A small white marble tablet recently erected against the wall of the chancel of Stoke church, directs our attention to the tomb in which his remains repose.

Of Gray, an intimate friend has declared "that he was perhaps the most learned man in Europe. He was equally acquainted with the elegant and profound parts of science, and that not superficially but thoroughly. He knew every branch of history, both natural and civil; had read all the original historians of England, France, and Italy, and was a great antiquarian. Criticism, metaphysics, morals, politics, made a principal part of his study. Voyages and travels of all sorts were his favourite amusements; and he had a fine taste in painting, prints, architecture and gardening.

With such a fund of knowledge, his conversation must have been equally



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instructive and entertaining ; but he was also a good man, a man of virtue and humanity.”

“There is no character without some speck, some imperfection, and I think the greatest defect in his was an affectation in delicacy, or rather effeminaey, and a visible fastidiousness, or contempt and disdain of his inferiors in science. He also had, in some degree, that weakness which disgusted M. Voltaire so much in Mr. Congreve ; though he seemed to value others chiefly according to the progress they had made in knowledge, yet he could not bear to be considered merely a man of letters ; and though without birth, or fortune, or station, his desire was to be looked upon as a private independent gentlemen, who read for his amusement. Perhaps it may be said what signifies so much knowledge when it produced so little ? Is it worth taking so much pains to leave no memorials but a few poems ? But let it be considered that Mr. Gray was, to others at least, innocently employed ; to himself, certainly beneficially. His time passed agreeably ; he was every day making some new acquisition to science, his mind was enlarged, his heart softened, his virtue strengthened ; the world and mankind were shown to him without a mask, and he was taught to consider everything as trifling and unworthy the attention of a wise man, except the pursuit of knowledge and practice of virtue in that state wherein God hath placed us.”

“Gray,” observes that comprehensive and accurate analyst, Sir James Mackintosh, “was of all English poets the most finished artist.” He

attained the highest degree of splendour of which poetical style seems to be capable. If Virgil, and his scholar Racine, may be allowed to have united somewhat more ease with their elegance, no other poet approaches Gray in this kind of excellence. The degree of poetical invention diffused over such a style, the balance of taste and of fancy necessary to produce it, and the art with which the offensive boldness of imagery is polished away, are not, indeed, always perceptible to the common reader, nor do they convey to any mind the same species of gratification which is felt from the perusal of those poems which seem to be the unpremeditated effusions of enthusiasm. Almost all his poetry was lyrical—that species which, issuing from a mind in the highest state of excitement, requires an intensity of feeling, which, for a long composition, the genius of no poet could support. Of the two grand attributes of the Ode, Dryden had displayed the enthusiasm, Gray exhibited the magnificence. He is also the only modern English writer whose Latin verses deserve general notice, but we must lament that such difficult trifles had diverted its genius from its natural objects.”

In his Letters he has shown the descriptive powers of a poet, and in new combinations of generally familiar words he was eminently happy.

It may be added, that he deserves the comparatively trifling praise of having been the most learned poet since Milton.

Without at all attempting to detract for a moment from the great merit of his Odes, it is by his “Elegy” that our exquisite bard will be remembered.

This immortal work is an example how few verses a man need pen for immortality; when he has done as much as Gray, he need do no more; the world has no right to expect more from him.

When, having chosen a theme appealing to the tenderness of all men, and which will affect with gentle pathos the human heart, while there is death in the world; which has no interest that is not universal, everywhere, and under every circumstance, productive of the same impressions; which had been mirrored more or less obscurely in the bosoms of all men, before the poet held *his* mirror up to nature; when to the common interest you add natural images, familiar but not vulgar, reflections, though not trite, yet true, a morality exalted without austerity, an expression so musical, so melancholy, that not the most epicurean ear can catch the discordance of a semitone; and when you have had the exquisite fastidiousness to leave out lines—immortal lines, enough for the fame of any poet:—

" The thoughtless world to Majesty may bow,
 Exalt the brave, and idolise success ;
 But more to innocence their virtue owe
 Than power or genius e'er conspired to bless.

* * * * *

Hark, how the sacred calm that breathes around
 Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease,
 In still small accents whispering from the ground
 A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

* * * * *

There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
 By hands unseen are showers of violets found,
 The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
 And little footsteps lightly print the ground."

When you have done this—cease, if you will, to admire, but do not attempt to criticise. Nothing on earth is more offensive than impotent criticism, cavilling without finding fault, harping upon demerits it does not name, and repudiating defects it cannot show : it is enough for Gray, or any man, that, if he has not done that which is impossible, he has done that which is rare ; that if he has not attained, he has approached perfection.

And here, having devoted so much time to this classic spot, which we would take the liberty of reminding such of our readers as rush, for the sake of classical associations, to foreign shores, lies within less than an hour's journey from London, we may as well waste a word or two on the pretensions put forward by other country churchyards to the distinction of having suggested the "Elegy." Of these, Grantchester, near Cambridge, and Upton, hard by Windsor, assert their pretensions with greatest confidence, and others have been named, but with more modesty.

The truth is, that Gray, a solitary and melancholy man, may have drawn the images in his Elegy from various sources ; but there can be no reasonable doubt that Stoke, his parish church, his favourite haunt, his residence during the vacation, was the place where, often lingering, he modulated the strains that will render his name immortal. It is true that the tower of Upton church is more strictly an ivy-mantled tower than that of Stoke ; but at Stoke we have "the rugged elms, the yew-trees' shade ;" and when we reflect that the Elegy, long laid aside, was resumed upon the death of the poet's aunt, who is buried in the churchyard, we cannot help thinking that this place is more immediately associated with the labours of the poet than any other. This assertion of the undoubted right of Stoke to be considered the

churchyard in which the *Elegy* was written is of no great consequence, farther than that the faith in the genuineness of our classical associations should be preserved, if possible, without the stain of scepticism.

The existing memorials connecting the time of Gray with our own time, are first, the remaining portion of the old manor-house, immortalized in the "Long Story."

In Britain's isle, no matter where,
An ancient pile of building stands,
The Huntingdons and Hattons there
Employed the power of fairy hands

To raise the ceiling's fretted height,
Each pannel in achievements clothing.
Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing.

West-end Cottage, about half a mile from the church, is the place in which Gray resided. It has been much altered and improved since his time, being now a place of some pretension to elegance. A walnut-tree and a summer-house, or grotto, to which allusion is made in one of the poet's letters, yet remain.

From Stoke we take our way to BEACONSFIELD, a small market-town in the hundred and deanery of Burnham, about twenty-three miles from London. The classical tourist will find much food for meditation in a visit to this place, the haunt of two men greatly, yet differently, distinguished in the annals of the political and literary history of England. Need we more than mention the names of Waller, the poet, and Burke, "the greatest of political philosophers."

The limits of our work do not permit a detailed memoir of the lives of those distinguished men, and all that we can do is to borrow from their biographers such particulars as connect them with Beaconsfield, making its neighbourhood classic ground.

"Upon the remains of a fortune," says Dr. Johnson, "which the danger of his life had very much diminished, Waller lived at Hall Barn, a house built by himself, very near to Beaconsfield, where his mother resided.

"His mother, though related to Cromwell and Hampden, was zealous for the royal cause, and when Cromwell visited her, used to reproach him; he, in return, would throw a napkin at her, and say he would not dispute with his aunt; but finding, in time, that she acted for the king, as well as talked, he made her a prisoner to her own daughter, in her own house.

“Toward the decline of life he bought a small house with a little land, at Coleshill; and said, ‘He should be glad to die, like the stag, where he was roused.’ This, however, did not happen. When he was at Beaconsfield, he found his legs grow tumid: he went to Windsor, where Sir Charles Scarborough then attended the king, and requested him, both as a friend and a physician, to tell him what that swelling meant. ‘Sir,’ answered Scarborough, ‘your blood will run no longer.’ Waller repeated some lines of Virgil, and went home to die.”

His death took place on the 21st of October, and beneath a walnut-tree of far-spreading shade his remains were deposited. An oblong tomb, from whose centre rises a pyramid, marks the spot. On the monument are laudatory inscriptions in Latin from the pen of Rymer.



BEACONSFIELD CHURCH.

The demesne of Hall Barn, together with much of the property formerly enjoyed by Waller, has lately come into the possession, by purchase, of Sir Gore Ouseley, sometime British Ambassador to the Court of Persia.

The particulars connected with Burke, as an inhabitant here, we have derived from the Memoirs of that great statesman, by the Reverend Dr. Croly and Mr. Prior.

The first-named gentleman, in his “Memoirs of the Political Life and Writings of Burke,” furnishes us with some interesting particulars of the estate of Gregories. “The fate of the Rockingham ministry had displaced Burke; and with his delicacy of taking office, under the slightest presumption of a change of principle, it for some time secluded him from public

service. But in this interval he was neither idle nor unhappy. In general society he was still one of the leaders of all that was intellectual. His almost boundless information, his well-regulated wit, and his fine and peculiar mastery of all that was polished or pointed in the English language, gave him a superiority in conversation which was rendered still more pleasing by the uniform kindness, simplicity, and good-humour of his manner. In his domestic life he was fortunate. His wife was an estimable woman, strongly attached to him, and proud of his fame. His two brothers were amiable and intelligent men, united with him in close friendship, and whom he hoped yet to advance to fortune.

“He had purchased, with his paternal property, and by a sum raised on mortgage, which Lord Rockingham advanced, a house with some land in the neighbourhood of Beaconsfield. There he *farmed*, read, and wrote. In London, from which his house was but twenty-four miles distant, he mingled with the highest circles of active life, enjoyed all the concentrated animation and ability of the accomplished and opulent: and in Parliament continually indulged his genius, and enlarged his fame by an eloquence, which, in its peculiar spirit, has never found a superior.

“It has been remarked, as a characteristic of all eminent minds, that whatever pursuit they adopt, they adopt it with peculiar vigour. Burke, at all times attached to a country life, was a farmer in the intervals of his labours as a statesman; and he gave himself up to his crops with a diligence that would have done credit to a man who had never strayed beyond the farm-yard. In one of his letters to an Irish friend, about 1771, he thus mentions his successes at the plough tail:—‘We have had the most rainy and stormy season that has been ever known. I have got my wheat into the ground better than some others; that is, about four-and-twenty acres. I proposed having about ten more, but, considering the season, this is tolerable.’ He then proceeds to a detail of his exploits in the production of bacon; inquires to what weight hogs are capable of being fed in Ireland, and anticipates victory in giving the weight of his own; discusses the market prices of things, and explains a new project of sowing peas, which is to save a fallow, and of course make a handsome return to the projector.”

The estate of Gregories, a name superseded by that of Butler’s Court given to it by Mr. Burke, has become the property of the Du Pre family, of Wilton Park, in this neighbourhood. The mansion, comprising a centre

united to wings by corridors, had been let to a clergyman for the purpose of a school, and was accidentally burned down, on the 23rd of April, 1813, only a year after the death of the widow of Edmund Burke.

Of the character of this great man among his neighbours in his occasional retirement here, all his biographers speak in highly favourable terms. Mr. Prior states, that "with the poor in his neighbourhood he was generally a favourite, having the address to converse much with them, visit their cottages, overlook or regulate their pastimes as well as their labours, without losing anything of his dignity. Harvest-home was always celebrated at Butler's Court with abundant hospitality, the family mingling in the gaiety and sports of the time without reserve, and vying in their attentions to their humble guests."

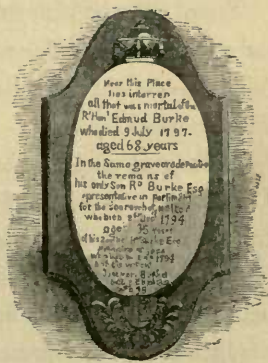
The particulars of his last moments cannot be read without deep interest.

"I have been at Bath these four months to no purpose, and am, therefore, to be removed to my own house at Beaconsfield to-morrow, to be nearer to a habitation more permanent, humbly and fearfully hoping that my better part may find a better mansion."

He was anxious to die at home, and breathe his last surrounded by the objects and recollections endeared to him through life. To some one, who probably remonstrated with him on taking so long a journey in his condition, he answered, "It is at least so far on the way to the tomb, and I may as well travel it alive as dead."

The public grief for the death of this eminent person was expressed in the strongest language of regret and admiration. His funeral, which took place on the 15th of July, in Beaconsfield church, where he was laid, by his own directions, in the same grave with his son and brother, was attended by a crowd of individuals of distinction. The pall was borne by Lord Minto, Lord Sidmouth (speaker), the Duke of Portland, Lord Fitzwilliam, the Duke of Devonshire, the Marquis of Thomond, Mr. Wyndham, and Lord Loughborough (lord-chancellor). Mr. Fox honourably proposed that the burial should take place in Westminster Abbey. The will, however, had declared otherwise.

The arrangement of his property was brief. He gave the whole in fee



simple to his widow, with a legacy of one thousand pounds to his niece, Mrs. Haviland. A plain marble tablet, according to his desire, was erected in Beaconsfield church, with the inscription, which was completed on the death of Mrs. Burke.

NEAR THIS PLACE LIES INTERRED ALL
THAT WAS MORTAL OF THE
RIGHT HON. EDMUND BURKE,
WHO DIED ON THE 9TH OF JULY, 1797, AGED 68 YEARS.
IN THE SAME GRAVE ARE DEPOSITED THE REMAINS OF HIS ONLY SON,
RICHARD BURKE, ESQ., REPRESENTATIVE IN PARLIAMENT FOR THE BOROUGH OF MALTON,
WHO DIED THE 2ND OF AUGUST, 1794, AGED 35;
AND OF HIS BROTHER RICHARD BURKE,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW, AND RECORDER OF THE CITY OF BRISTOL,
WHO DIED ON THE 4TH OF FEBRUARY, 1794:
AND OF HIS WIDOW, JANE MARY BURKE,
WHO DIED ON THE 2ND OF APRIL, 1812, AGED 78.

Some years previously to her death, Mrs. Burke sold the mansion and estate at Beaconsfield for £38,500, reserving the use of the house and grounds during her life, and for one year after. She continued to reside there, much attended to by her husband's friends, until her death.

In her latter years she had suffered from a severe rheumatic attack, which deprived her of the power of taking exercise. At her death five thousand pounds were bequeathed to Mrs. Haviland, Burke's niece: and the rest of the property, with the library, and the various presents and memorials given to him during his public life, to his nephew Mr. Nugent.

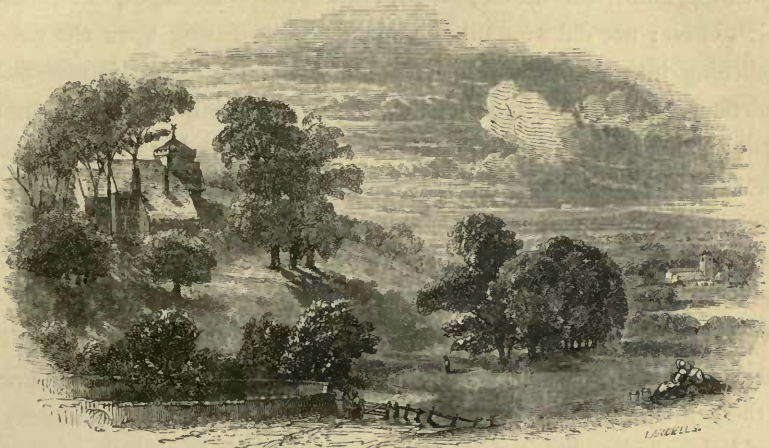
From Beaconsfield, returning through a beautiful district of country, we gain HEDSOR, a village in the hundred of Desborough and deanery of Wycombe, about five miles east of Marlow, and about the same distance from Maidenhead.

The manor anciently belonged to a family who derived from it their name. It is now the property of Lord Boston, into whose family it came by purchase from the Parkers, the late possessors.

An estate in this parish called Lambert's Farm, is stated to have been held by the service of bringing in the first dish at the lord's table on St. Stephen's day, and presenting him with two hens, a cock, a gallon of ale, and two manchets of white bread; after dinner the lord delivered to the tenant a sparrowhawk and a couple of spaniels, to be kept at his costs and

charges for the lord's use. This curious service is now discontinued, and a money composition demanded instead.

Few parish churches are smaller than that of Hedsor, but few, very few, are so delightfully placed or so well worthy a visit, were it no more than to admire the delightful views afforded from the spot wherein it is situated.



HEDSOR AND COOKHAM CHURCHES.

Hereabouts are many rotund knolly hills, of no very great elevation, yet commanding beautiful and extended prospects; some rejoicing in the richest verdure, covered with browsing flocks and herds; whence, sweetly softened by distance, comes across the vale the tinkling sound of sheep-bells: others coronetted with groves of venerable oaks, murmuring in hoarse and low sympathy with the freshening breeze of evening: this, holier than the rest, stands forward from its fellows, proudly rearing upon its crest the lowly house of prayer. It was the hour of setting sun when we reached the spot, and the horizontal ray lit up every window, illumining the sacred edifice as with a holy light: twilight was upon the hill-tops, and upon the vales the blackening shades of night had already descended: far to the west the landscape was parted by the waters of Thames, and upon the edge of the empurpled horizon twinkled one little star: peace was upon the waters and upon the earth, descending with the dew upon tree and flower: the tinkling of the sheep-walk was hushed, and animated nature sought repose: it was the place and hour when we forget for a moment that we are mortal, and find, we know not how or why, the soul expanding beyond its narrow house: when

the desire of clinging to the poor concerns of our present life becomes less strong within us, and we think we should not care how soon the spirit parted from its confining clay.

Nor was our little church, when we visited it, without its congregation : from the low embattled tower the owl hooted her melancholy, but to us not unpleasing, notes: bats flitted past with capricious erratic flight, like unhappy sprites of air : nor did we want an anthem ; while gazing upon the waters, blackening into shade, and marking the rapid, yet almost imperceptible gradations, by which night asserts her empire over earth—hark ! the nightingale ; now with slow and unconnected notes essaying her nocturnal song ; now swelling by degrees into one unintermitting flow of various melody ; now trilling soft, almost inaudible lays ; now harsh with loudness ; and soon, too soon, subsiding into silence, leaving the wanderer to pursue uncheered his devious, uncertain way.

One circumstance connected with Hedsor churchyard we must animadvert upon : the noble owner of the manor, it appears, does not permit the graves of those interred there to be individualised ; at least we could observe no mouldering heaps, but a mere level sward, with here and there a small tablet, placed flat upon the turf: the immediate vicinity of the church to the mansion of the lord of the manor may make this course expedient, as a gratification to the eye, yet we think the individuality of the habitations of the lowly dead should for ever be sacred—

“Each in his narrow home.”

Hedsor Lodge, the seat of Lord Boston, stands on the ridge of the hill, of which the church occupies the terminating point to the westward.

The house is small, but elegant and commodious, containing a good collection of family pictures, chiefly portraits of the houses of Irby and Paget.

In the churchyard are deposited the remains of Nathaniel Hooke, with an epitaph in Latin, carved upon a tablet fixed in the western wall of the church.

Hooke's reputation depends upon his Roman History, and but little of his life, its incidents, or vicissitudes, are known. The first account we have of him, is a complaint to Lord Oxford, that the South Sea scheme, or rather his own infatuated pursuit of unreasonable gain, had reduced him to ruin,

leaving him, as he expresses himself, just worth nothing. He was reported to have received five thousand pounds from Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, for assisting her in the compilation of her celebrated 'Apology.' She is said to have quarrelled with him afterwards for his indiscreet zeal in attempting her conversion to his Roman Catholic opinions, for which he made many 'apologies,' but gained nothing.

Hooke it was who, greatly to Bolingbroke's dissatisfaction, brought the clergyman who attended Pope at his last moments. His epitaph styles him a man "deeply learned in various literature;" and what is to him now more important, if true, a man "truly pious." His work is described as a performance of great accuracy, precision, and acumen—the true elements of excellence in historical style, without pretensions to fine writing or deep reflection, to which the higher attributes of the historian have been often sacrificed: the pains-taking narrator of events, with as much fidelity as time and the accidents of tradition will permit, is always respectable and generally read: the metaphysical historian, the philosophic, or the partisan, is referred to by few, quoted chiefly by those who refer to him for particular purposes, and admired by those alone whose pre-conceived opinions or prejudices tally with his own.

Cliefden, the next object of interest on our route, a place for choice of situation and prospect unsurpassed among the many princely seats around London, is in the parish of Taplow. It was begun by George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham, and completed by the Earl of Orkney, the friend and companion in arms of John Duke of Marlborough, in whose family it remained a considerable time; it is now the seat of Sir George Warrender. The mansion, with the exception of the wings, was destroyed by fire in 1795, but has since been rebuilt, from designs by Shaw, in a style rivalling its former magnificence. The character of its founder may be best gathered from an account of his murder of the Earl of Shrewsbury, with whose wife the Duke had formed an unhappy connexion.

The Lord Shrewsbury having challenged the seducer of his wife, Charles the Second heard of the intended meeting, and commanded the Duke of Albemarle to prevent it by confining Buckingham to his house, or by any other means which he might think it convenient to adopt. Albemarle, seeing the king so resolved upon the matter, took no precautions at all, thinking that Charles would manage it himself. Thus, between them both,

nothing was done, and the parties met at Barnes Elms, each attended by two seconds. Lord Shrewsbury was attended by Sir John Talbot, a gentleman of the Privy Chamber, and by his relative, Lord Bernard Howard; while the seducer was accompanied by two of his dependants, Sir John Jenkins and one Captain Holmes. Lady Shrewsbury, the guilty cause of all the mischief, stood close at hand in a neighbouring thicket, disguised as a page, and holding her paramour's horse to avoid suspicion. The result of the encounter was, that Lord Shrewsbury was run through the body, Sir John Talbot severely wounded in both arms, and Jenkins left dead on the field. Buckingham received some slight wounds, and taking Lady Shrewsbury in her page's dress into his carriage, rode post haste to Cliefden. Buckingham afterwards took her to town with him, under the same roof with his Duchess, who loudly protested against the insult, declaring that it was not fit for her and his mistress to live together. "So I have been thinking, madam," replied Buckingham, "and have therefore sent for your coach to convey you to your father's."

Buckingham and the Countess of Shrewsbury continued to reside together for many years, principally at Cliefden, until their extravagance in dissipating the fortune of the young earl, the son of the countess, attracted the attention of Parliament, and they were forbidden to reside together, under a penalty of ten thousand pounds: and the control of the Shrewsbury property was taken from a woman who was both unfit and unworthy to be entrusted with it.

This very infamous countess was eldest daughter of Robert Brudenell, Earl of Cardigan. Very infamous though she was, a husband, after the death of Buckingham, was not denied her; one of the ancient family of Brydges, of Kyngham, in Somersetshire, disgraced himself and his family by marrying her. She died in obscurity, nobody cared how or where.

Of Buckingham, Horace Walpole thus speaks, in his "Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors."

"When this extraordinary man, with the figure and genius of Alcibiades, could equally charm the Presbyterian Fairfax, and the dissolute Charles; when he alike ridiculed that witty king and his solemn chancellor; when he plotted the ruin of his country with a cabal of bad ministers; or equally unprincipled, supported its cause with bad patriots, one laments that such parts should have been devoid of every virtue. But when Alcibiades turns

chemist ; when he is a real bubble and a visionary miser ; when ambition is but a frolic ; when the worst designs are for the foolishdest ends, contempt extinguishes all reflections on his character. The portrait of the duke has been drawn by four masterly hands : Burnet has hewn it with a rough chisel ; Count Hamilton touched it with that slight delicacy that finishes while it seems to sketch ; Dryden caught the living likeness ; Pope completed the historical resemblance. Yet the abilities of this lord appear in no instance more amazing, than that, being exposed by two of the greatest poets, he has exposed one of them ten times more severely. Zimri is an admirable portrait, but Villiers made Dryden satirise himself."

Yet the portrait of Villiers, by Dryden, has the advantage of condensation, which will not apply to the caricatured character of *Bayes*, in the "Rehearsal." Dryden limns Villiers thus :—

"A man so various that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome ;
Stiff in opinion, always in the wrong,
Was everything by fits, and nothing long ;
But in the course of one revolving moon,
Was poet, statesman, fiddler, and buffoon :
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides a thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman ! who could every hour employ,
With something new to wish or to enjoy.
Railing and praising were his usual themes,
And both, to show his judgment in extremes.
So over violent, so over civil,
That every man, with him, was God or devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art,
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
Beggard by fools, whom still he found too late,
He had his jest, and they had his estate.
He laugh'd himself from court, then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief,
For spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom, and wise Achitophel.
Thus wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left."

Dropmore, a seat in beauty of situation, variety of prospect, and magnificence only inferior to Cliefden, was erected by Lord Grenville, upon the site of a small cottage. This demesne, which is generously thrown open to the stranger upon application at the gate, contains one of the finest collections of various species of pine-trees in the kingdom. The greater part of the

present domain was formerly the property of the Friends, descendants of the celebrated Dr. John Friend, who purchased the manor of Hitcham, and is buried in the village church. A Latin inscription on a tablet of black marble records the name, age, and professional merit of the deceased.

Dropmore is in the parish of HITCHAM, a village in the hundred and deanery of Burnham, about a mile north of the Bath road, and within three miles of Maidenhead in Berkshire. The manor, which probably belonged to some religious house, was, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, the property of Lord Chief Justice Baldwin, whose daughter and heiress brought it in marriage to Thomas Ramsey, Esq. Nicholas Clarke, marrying a daughter of Mr. Ramsey, became possessed of this manor. Queen Elizabeth paid a visit to his son, Sir William, at Hitcham, in 1602, upon which occasion, we are told that he "so behaved himself, that he pleased nobody, but gave occasion to have his misery and vanity spread far and wide."

In the parish church are several memorials for the families of Ramsey and Clarke. The windows of the chancel are decorated with stained glass, the colours of which are very brilliant. The rector of this parish is nominated by the Provost and Fellows of Eton College, pursuant to the bequest of Mr. Archer, a former Fellow, who, being possessed of the advowson, has bound his heirs to present a clerk nominated by the college.

Taplow, in the hundred and deanery of Burnham, is another magnificent seat, crowning the hills overhanging the Buckinghamshire side of Thames.

The manor was held on lease under the crown in the reign of King James the First, by Sir Henry Guildford; it soon afterwards came into possession of the Hampson family. The heirs of Sir David Hampson sold this manor about the year 1700 to the Earl of Orkney, a distinguished officer in the campaigns of the Duke of Marlborough. His eldest daughter, who was married to William O'Brien, Earl of Inchiquin, succeeding him in his honours and estates, became Countess of Orkney, in her own right: she had two daughters, the elder, the late Countess of Orkney, was the first wife of her cousin Murrough, Earl of Inchiquin, since created Marquis of Thomond. The niece of Sir Joshua Reynolds was the second Marchioness, and resided here for a considerable time after her husband's death.

There is a tradition that Queen Elizabeth, during her temporary confinement here in the reign of her sister Mary, planted an oak in the park, which is still pointed out to the curious stranger.

The walks through the grounds are exceedingly pleasing, and the breaks here and there, through the intervening trees, have the effect of pictures.

In the parish church is the tomb of Sir Robert Mansfeld, and several other memorials of that family. The amiable Anne, Countess of Orrery, whose beauty and virtues have been celebrated in the poetical works of her husband and his contemporaries, lies buried in this church.

BURNHAM is a large straggling village, from which derive their name the hundred and deanery. There was a Benedictine monastery at this place, which was endowed with the manors of Burnham, Cypenham, Stoke, Bulstrode, and some others. After the Dissolution, it fell successively into the hands of the families of Darell and Lovelace: Lord Lovelace sold it to the Villiers family: by one of the Earls of Jersey the lease of the manor was disposed of to Lord Grenville.

The poor remains of the abbey were incorporated with a farm-house, known by its name.

In the church is a memorial to one of the once powerful family of Hastings, Earls of Huntingdon. There is also a handsome monument to that eminent judge, Mr. Justice Willes, with a medallion and inscription to the memory of his son. There are memorials of the families of Eyre, Evelyn, Sumner, and Hawtrey, by one of which last-named family the advowson was bestowed upon Eton College.

Burnham Beeches, celebrated for their enormous growth and antiquity, are well worthy a visit from the admirer of forest scenery.

Gray, in a letter to Walpole, gives a good description of this interesting spot. "I have, at the distance of half a mile, the vulgar call it a *common*, a forest all my own, at least as good as so, for I spy no human thing in it but myself.

"It is a little chaos of mountains and precipices: mountains, it is true, that do not ascend much above the clouds, nor are the declivities quite so amazing as Dover cliff; but just such hills as people who love their necks as well as I do, may venture to climb, and crags that give the eye as much pleasure as if they were more dangerous. Both vale and hill are covered with most venerable beeches and other very reverend vegetables."

Few beeches in Windsor forest even, where are some of enormous growth, approach the magnificence of those at Burnham; in Sherwood are trees of perhaps equal antiquity, but by no means in the same flourishing condition.

Nowhere can a more complete idea be formed of seclusion and melancholy solitude; yet is not the grandeur without relief in the more gentle attributes of cultivated scenes: there is not beneath the shade of Burnham woods, the withered desolation of American pine forests; the grass grows green and tender, and nibbling flocks give a pastoral character to the scene: on the other hand, there is nothing here of trimness in walks, or art in vistas: nature and time have worked mightily in their loveliness; and these stupendous trees are their monuments, looking on them, and reflecting how many centuries they have been flourishing, we either sigh or smile, as our mood prompts, at the handful of hours making up the life of man.

The manor of Cypenham was part of the ancient demesne of the crown, and is said to have contained a palace of the Mercian kings. Henry the Third is known to have resided occasionally here, his charter for the foundation of Burnham Abbey being dated from his palace at this place. Here resided, during a considerable portion of his life, in learned retirement, the well-known philologist and antiquary, Jacob Bryant.

Bryant was a native of Plymouth, and received his education at King's College, Cambridge, of which he was fellow.

Through the influence of the Duke of Marlborough, Master-General of the Ordnance, who was his pupil at the University, he obtained a place in that department of the public service, and afterwards accompanied his grace to Germany, as private secretary. Having refused the lucrative appointment of Master of the Charter House, he settled at Cypenham, where he passed a long life in the pursuit of difficult learning, occasionally giving to the world the fruit of his laborious erudition. His works are "Observations and Inquiries relating to various parts of Ancient History," his "New System, or Analysis of Ancient Mythology," his defence of the disputed passages in the History of Josephus, relative to our Saviour; his essay on the authenticity and antiquity of the poems ascribed to Rowley, and his historic doubts of the authenticity of the facts upon which Homer constructed his Iliad.

Mr. Bryant died unmarried, in November 1804, of mortification of the leg, occasioned by a rasure of the skin against a chair while taking a book from the shelf, in his study at Cypenham.

Leaving the high ground, whereon stand Dropmore, Cliefden, and Hedsor, we descend to

COOKHAM, and find it a retired village, pleasantly situated near the Thames.

There is nothing particularly remarkable in the history of this place: an estate in this parish was the property of one Henry Washington, who by the tradition of the place is erroneously supposed to have been ancestor to the celebrated general of that name.

In Cookham parish, exactly opposite the beautiful demesne of Cliefden, is Formosa Place, or the Island of Formosa, the property of the Young family. This beautifully situated property, upon which vast sums have been from time to time expended, was formerly osier-beds, of no beauty and little value.

In Cookham church, a very old and rather fine edifice, are memorials of the families of Farmer, Batham, and Weldon. A brass plate, near the entrance into the chancel, commemorates Sir Edward Stockton, whilom vicar of this parish, and canon professed of the house of our Lady at Gisborough, Yorkshire.

MAIDENHITHE, or as it is now corrupted in common parlance, Maidenhead, is partly in Cookham, and partly in Bray parish. A number of ridiculous conjectures, connected with the etymology of the place, are gravely detailed by Leland and Camden: the true etymology is *Magne hithe*, a large haven, port, or wharf, by which title this place is distinguished in many ancient records.

Before the erection—so far back as the thirteenth century—of a bridge at Maidenhead, the great road to Oxford went through Burnham, crossing the Thames at Babham Ferry, near Cookham.

The bridge soon gave rise to a new town on the site of a hamlet known as South Elington, and a chapel, subject to the mother church of Bray, for the use of the increasing population, was erected. Maidenhead Bridge was originally of timber, and in 1688 was fortified to impede the approach of the Prince of Orange towards the metropolis, and its defence entrusted to a party of Irish soldiers; but some of the townsmen beating a Dutch march in the night, the soldiers took the alarm and abandoned the place, leaving their cannon behind them.

BRAY is the next object of interest, as we complete our circle in this direction towards Windsor. It lies in the Deanery of Reading, about four miles from Windsor, and about a mile and a half from Maidenhead. The manor

has been from time immemorial in the possession of the Crown, and leases have been given from time to time to various persons. The last lease granted was to Charles Ambler, one of the counsel of George the Third, of whom the lease was purchased by Lord Brudenell, afterwards Earl of Cardigan, in trust for his Majesty. There is a very remarkable custom in this manor, by which, in default of male heirs, lands are not divided among females of the same degree of kindred, but descend solely to the eldest. Bray is memorable in a story related by Fuller in his "Worthies of England," of the alleged extraordinary versatility of a vicar of this parish, whom he represents as having conformed to every change of religion in the reigns of Henry the Eighth, Edward the Sixth, Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth : having prescribed to himself one prudent rule of life and conversation, that no change of religion should prevent him living and dying Vicar of Bray. The well known song upon this versatile vicar would make it appear that he flourished at a later date than Fuller assigns to him : the name of the individual is supposed to have been Symon Symonds.

There is an Almshouse at Bray, called Jesus Hospital, founded by one William Goddard, of the Fishmongers' Company for forty poor persons, six of whom must be free of the founder's Company ; these have an allowance of twelve shillings a week if married, and seven shillings if single. The remainder have two shillings a week, fuel, and a gown or coat every year. Over the entrance to the quadrangle is a statue of the founder, with, beneath, his and the Fishmongers' arms.

The parish church is a venerable and extensive structure, having recently undergone considerable repair. The principal monuments are those to the memory of Sir William Pawle, William Norreys, Usher of the Order of the Garter, and some of the Hanger family.

Filberts is the name of a manor situated at Hollyport in this parish. The site of the manor house was formerly occupied by a mansion inhabited by the too famous Eleanor Gwynn. Cannon Hill and Braywick Lodge are the principal seats in this neighbourhood.

Descending by the river-side towards Windsor, we pass Monkey Island, a pretty spot, purchased and decorated for the enjoyment of fishing parties, by the Duke of Marlborough. Upon it he erected two pavilions or banqueting rooms, and its name is derived from the internal embellishments of one of them, the walls being painted with a variety of monkeys, some fishing,

some shooting, and one sitting in a boat smoking, another meanwhile tugging at the oar. On the ceiling of this pavilion are represented many of the ordinary aquatic plants, and such as affect the river's side. The other pavilion, fitted up as a saloon, is enriched by stucco modelling, representing mermaids, dolphins, sea lions, and a variety of shells, richly gilt. In the palace at Chantilly, the apartments formerly occupied by the unfortunate Duc d'Enghien, are adorned by humorous monkey subjects in like manner: and we are familiar with many shockingly human apes from the pencil of the inimitable Teniers. The decorations of this little toy place cost the Duke ten thousand guineas, yet the lease for some years at twenty-five pounds a-year was sold to the late Henry Townley Ward, Esq., for the trivial sum of two hundred and forty guineas.

Down Place, nearer to Windsor, was the residence of Jacob Tonson, the bookseller, and at the place there is a tradition that the memorable Kit Kat Club was suggested, and held their earliest meetings, before removing to the pavilion built for them, by Tonson, at his future residence of Barnes Elms, whither we have already conducted our readers.

On the side of the river opposite Down Place, is Dorney Court, a seat of the Palmers, a very ancient family, descended from the Palmers of Sussex, a family of Saxon origin, but whose present name was derived from their having engaged in the Crusades, and made pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and long since ennobled by the title of Earls of Castlemain. The estate of Dorney originally belonged to the abbey of Burnham, and the ancient manor formed an extensive quadrangle; but has been greatly reduced from time to time, and partly modernized. It contains some good rooms, but rather low: in the hall windows are some circular representations in stained glass from stories of legendary saints.

There is here a portrait of the Lady Castlemain, so unfavourably remembered in connexion with the court of James the Second.

Approaching still nearer to Windsor, we pass Surly Hall, a noted house of entertainment, and favourite resort of the Etonians; thence an easy walk leads us to—

CLEWER, a parish comprising part of the town of Windsor; here is a pretty village church, with one of those white tapering spires so frequent in this neighbourhood; there is here no sepulchral memorial of interest to the general reader.

Having now completed the circuit of the vicinage of Windsor, by way of Colnbrook to Cooper's Hill on the east, and through Stoke and Beaconsfield, thence returning by Hedsor, Cookham, Maidenhead, Bray, and Clewer, to the west, we are at liberty to devote ourselves particularly to the consideration of Windsor and Eton; the interest connected with these places is unsurpassed by that of any other in the British Empire, in whatever point of view we regard them.

At the gate of venerable Eton, then, we take leave, for the present, of our readers.

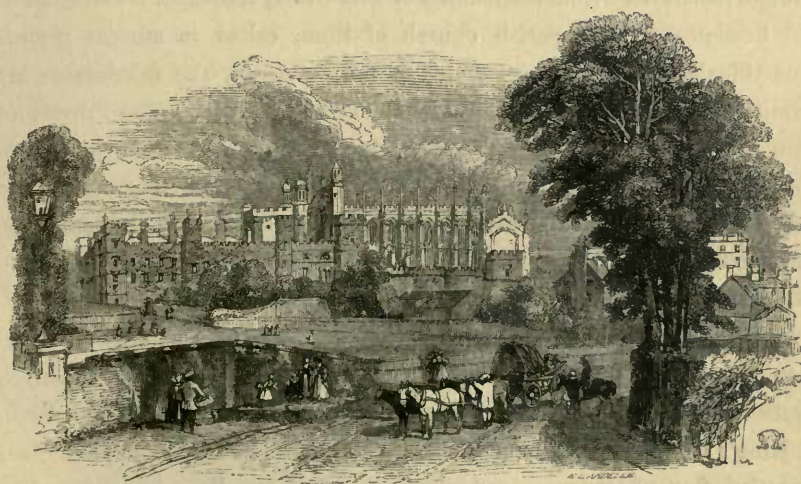


GATE, ETON COLLEGE.

ETON.

ON our way from the Railway Station at Slough, a short divergence to the east, will bring us to

UPTON, a small village, about half a mile to the east of Eton. The manor was formerly part of the possessions of Merton Abbey. Our principal object of interest at Upton is the Church, an old Saxon structure, with an "ivy-mantled tower," "rugged elms," and "yew-trees' shade," and where the turf does, indeed, lie in "many a mouldering heap." This picturesque burial-place is named, with the greatest confidence, in rivalry to that of Stoke, as the scene of Gray's immortal Elegy.



ETON COLLEGE AND CHAPEL.

Eton College Chapel is seen to great advantage from the Fifteen-arch Bridge, as it is called, albeit possessing only three or four arches ; crossing this bridge, we are speedily at the Gate of Eton, where we may best begin the excursions of the day.

Entering the first or western quadrangle of Eton College, we are reminded of the necessity of shortly recurring to the historical associations of

the place, while contemplating the statue of the founder, which adorns the centre of the court-yard.

In 1440, King Henry the Sixth purchased the perpetual advowson of the parish of Eton, for the purpose of founding a College; sufficient endowments he also provided, by charter, for its maintenance. The early foundation consisted of a provost, ten priests, four clerks, six choristers, twenty-five poor grammar scholars, and twenty-five poor infirm men to pray for the King. This foundation was particularly excepted in the act for the dissolution of Colleges and Chantries in the reign of Edward the Sixth. The statutes for the government of the College were, in substance, the same as those for the regulation of Winchester College, founded by William of Wykeham.

The first head master was William Wayneflete, Bishop of Winchester, afterwards Provost of the institution, and founder of Magdalen College, Oxford.

The manor of Eton, Mr. Lysons informs us, "was acquired by the College in the reign of Edward the Fourth, of the Lovel family, who inherited it through female heirs from the families of Fitz Other, Hodenge, Huntercombe, and Scudamore. The parish church of Eton, called in ancient records Eton-Gildables, having been suffered to fall to decay, the inhabitants are permitted to attend divine service in the College Chapel. The Provost of Eton is always rector, and has archidiaconal jurisdiction within the parish. There is a chapel of ease in the town, served by one of the members of the College: it was built for the use of the inhabitants, by William Hetherington, the munificent benefactor to the blind, and poor of other descriptions, who had been one of the Fellows of Eton."

In 1464, a treaty of union and mutual defence was concluded between Eton, Winchester, and King's College, Cambridge, to which foundation, as vacancies occur, the senior King's scholars are annually elected from Eton. At King's College, those upon whom the election has fallen complete their education free of expense, and at three years' standing are admitted to fellowships without passing any examination. At nineteen years of age the scholars are superannuated.

Eton sends also two scholars to Merton College, Oxford, where they are denominated Post-masters, and has likewise a few exhibitions of twenty-one guineas each, for superannuated scholars.

Among the distinguished persons who have held the provostship of Eton, we may enumerate Sir Thomas Smith, well known as a diplomatist and statesman in the reigns of Henry the Eighth, Edward the Sixth, Mary, and

Elizabeth ; Dr. Stewart, clerk of the closet to Charles the First ; Sir Henry Saville, one of the most profound and elegant scholars of the time in which he lived ; he was tutor in Greek and mathematics to Queen Elizabeth, who held his abilities in the highest estimation. Sir Henry founded two professorships, in astronomy and geometry, in the University of Oxford, where, for six-and-thirty years he held the wardenship of Merton College. He is known as an author by his "Commentaries on Roman Warfare," his "Rerum Anglicarum post Bedam Scriptores," but chiefly by his celebrated edition of the writings of St. Chrysostom. Sir Henry died at Eton, and lies buried in the College Chapel.

To the above may be added the amiable and accomplished Sir Henry Wotton, whose important public services make it necessary for us more particularly to record his name as one of the preëminently distinguished provosts of Eton.

Robert Boyle, the great natural-philosopher, was offered the provostship, but declining it, Waller the poet was appointed ; but the Chancellor refused to set his seal to the appointment, it being contrary to the statute that a layman should hold the office, though there had been precedents for it.

The establishment, as now constituted, consists of a provost, vice-provost, six fellows, a master, under-master, assistants, seventy scholars, called of the foundation and distinguished by wearing black cloth gowns, seven lay clerks, and ten choristers, together with the usual inferior officers and servants.

The scholars on the foundation form a small proportion only of the Eton boys ; the great majority being the sons of the nobility and gentry from all parts of the country ; these varying in number, according as the abilities of the Head Master may be more or less highly estimated, but never less than four or more than six hundred, are domiciled in boarding-houses throughout the town, under their respective *Dames* and *Dominies*, and are hence denominated Oppidans, in contradistinction to the collegians, or boys on the foundation.

Among the latter, the most distinguished in after life are enumerated in Harwood's *Alumni Etonienses* : from these we may select the names of Bishop Fleetwood, Bishop Pearson, Earl Camden, Doctor Stanhope, Sir Robert Walpole, and the learned John Hales.

Through the influence of Sir Henry Saville, who was assisted by him in his edition of St. Chrysostom, Hales was elected a fellow of Merton College, Oxford, and afterwards obtained a fellowship at Eton, which he held, to-

gether with a canonry of Windsor, until he was deprived for refusing to subscribe to the Covenant, or take the oath of allegiance to the Commonwealth; in consequence of this harsh proceeding he was said to have been reduced to great distress. Hales' title to the appellation "learned" is not derived from any work of importance appearing during his life, but from papers published after his death, entitled "Golden remains of the ever-memorable Mr. John Hales, of Eton College," which give sufficient evidence of his extensive learning.

Of scholars not upon the foundation, whose names are familiar to our political and literary history, we may enumerate Harley, Earl of Oxford, Lord Bolingbroke, the great Earl of Chatham, Lord Lyttelton, Gray, Horace Walpole, West, Waller, Fox, Canning, the Duke of Wellington, the Marquess Wellesley, and Hallam the historian.

The buildings of the College, with the exception of the light and elegant Chapel, are of red brick, enclosing two large quadrangles, extending between the street and the river, the principal front facing the Thames, a neatly disposed garden extending from it to the river. The parapets are embattled, the windows ornamented with cut stone, and the *tout ensemble* of the buildings is well calculated to convey an excellent idea of a place consecrated to scholastic retirement. The outer quadrangle comprises on the east the clock-tower, and apartments of some of the masters; on the north the lower school, above which is the long chamber or dormitory for the scholars on the foundation; the west side is occupied by the upper school, supported upon an arcade, the work of Sir Christopher Wren; the south side of this quadrangle is bounded by the Chapel.

The statue of Henry the Sixth, in the centre, is of bronze, upon a marble pedestal; it is the work of Francis Bird, an artist of the time of George the First, but is not considered to possess any transcendent merit. The pedestal has an inscription in Latin, of which the following is a literal translation:—

TO THE NEVER-FADING MEMORY
OF THE MOST PIOUS PRINCE HENRY THE SIXTH,
KING OF ENGLAND AND FRANCE,
AND LORD OF IRELAND,
HENRY GODOLPHIN,
PROVOST OF THIS COLLEGE,
HAS ERECTED THIS STATUE
OF ITS MOST MUNIFICENT FOUNDER,
A.D. 1719.

The Chapel attracts universal admiration, and is justly considered one of the most chastely elegant Gothic structures of the kind that England possesses; the lofty and well-proportioned windows, the massive buttresses, and airy pinnacles, unite in conveying an impression of perfect grace and beauty in ecclesiastical architecture. The Chapel is one hundred and seventy-five feet in length. The interior, plain and unadorned, has a cold and naked aspect, by no means calculated to sustain the feelings of reverential awe with which we regard the exterior of the sacred edifice. The sides of the interior are wainscotted to a considerable height; there are seats, rising tier above tier, for the scholars and masters.

The spirit and character of the interior is wholly lost by the bad taste of the decorations—desecrations we were almost tempted to call them: but is it not something more than ridiculous that a wainscot-screen, supported by Corinthian columns, from a design by Sir Christopher Wren, should be suffered to conceal the original stone altar-piece enriched with canopied niches, in perfect correspondence with the general character of the structure?

Behind this Corinthian screen, which, we were happy to learn during our last visit to Eton, is about to be removed from its misplacement here, is concealed a curious monument of the Reverend Doctor Murray, thirteenth Provost of the College: this, now much dilapidated, consisted of a half-length figure of the Provost, coloured after life, in full ecclesiastical robes; a Latin inscription beneath, recording his learning and personal worth: on either side were figures of Time and Religion curiously sculptured in alabaster, with, on the basement, a horrible *memento mori* in the shape of a human skeleton minutely carved in lime-wood. The roof of the ante-chapel is well worthy attentive observation; being supported by exquisitely formed Gothic arches, the corbels sculptured with cherubims, displaying the royal arms richly emblazoned.

Below the west window of the ante-chapel is a marble statue of Henry the Sixth, in his robes of state, crowned with a diadem, executed by Bacon in 1768, at the expense of the Reverend Henry Bentham, fellow of the College, who bequeathed a considerable sum of money for this purpose.

Among the eminent persons buried here are, Lord Gray of Wilton, henchman to King Henry the Eighth; John Longland, Bishop of Lincoln, con-

fessor to that monarch ; Sir Henry Wotton, upon whose monument is the following remarkable inscription :—

HIC JACET HUIUS SENTENTIE PRIMUS AUCTOR :
DISPUTANDI PRURITUS SIT ECCLESIAE SCABIES.
NOMEN ALIAS QUERE.

In English—

HERE LIES THE AUTHOR OF THIS SENTENCE :
"MAY AN ITCH FOR DISPUTE BE THE SCAB OF THE CHURCH."
SEEK HIS NAME ELSEWHERE.

This singular inscription gives evidence of the rooted aversion with which Sir Henry regarded controversial disputations, which, during a long life, must often have disturbed the meditative content in which he so much delighted.

It would be unpardonable in connexion with this classic spot, where he passed, in his loved repose, the declining years of a well spent life, to omit his friend, Izaak Walton's mention of Sir Henry in the "Complete Angler," as one of his justificatory examples for that "contemplative recreation."

"My next and last example shall be that undervaluer of money, the late Provost of Eton College, (a man with whom I have often fished and conversed), a man whose foreign employments in the service of this nation, and whose experience, learning, wit, and cheerfulness, made his company to be esteemed among the delights of mankind. This man, whose very approbation of angling were sufficient to convince any modest censurer of it; this man was also a most dear lover, and frequent practiser, of the art of angling; of which he would say, 'it was an employment for his idle time, which was not then idly spent; for angling was, after tedious study, a rest to his mind, a cheerer of his spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions, a procurer of contentness,' and that 'it begat habits of peace and patience in those that professed and practised it.' Sir, this was the saying of that learned man, and I do easily believe that peace and patience, and a calm content did cohabit in the cheerful heart of Sir Henry Wotton, because I know that when he was beyond seventy years of age he made this description of a part of the present pleasure that possessed him, as he sat quietly in a summer's evening, on a bank, a fishing."

Sir Henry was not only a contemplative man, and an angler, but a person

of sound understanding, poignant wit, and great accomplishments, in whom the scholar and the man of the world were very happily blended.

The provostship of Eton was the reward of a long life, spent in several embassies, with great honour to himself and advantage to his country.

His acknowledged works are : "The State of Christendom," composed at Florence, after the fall of the Earl of Essex, to whom Wotton was secretary; the "Elements of Architecture," the first fruits of his leisure after his retirement to Eton. He planned a Life of Luther, and made a commencement of a History of England, at the suggestion of Charles the First.

A collection of Miscellanies, published after his death, entitled "*Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*," consisting of lives, letters, characters, and poems, of which we have one or two exquisite specimens in Walton's Complete Angler, has been several times reprinted.

Sir Henry died at Eton in December 1639, in his seventy-second year.

The second, or inner quadrangle, not so spacious as the outer, has a cloistered walk round the sides, with an open court in the centre. In this quadrangle is the Hall or refectory, where the scholars on the foundation take their daily commons; it is a curious ancient apartment. At the west end is a dais, or platform, where sit the dignitaries of the College. In the centre of the Hall is a circular hearth, the smoke escaping through an open lanthorn in the roof. On the south side of this quadrangle is the library, consisting of three well-proportioned apartments, divided by Corinthian columns. The apartments contain a very large and valuable collection of books and manuscripts, having received large accessions from the munificent bequests of Dr. Waddington, Bishop of Chester, Mr. Mann, Master of the Charter-House, Richard Topham, Esq., Keeper of the Records in the Tower, and Anthony Storer, Esq. The apartments of the library are surrounded with galleries, at once serving the purposes of ornament and convenience.

To Mr. Pote, the laborious historian of Windsor, this library is indebted for a valuable and extensive collection of Oriental manuscripts, collected by himself while residing at Patna. Of this collection, comprising no fewer than five hundred and fifty volumes, half was presented to King's College, Cambridge, the other half to Eton College.

The other literary curiosities of this library are valuable editions of Horace, Terence, and Virgil, of the latter part of the fifteenth century, illustrated with wood engravings: Rymer's *Fœdera*, Tonson's edition; a Refutation of the

Koran, printed at Pavia, under the authority of Pope Innocent XI., a Chinese map of the city of Pekin, Egyptian manuscripts on papyrus, and some beautifully illuminated missals.

The entrance-hall of the library is adorned with two curious maps on canvas, one displaying the arms of all the cities and borough towns of England and Wales, with a brief account of their foundation and remarkable circumstances connected with them; the other emblazoning the armorial bearings of the several dioceses, and giving concise accounts of their several histories. The remaining portion of the inner quadrangle is devoted to the apartments of the Provost and Fellows.

The Provost's apartments contain half-length portraits of Queen Elizabeth and Sir Robert Walpole. There are also portraits of several of the more eminent among the Provost's predecessors in office, including Sir Thomas Smith, Sir Henry Saville, and Sir Henry Wotton. Here is also a female portrait on pannel, said to represent Jane Shore. The forehead is large, the hair auburn, but the features are small, and not remarkably prepossessing. The tradition is that this portrait was preserved by one of the Provosts of the College, who had been confessor to that unhappy woman.

Beneath a low ivy-mantled postern, we enter the Playing-fields, to the north-west of the College, an elm-shaded meadow of considerable extent, bordered to the south by the Thames, and watered by a pretty brook called Chalvey Brook, rising near the "little hamlet of Chalvey," from a well called Queen Anne's Spring. These meads are equally calculated for study and recreation. Seated beneath trees, or lolling over the brink of the Thames, are seen, classic in hand, some of the hard-working boys—already almost men, anticipating even now the career of ambition, turbulent and insecure, into which they are about to plunge; already they seem to have lost the careless gaiety of the schoolboy, and to have assumed the cold sobriety of manhood.

We encountered in one of our rambles through the playing-fields, the senior boy, or, as he is commonly called, "Captain" of the school: he was about to depart, he said, for the University, where he was loth to go. "I have been an Eton boy ten years," said the captain, "and I only wish I could be an Eton boy all my life; no, sir, I shall never again be so happy as I have been here."

While we conversed, the loud laugh of boisterous youth, engaged in various play, struck upon the ear; hundreds of happy little fellows—as yet

by the world unbitted, unharnessed, gambolled over the green, joyous as if care and sorrow were dead: we could not help recalling the lines, in which, with exquisite fidelity, one of their quondam playfellows apostrophised the scene of his careless days:—

“ Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
 Ah, fields beloved in vain,
 Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
 A stranger yet to pain!
 I feel the gales that from ye blow
 A momentary bliss bestow,
 As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
 My weary soul they seem to soothe,
 And, redolent of joy and youth,
 To breathe a second spring.”

And again, where he describes the happy temper of boyhood:—

“ Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
 Less pleasing when possess'd;
 The tear forgot as soon as shed,
 The sunshine of the breast;
 Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
 Wild wit, invention ever new,
 And lively cheer of vigour born;
 The thoughtless day, the easy night,
 The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
 That fly the approach of morn.”

The routine of an Eton academic course is too generally known to require repetition in this place; but its fitness for the purpose of the instruction of youth has often been questioned, and its general effect and purport misunderstood.

If man were to remain a schoolboy until the day of his death, or if society were disciplined and governed like a regiment of soldiers, then we doubt not that the comparatively man-like boys of Eton would be rather difficult to deal with, and that an austere, conventual system of educating youth might be preferable: but since the world is in fact worldly, and since the struggles of life are only hand-to-hand combats, in which the weakest, as the proverb hath it, “goeth to the wall,” that system which recognises in the boy the “father of the man,” and which, while it represses tendencies to vice, keeps alive a certain freedom of thought and action, tending not to depress, but to invigorate the heart of youth, is surely the best school preparative for the busy struggles of after life, through which, the sooner we know them, the better able are we successfully to fight our way.

The seclusion of boyhood within four walls, remote from anything like society or life; the severe punishment that awaits their petty quarrels; the initiation into that sort of knowledge only, which makes not the accomplished man of the world, but the ripe scholar; the inculcation of feelings of acute sensibility, which the business of future life tends greatly to suppress, and that philosophic contempt of money, the attainment whereof will be, for most boys, the future employment of life—may, certainly, be the best security for the maintenance of a high tone of moral feeling, but it may be questioned whether it is the best for giving that temper which active life requires, that which will make boys men.

The secret of the success of the system pursued at Eton and our great public schools is, that there we find a certain amount of interference and direction, and a certain amount of non-interference and letting alone; the characters of the future men, as regards their social system, are allowed to be developed by collision with their fellows, as they must be, at a later period of their lives; the moral influence of rivalry and emulation, the governing principle of after life, is not repressed, but rather encouraged: there are no desperate attempts here to bring the dunce in classics and mathematics, by dint of flogging, to the level of the forward boy; the presumption that every boy, in the same form, has the same capacity for the same thing, is not carried to excess; something is allowed for the unequal gifts of Nature, and the only object is to point those gifts in the best possible direction.

Nor are the minor morals and accomplishments, which form not the least useful and important of the studies of youth, neglected at our public schools; and the result is obvious.

There are no shamefaced clowns nor ungainly louts among Eton scholars; the boys here are not boys, they are young gentlemen, differing chiefly from gentlemen not of Eton in that they are usually short of stature, and instead of wearing coats with tails, wear coats without!

“Sir,” concluded the captain, when we had finished a comparative review of the various modes of education of youth, “there is at Eton every encouragement, every approbation, every assistance for the hard-working boy; but if a boy cannot learn, or will not learn, after repeated trial, he is left pretty much to himself: if he can make nothing of the classics, he turns his attention to cricket: if the mathematics or algebra are too much for him, he excels at quoits or pulls the bow oar: if he refuses to

learn to read, at least he does not leave Eton without learning something, for he learns to swim ! As to social intercourse, most of us here are the sons of gentlemen, and we are expected to behave like the sons of gentlemen ; when any one forgets himself, there are enough of us to bring him to his senses ; and little interference from the masters is required : if, indeed, a boy is incorrigible, he is expelled, and we see no more of him."

Eton boys are famous for their athletic sports, of which rowing and cricket matches are the chief : but their grand festival, more prized from its rarity, is the triennial pageant entitled the Montem.

The *Magna Britannia* contains the following account of this curious ceremony :—

"This procession is made every third year upon Whit-Tuesday, to a *tumulus* near the Bath road, which has acquired the name of Salt Hill, by which also the neighbouring inns have been long known. The chief object is to collect money for *salt*, as the phrase is, from all persons present, and it is exacted even from passengers travelling the road. The scholars who collect the money are called salt-bearers, and are dressed in rich silk habits. Tickets inscribed with some motto (*mos pro lege*, for example), by way of pass-word, are given to such persons as have already paid for *salt*, which has been in use from time immemorial. The procession itself seems to have been coeval with the foundation of the College, and it has been conjectured with much probability, that it was that of the *bairn* or boy bishop. We have been informed that originally it took place on the 6th of December, the festival of St. Nicholas, the patron of children : being the day on which it was customary at Salisbury, and in other places where the ceremony was observed, to elect the *boy*-bishop from among the children belonging to the Cathedral.

Such is the traditional origin of the procession *ad Montem*, of which a description so lively and graphic occurs in the pages of Knight's Quarterly Magazine, that none but an Etonian could have given anything like it.

The Montem being a ceremony of unfrequent occurrence, and which we have not ourselves had the good fortune to witness, will we hope, excuse the liberty we have taken of transferring it to our pages.

"We reached at length the foot of the mount, a very respectable barrow, which never dreamt, in its Druidical age, of the interest which it now excites, and the honours which now await it. Its sides are clothed with mechanics in their holiday suits, and happy dairy-maids in their Sunday gear. At its

base sit peereesses in their barouches, and earls in all the honours of four-in-hand. The flag is waved, the scarlet coats and the crimson plumes again float amongst us, and the whole earth seems made for one universal holiday. I love the *no* meaning of Montem—I love to be asked for salt by a pretty boy in silk stockings and satin doublet, though the custom has been called something between robbing and begging—I love the apologetical ‘*Mos pro lege*,’ which defies the Police and the Mendicity Society—I love the absurdity of a captain taking precedence of a marshal, and a marshal bearing a gilt baton at an angle of forty-five degrees from his right hip; and an ensign flourishing a flag with the grace of a tight-rope dancer, and sergeants paged by fair-skinned Indians and beardless Turks; and corporals in sashes and gorgets, guarded by innocent polemen in blue jackets and white trousers. I love the mixture of real and mock dignity; the Provost in his cassock, clearing the way for the Duchess of Leinster to see an ensign make his bow, or the head master gravely dispensing leave till nine, to Grand Seignors, and Counts of the Holy Roman Empire. I love the crush in the cloisters, and the riot on the mount—I love the clatter of carriages, and the plunging of horsemen—I love the universal gaiety, from the peer who smiles and sighs that he is no longer an Eton boy, to the country girl who marvels that such little gentlemen have cocked hats and real swords.

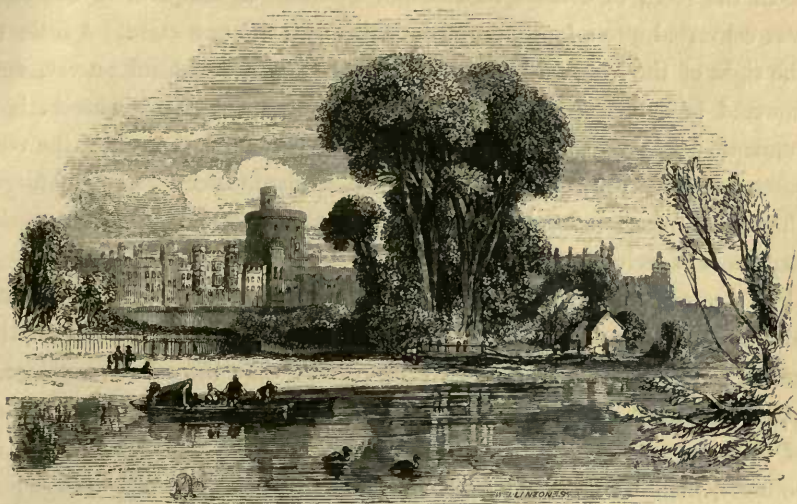
“I will not attempt to reason about the pleasures of Montem, but to an Etonian it is enough that it brings pure and ennobling recollections—calls up associations of life and happiness, and makes even the wise feel that there is something better than wisdom, and the great that there is something nobler than greatness. And then the faces that come about us at such a time, with their tales of old friendship or generous rivalries. I have seen to-day fifty old schoolfellows of whom I remember only the nicknames: they are now degenerated into scheming M.P.’s, or clever lawyers, or portly doctors: but at Montem they leave the plodding world of reality for one day, and regain the dignities of sixth-form Etonians.”

But it is time to ascend to Windsor, whose ample towers overhang the ground whereon we stand, with majestic elevation.

A delightful stroll of two miles through fertile meads by the brink of Thames, in full view of the Castle, brings us to

DATCHET, where Shakspeare lays the scene of his “fat Knight’s” submer-sion, “hissing hot” from the “buck-basket” where he lay *perdu* among the soiled linen “like a piece of butcher’s offal in a barrow.” In the parish

church of Datchet is a monument to the memory of Katharine, wife of Sir Maurice Berkeley, daughter of Lord Mountjoy; and another commemora-



WINDSOR CASTLE FROM PLAYING FIELDS, ETON.

tive of Christopher Barker, printer to Queen Elizabeth. The village of Datchet has nothing to detain us a moment from crossing the bridge, [where patient anglers are busy plying their contemplative trade,] and entering by a turnstile the Little or Home Park.

Though this park is not the usual, yet it is by no means the least delightful approach to Windsor Castle. We would earnestly recommend such as may do our book the honour to make it their companion, that after visiting Eton they should take this route, rather than that through the busy town; the train of associations, and that generous glow of admiration with which we should approach a place so haunted by the romance of history, poesy, and life, as Windsor Castle, are apt to be rudely broken in upon by passing through the streets of an ordinary country town.

THE LITTLE, OR HOME PARK,

lies in level expanse below the northern and eastern sides of the Castle. It is about four miles in circumference, comprising nearly five hundred acres, encompassed by a wall of red brick, and planted with formal avenues of noble elms. The ground to the north was laid out as a garden in the time

of Queen Anne, but has since been levelled, and formed into a spacious lawn.

In the reign of Charles the Second, a portion of the park, to the east, was converted into a bowling green, which does not now exist. A little to the right of the footpath leading from Datchet is a delightful retreat, embowered in evergreens, and laid out with surpassing taste, wherein is a romantic cottage, named after her Majesty Queen Adelaide. It is the very picture of peace, quiet and elegant repose,—a place where royalty may forget the tedious forms and dull magnificence of state, and enjoy for a time the happiness of seclusion and retirement.

In a cottage in Windsor Great Park, George the Fourth, notwithstanding his habitual love of splendour and magnificence, delighted to spend the evening of his days. It is worthy of remark that the most magnificent palaces are often deserted by their possessors, for some lowly cot in a corner of their far-spreading demesne: even kings, it would appear, must live in cottages, when they would live content.

The grand attraction of the Home Park to classical tourists is Herne's Oak, a pale, shattered, leafless ruin, the embrace of whose sapless arms even the clinging ivy has deserted. A brass plate, with an inscription, has, by the good taste of Mr. Jesse, been provided as a distinctive mark of this classic and venerable tree. The same gentleman, whose solicitude for the preservation of whatever objects in nature, architecture, and art, connected with our royal residences, is well known and gratefully appreciated, has undertaken the defence of his favourite tree against certain imputations thrown out against its identity with the tree of the Hunter.



HERNE' OAK.

"It would be out of the province of a work of this nature," says Mr.

Jesse, in his *Summer's Day at Windsor*, "to enter into all the arguments which have been brought forward against the existence of the tree in question. For the satisfaction, however, of those who may feel inclined to visit this interesting relic, it may be stated that many old inhabitants of Windsor look upon it as the *real* Herne's Oak, and bear this testimony to their fathers and grandfathers having done so before them—one of the best proofs, perhaps, of its identity. Not a leaf, not a particle of vitality appears upon it. 'The hunter must have blasted it.' Not any of the delightful associations connected with it have vanished; nor is it difficult to fancy it as the scene of Falstaff's distress, and the pranks of the "Merry Wives."

"There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;
And there he blasts the tree"

There is a pit hard by, where "Nan and her troop of fairies, and the Welsh devil Evans," might have couched, without being perceived by the "fat Windsor stag," when he spake like "Herne the hunter."

The hypotheses and conjectures of some who insist that the Herne's Oak identical with that made classic in the "*Merrie Wives of Windsor*" was cut down by order of George the Third, as we have no faith in them, we shall not be at the trouble to recapitulate. If George the Third did give orders for cutting down the tree, we are happy to believe implicitly, with Mr. Jesse, "that the tree was supposed to be Herne's Oak, but it was not:" while those who argue that the genuine "Simon Pure" has gone the way of all timber, are desirous only of showing their accuracy at the expense of our pleasurable associations. Mr. Jesse takes the popular side, and proves triumphantly—at least we are willing to believe he has done so—that the Herne's Oak of Shakspeare, notwithstanding the fiat of its royal master, is preserved to us still.

From the pathway, near to Herne's Oak, the visitor has a delightful view of that portion of the Castle comprising the private apartments of the Sovereign, and the visitors' apartments; the former looking towards the east, the latter to the south. This view of the Castle is less majestic than those from some other points; its elevation is less apparent, and its outline more uniform, but nothing can more effectually satisfy the mind with the

idea realised of a royal residence worthy the Sovereign of a great and powerful nation. This view has been noticed by a popular writer, who says that it is such a prospect as "every one who has the slightest taste for the picturesque should neither die nor go abroad without seeing."



EAST FRONT, WINDSOR CASTLE.

Near the London road, on the opposite side, but hidden from our view by a high wall, is

FROGMORE, now the residence of H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, which was from a very early period part of the royal demesne, and, as such, was disposed of by authority of the Parliament, together with other of the crown lands. The mansion was formerly in the occupation of George Fitzroy, Duke of Northumberland, one of the natural sons of King Charles the Second, whose widow, the Duchess Dowager, died there at a very advanced age. After his release from imprisonment in the Round Tower, Marshal Bellisle resided here, and was succeeded by Sir Edward Walpole. In the time of Queen Charlotte, the house and grounds were much improved, and Frogmore became a favourite retreat of Her Majesty.

The grounds contain about thirteen acres, laid out with the most refined taste.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

“ ABOUT, ABOUT !

SEARCH WINDSOR CASTLE, ELVES, WITHIN, WITHOUT !”—*Shakspeare.*

WHEN we have dissipated a delightful day in hurrying through the halls of venerable Eton, pacing the terraces and wandering over the state apartments of Windsor Castle, feasting our eyes with the magnificent expanse of view from the summit of the Round Tower ; when we have been whirled rapidly over the leading drives of the Great Park, and having fared sumptuously at one of the Inns, devote the evening to the artificial prettinesses of Virginia Water, we retire to rest, after a day of pleasurable fatigue, exulting in the activity that has enabled us to go over so much ground, and to behold so many objects of interest, in so little time.

In this excursive and time-economising spirit do thousands upon thousands of our countrymen visit a spot, historically, classically, by gifts of nature and treasures of art, the most interesting in England, and full to overflowing with materials for thinking ; yet, fully to enjoy all that Windsor has to offer to the mind as well as to the eye, we must pay our visit leisurely, collecting, ere we set out upon our journey, as many as possible of the time-honoured associations of the unforgotten past.

We are thus prepared, not only to enjoy all that this delightful retreat affords of gratification to the sight, but to superadd that more exquisite pleasure derivable from reflections, of which our sight is merely suggestive.

The pleasures of sight-seeing are but pleasures of sense ; the massive beauty of battlemented towers soon satisfies our eyes ; there is a cold, courtly formality in the gilded halls of palaces ; tiresome is the monotony of successive ball-rooms, presence chambers, ante-chambers, guard chambers, grand staircases, and the long array of empty rooms of state : if these only made the attractions of a place like Windsor, these attractions, to the intellectual, would be soon exhausted : wearied with the reiteration of

marbles, tapestries, mirrors, gilded walls, and ceilings glowing from the pencil of the artist, we might be tempted, after all, to exclaim with the poet of Windsor Forest, "I seldom see a noble building, or any great piece of magnificence and pomp, but I think how little is all this to satisfy the ambition, or to fill the idea, of an immortal soul!"

But when to this mere magnificence of Royal residences, which is at Windsor Castle the chief object of attention to the great majority of visitors, we superadd all that the noble pile has to boast of in historical associations of great and lasting interest; when we regard it as not only "the monarch's but the muse's seat," and survey, from its proudly eminent towers, a country much loved of the never-dying poets of our land, and hardly more indebted to Nature than to her favourite children, the children of song; when we recall, through the mists of time—pomp, and pageantry, and cavalcade, of the day and the night, of life and death, that have been witnessed within these walls, centuries of thought crowd at once upon us; outward shows forgotten, we revel in the luxury of recollection, and are transported beyond ourselves and our own time.

These recollections we shall pause at some interval of leisure to recall: at present we must introduce the impatient reader to the object of his journey; curiosity is a hunger, which must be appeased before the mind is in a condition to digest history or tradition.

The tourist, whether he may have rambled with us the pleasant route we have been describing, or whether, as is most probable, he may have adopted



KING HENRY THE EIGHTH'S GATE, WINDSOR CASTLE.

the usual course of proceeding through the town of Windsor, will find himself at length entering the gateway, called Henry the Eighth's, beneath whose ample arch he catches a glimpse of that exquisitely beautiful structure St. George's Chapel.

The Lower Ward of the castle, which we are first to explore, contains the following objects of interest:—to the north St. George's Chapel, the Royal, formerly called Wolsey's Tomb-house, the Deanery, and Winchester Tower. To the rear of St. George's Chapel are the great Cloisters, where reside the Canons of the College of St. George; the Lesser, or Horse Shoe Cloisters, where inhabit the Minor Canons and other officers of the College, and Julius Cæsar's Tower, one of the few remaining portions of the older structure, picturesquely perched upon the verge of the cliff overhanging the town. On the south and west sides of the ward are the houses assigned to the Military Knights, formerly called Poor Knights, of Windsor. The principal towers in this ward, in addition to that already mentioned, are the Ivy, or Stone Tower, the twin-towers of Henry the Eighth's gateway, Salisbury Tower, Garter Tower, and Bell Tower, between east and west, in the order in which we have enumerated them.

St. George's Chapel, pre-eminent among the buildings of the Lower Ward, not merely in architectural beauty, but in historical association, demands our first attention.

The Chapel of St. George was erected by Edward the Third, on the site of a smaller structure built by Henry the First, and dedicated to Edward the Confessor. This structure having become much dilapidated, was considerably enlarged and beautified by Edward the Fourth, and having undergone considerable alterations and improvements in subsequent reigns, especially in that of Henry the Seventh, may now be regarded as one of the most elegant and complete specimens of the florid Gothic in the kingdom. A screen and organ gallery divide the interior into two parts, the body of the chapel and the Choir. We admire the workmanship of the groined roof, enriched with different devices, among which may be observed the arms of Edward the Confessor, Edward the Third, Edward the Black Prince, Henry the Sixth, Edward the Fourth, and Henry the Seventh, intermingled with heraldic insignia, beautifully emblazoned. In the choir, on either side, are arranged the stalls of the Sovereign and Knights Companions of the Order of the Garter. High over the stalls depend the banners, and beneath these

are the mantle, sword, and helmet of the respective knights; the carvings of the stalls display a profusion of labour; on the pedestals is a series of delineations of the history of the Redeemer from his nativity to his ascension; and on the front of the stalls at the west end of the choir, the actions of St. George are displayed. The Sovereign's stall is on the right as we enter the choir, and that of the Prince on the left. At the back of each stall is affixed a brass plate bearing the titles and arms of the knights who have occupied them in succession. Underneath the Queen's closet, on the north side of the choir, is the tomb of Edward the Fourth, a beautiful work of art, in hammered steel, executed by Quintin Matsys, the blacksmith of Antwerp.

In 1789, the workmen employed in repairing the chapel perceived a small aperture in the vault where Edward the Fourth was interred. On being opened, the skeleton of that monarch was found enclosed in a leaden and wooden coffin; the head was inclined to the north side, without any appearance of cere-cloth or wrapper, rings or other insignia. The skeleton was found immersed in a glutinous fluid, of a strong saline taste. When the discovery was communicated, the neighbouring inhabitants pressed with such eagerness to obtain a view and some relic of the remains, that the skeleton of the prince, which upwards of three centuries had failed to reduce to its native dust, had not the coffin been closed, would have been frittered away in almost as many hours.

The body of the mild and inoffensive Henry the Sixth, after his murder in the Tower, was conveyed to Chertsey monastery, but afterwards removed to the chapel:

" Let softest strains ill-fated Henry mourn,
And palms eternal flourish round his urn.
Here o'er the martyr King the marble weeps,
And, fast beside him, once-famed Edward sleeps;
Whom not extended Albion could contain,
From old Belerium to the northern main.
The grave unites where e'en the great find rest,
And blended lie the oppressor and th' oppress'd."

The popular opinion that miracles were wrought through the intercession of this unhappy king, was long prevalent.

In a vault in the choir, near the eleventh stall, on the Sovereign's side, lie the remains of Henry the Eighth, of his Queen, Jane Seymour, and of Charles the First.

“ Make sacred Charles’s tomb for ever known,
Obscure the place, and uninscribed the stone.
O fact accursed ! what tears has Albion shed !
Heavens ! what new wounds, and how her old have bled !
She saw her sons with purple deaths expire,
Her sacred domes involved in rolling fire ;
A dreadful series of intestine wars,
Inglorious triumphs and dishonest scars.”

The remains of Charles the First, we are told by Lord Clarendon, were searched for by order of his son, for the purpose of being honoured with a magnificent funeral, but were nowhere to be found: this search must however have been negligently pursued, the coffin of the King having been sufficiently distinguished by his name, and the year in which he perished having been carved on a label or circumscription of lead, by order of the Lords having the management of the funeral. Doubts of the whereabouts of the resting-place of the king had become historical. Lord Clarendon observing, in a word, the confusion he had at that time observed to be in that church, and the small alterations which were begun to be made towards decency, so totally perplexed their memories, that they could not satisfy themselves in what place or part of the church the royal body was interred. Yet when any concurred upon this or that place, they caused the ground to be opened at a good distance, and, upon such inquiries, found no cause to believe that they were near the place. To settle these doubts, His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, in 1813, attended by the Duke of Cumberland, Count Munster, the Dean of Windsor, and Sir Henry Halford, descended into the royal vault, when the coffin of King Charles, as well as those of King Henry the Eighth and his Queen, were discovered in the spot stated by Herbert, and corroborated by Evelyn. Sir Henry Halford published an interesting account of the circumstances attending this investigation, thus describing the appearance of the remains of the ill-fated King :—“ The complexion of the face was dark and discoloured. The forehead and temples had lost little or nothing of their muscular substance: the cartilage of the nose was gone, but the left eye, in the moment of first exposure, was open and full, though it vanished almost immediately ; and the pointed beard, so characteristic of the reign of King Charles, was perfect. The shape of the face was a long oval ; many of the teeth remained, and the left ear, in consequence of the interposition of some unctuous matter between it and the cerecloth, was found entire. The hair was thick at the back part of the head, and

in appearance nearly black. A portion of it which has since been cleaned and dried, is of a beautiful dark brown colour. That of the beard was a reddish brown; on the back part of the head it was more than an inch in length, and had probably been cut so short for the convenience of the executioner—or perhaps by the piety of friends after death, in order to furnish memorials of the unhappy king. On holding up the head to determine the place of separation from the body, the muscles of the neck had evidently contracted themselves considerably, and the fourth cervical vertebra was found to be cut through its substance transversely, leaving the substance of the divided portions perfectly smooth and even; an appearance which could have been produced only by a heavy blow, inflicted with a very sharp instrument, and which furnished the last proof wanting to identify Charles the First."

The coffin of Henry the Eighth was discovered, at the same time, to contain nothing but the bones of that prince, with the exception of a small portion of beard on the chin: the other coffins in the vault were not examined.

The cenotaph of the lamented Princess Charlotte of Wales is situated in what is called the Urswick Chapel, from Dr. Christopher Urswick, a favourite ambassador of Henry the Eighth, and who, in conjunction with Sir Reginald Bray, was employed in restoring and beautifying the chapel.

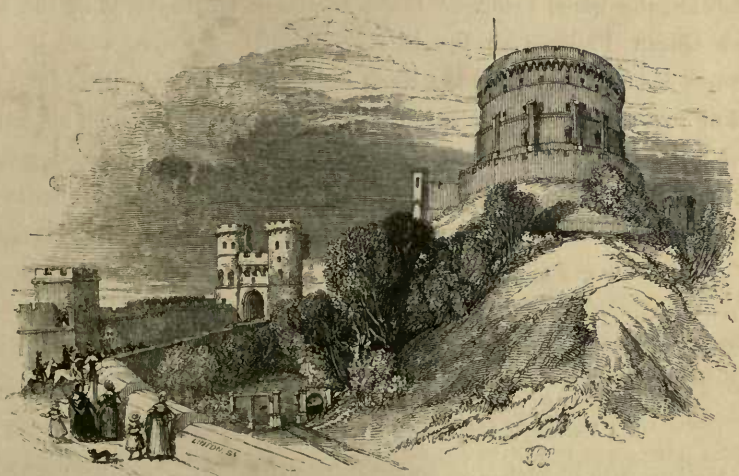
Beaufort Chapel, also called St. Mary's, contains monuments of considerable interest. Henry Marquis of Worcester, who so gallantly defended Ragland Castle in Monmouthshire, against the Parliament, for Charles the First, is interred here. On a door in the north side aisle of this chapel are a lock, a grating, and a circular ornament, with the motto of the order of the Garter, all of worked iron, and well worthy observation. A door leading from the chapel to the cloisters, covered with iron scroll-work, and an iron money-box in the south aisle, are also interesting, as well from their elaborate workmanship as from their antiquity.

The Royal Tomb-house, or Cardinal Wolsey's Chapel, was built by Henry the Seventh as a mausoleum for himself and successors; but afterwards abandoning that intention, he commenced the magnificent structure at Westminster which bears his name. Henry the Eighth granted the building to Cardinal Wolsey, who, at the time of his disgrace, had nearly completed a magnificent cenotaph beneath its roof, consisting of white and black marble, with elaborately-worked ornaments of brass, all which being

seized upon by the Parliament, was sold as "old brass" to Colonel Venn, then Governor of Windsor Castle.

James II. fitted up the chapel for the performance of mass, and had the ceilings painted by Verrio: the king receiving openly the nuncio of the Pope, caused a popular commotion, in which these paintings and the chapel were much injured. George III. repaired the exterior, and made a vault beneath the chapel for the reception of himself and his family: George III. and his Queen, George IV., William IV., the Princess Charlotte, the Duke of York, the Duke of Kent, the Princesses Amelia and Augusta, rest here.

The Round Tower, or Keep, forming the principal feature of the Middle ward, is the work of William of Wykeham, but raised an additional



NORMAN GATE, AND ROUND TOWER, WINDSOR CASTLE.

story and modernised from designs by Sir Jeffrey Wyatville, and highly interesting, as well from its antiquity, as its situation, and the historical records connected with it. This imposing structure is built on a lofty artificial mount, surrounded by a deep fosse, or ditch. The ascent to the interior is by a long flight of stone steps, guarded by a cannon planted at the top, and levelled at the entrance. Another flight of steps conducs to the battlements of the Tower, whence is presented to the eye a series of most interesting views. On a clear day no less than twelve counties may be observed from this spot; and when the weather is particularly favourable, the Cathedral of St. Paul's may be plainly distinguished.

This town was in former times the residence of a constable or governor of the Castle, who was also Judge in all matters and pleas occurring within the limits of Windsor Forest, whose circumference was at one time no less than one hundred and twenty miles. The office of constable or governor of Windsor Castle, is now merely nominal. The Round Tower, before the late alteration by Sir Jeffrey Wyatville, was lower in elevation than at present, but much more picturesque. What it has lost in the romantic, however, has been gained in commodiousness; the windows having been enlarged and rendered uniform, and the old apartments, once the prisons of kings and nobles, converted into convenient sleeping-rooms.

John King of France, and David King of Scotland, the former the captive of Edward the Black Prince at Poitiers, the latter captured by the army under Queen Philippa at the battle of Neville's Cross, were the first prisoners of note confined in the Keep at Windsor Castle. King James the First of Scotland, who at the age of eleven years, on his way from his father's Court to France, fell into the hands of the English, was detained prisoner here by Henry the Fourth, and from the window of his prison-house discovered, walking in the garden, Lady Jane Beaufort.

" Now was there made, fast by the tower's wall,
A garden faire, and in the corners set
An arbour green, with wandes long and small
Rail'd about; and so with leaves beset
Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges knet,
That lyf (person) was none, walking there forbye,
That might within scarce any wight espy."

The emotions with which her presence inspired the royal captive are beautifully described in James's (the above-quoted) poem "King's Quair." King James was not only celebrated as a warrior and legislator, but carried with him into the sterner regions of the north all the fertilising arts of southern enjoyment, doing everything in his power to win his countrymen to the gay, the elegant, and gentle arts, which soften and refine the character of a people, and wreath a grace round the loftiness of a proud and warlike spirit. He wrote many poems: one which is still preserved, called "Christ's Kirk of the Green," shows how diligently he made himself acquainted with the rustic sports and pastimes which constitute such a source of kind and social feeling among the Scottish peasantry, and with what simple and happy humour he could enter into their enjoyments. He contributed greatly to improve the national music; and traces of his tender sentiment and elegant taste are said



Engraved by J.C. Powell.

Designed by J.C. Powell.

WINDSOR.



to exist in those witching airs still piped among the wild mountains and lonely glens of Scotland.

The chivalrous Earl of Surrey was imprisoned in this tower for the crime, it is said, of eating flesh in Lent; though it has been with reason conjectured that this was merely an excuse for his imprisonment, through the jealous fears of Henry: his passion for the Lady Geraldine has been transmitted to us in one of his sonnets, wherein he laments that his captivity here precludes him from all converse with the object of his love:

So cruel prison, how could betide, alas,
As proud Windsor! where I, in lust and joy,
With a king's son my childish years did pass
In greater feast than Priam's son of Troy;
Where each sweet place returns a place full sour!
The large green courts, where we were wont to hove,
With eyes cast up unto the Maidens' tower,
And easy sighs such as men draw in love;
The stately seats, the ladies bright of hue,
The dances short, long tales of great delight,
With words and looks that tigers could but rue;
When each of us did plead the other's right:
The palm-play, where, despoiled for the game,
With dazed eyes, oft we by gleams of love
Have miss'd the ball, and got sight of our dame,
To bait her eyes that kept the leads above:
The gravel ground, with sleeves tied on the helm,
On foaming horse, with swords and friendly hearts;
With cheer as though one would another whelm;
Where we have fought and chased oft with darts.
The wild forest, the clothed holts with green,
With reins ahaled, and swift of breathed horse,
With cry of hounds, and merry blasts between,
Where we did chase the fearful hart of force.
O place of bliss! renewer of my woes!
Give me account where is my noble fere,
Whom in thy calls thou dost each night enclose
To other leefe, but unto me most dear.



EARL OF SURREY.

Such was the picture of a courtier's and a lover's life of those days; no marvel if such a life, so full of happiness and joy, should have been by the poor prisoner pathetically contrasted with his solitary hours of enforced seclusion.

The romantic love and chivalrous life of this accomplished Earl of Surrey have been the favourite theme of the bards who succeeded him: not only a poet in himself, he was the cause of poetry in others.

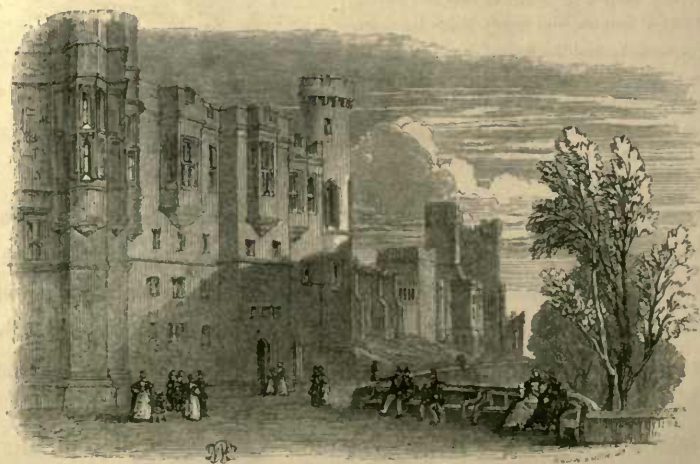
One cannot help reflecting with a melancholy indignation, not unmixed with contempt for the nation that endured such a tyrant, that the brutal

Henry could, with perfect impunity and without a murmur on the part either of his nobles or his people, consign to the axe of the executioner a man not less illustrious by birth than gifted by nature ; gentle and brave—a scholar and a soldier—a courtier and a poet.

The excuse for his destruction was that he had committed treason, although the only overt act connecting him with participation in such a crime was the inference of his guilt in having quartered with his own, the royal arms of England. Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, was one of those noblemen distinguished by Richard the Second, by permission to bear the arms of Edward the Confessor, in conjunction with his own proper heraldic achievements. This distinction the Earl of Surrey without doubt inherited, and having obtained the sanction of the herald, assumed the quarterings. He was brought to trial at Guildhall, on the 13th of January, 1547, where he defended himself with great energy and eloquence, rebutting the charges made against him, and disclaiming, with honest indignation, the treasonable inferences attempted to be deduced upon evidence so flimsy, and pretences so transparent to all observers.

Notwithstanding the untenable nature of the charge against him, he was found guilty, with a facility characteristic of those dark and dismal times, when trial by jury was found no impediment to the murderous designs of slavish judges, and a monster on the throne.

From the Middle ward we proceed to the Upper, and entering a small postern gate in that part of the Castle named after Queen Elizabeth, on the



QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BUILDING, WINDSOR CASTLE.

east side of Winchester Tower, the visitor finds himself upon the *Terrace*, where he will close the book, and indulge himself in the contemplation of that magnificent—nay unrivalled prospect, that lies spread before, around, below.

It is fortunate for us that we have not often dared to indulge in description of natural scenery: *here*, the attempt would be vain, and as presumptuous as vain. The eye is at once filled to satiety with the extreme beauty of the prospect, and the beholder has no more to do than gaze in bewildered admiration.

“ Here hills and dales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again :
Not, chaos-like, together crush'd and bruised,
But as the world, harmoniously confused,
Where order in variety we see,
And where, though all things differ, all agree.”



ETON COLLEGE FROM THE NORTH TERRACE, WINDSOR.

When the tourist has paid sufficient homage to the magnificence of the prospect, he will permit us to direct his attention to the historical associations connected with the classic spot he is now contemplating. The North Terrace was the work of Queen Elizabeth ; the East and South Terraces belong to the time of Charles the Second, their whole extent, when finally completed, being nearly two thousand feet in length, and decidedly, taken in connexion with the prospects they overlook, and the noble hill with which they are con-

nected, the most magnificent terrace in the world. This has been the favourite promenade of successive monarchs. Queen Elizabeth is reported to have walked here an hour every day in fine weather. Charles the First, Cromwell, Charles the Second, and James the Second, made it their daily promenade, and engravings are extant representing George the Third in his powdered wig, plain cocked hat, and Windsor uniform, taking the air on this terrace, accompanied by his family. Pepys, in his Diary, bursts out into passionate admiration on contemplating this spot: "But, Lord! the prospect that is in the balcony at the Queen's Lodgings, and the Terrace and Walk, are strange things to consider, being the best in the world, sure." Evelyn, not less given to swell the praises of the scene, says: "The Terrace towards Eaton, with the Park, meandering Thames, and sweete meadows, yield one of the most delightful prospects in the world."

The Eastern Terrace, open to the public only on special occasions, and separated from the Northern by a railed gateway, where a sentinel is posted, is connected by a flight of steps with the New Garden, a richly-cultivated spot, laid out in a formal manner, and adorned with two vases, the work of Cibber, father of Colley Cibber, which were brought from Hampton Court, together with many statues both of bronze and marble. Under the pentagon terrace which surrounds the garden is an extensive orangery. It has been questioned, whether this exquisite little garden, with its statues, vases, and geometric lines, however appropriate to a palace like Versailles, is in keeping with the sterner magnificence of a Gothic castle. However applicable this remark may be in general, it cannot apply with any force to the present instance, where magnificence both of art and nature so preponderate, that a little prettiness, like this garden, is no more than a mole on the cheek of beauty, by which the expression is rather heightened than impaired.

Before we enter the state apartments, we may find our advantage in resting awhile upon one of the seats of the North Terrace, and occupying ourselves with recording the leading points of historical interest connected with this, for eight hundred years, the seat of England's monarchs.

We must not omit to acknowledge our obligations, in this part of our subject, to the indefatigable Mr. Lysons, whose account of the history of Windsor anticipates the foundation of the Castle, beginning with Old Windsor.

“Old Windsor, in the hundred of Ripplesmere, lies about two miles south-east of New Windsor. The manor belonged to the Saxon kings, who are supposed to have had a palace at Old Windsor from a very early period. It is certain that King Edward the Confessor sometimes kept his court here; he afterwards gave the manor to the abbot and convent of Westminster. William the Conqueror procured it again from that monastery by exchange, and it appears that, even after the building of Windsor Castle, the palace of Old Windsor was occasionally inhabited by the kings of England, till the year 1110, when King Henry the First, having completed some additional buildings at the Castle, which it is probable was at first intended as a military post, kept his court there for the first time at Whitsuntide; after this it is supposed that Old Windsor soon lost its consequence. The site of the Royal Palace at Windsor is not known.

“When the survey of Domesday was taken, New Windsor, if indeed there was then anything more than the Castle, was neither a parish nor manor. The Castle, which had then been lately built by William the Conqueror, was within the manor and it is probable within the parish of Clewer, of which Windsor was formerly a chapelry: it afterwards became the seat of an extensive manor.

“We are told that William the Conqueror kept his Whitsuntide here in 1071; that a synod was held here in 1072, wherein the province of York was made subject to Canterbury; that William Rufus kept his Whitsuntide, his Christmas, and his Easter here: but it is most probable that all this applies to Old Windsor. Windsor Castle seems to have been intended by William the Conqueror more for a military post, for which by its situation it was well adapted, than for the residence of himself and his successors.

“King Henry the First certainly kept one Christmas at Old Windsor, but having enlarged the Castle with ‘many fair buildings,’ he removed his court to New Windsor. This monarch was married at Windsor to his second queen, Adelaide or Adelia, daughter of Godfrey, Duke of Louvain, in 1122; in 1127, he kept his Whitsuntide at Windsor, when David King of Scotland and the English barons swore fealty to the Empress Maude, the king’s daughter.

“It does not appear that Windsor Castle sustained any siege in the wars between Stephen and the Empress: but upon the peace, this castle being then esteemed, as to its importance, the second fortress in the kingdom, was

committed to the safe custody of Richard de Lucy. King Henry the Second kept his Easter at Windsor in 1170, at which time he entertained William King of Scotland, and his brother David, who came to congratulate him on his return from Brittany.

“When King Richard the First went to the Holy Land, it appears that Hugh Pudsey, bishop of Durham, whom he had appointed one of the governors of the realm during his absence, had the custody of Windsor Castle, which his ambitious colleague William Longchamp, bishop of Ely, the Lord Chancellor, obliged him to surrender, retaining him in prison until he had complied with his demands. Upon the agreement which took place, in 1191, between Earl John and the Lord Chancellor, the king being still in Palestine, Windsor Castle was delivered in trust to the Earl of Arundel. When the news arrived, two years afterwards, of King Richard’s imprisonment, John took possession of this castle, which was soon after surrendered to the barons, who were in the king’s interest; by a subsequent treaty it was put into the hands of Eleanor, the Queen Dowager.

“King John kept his Christmas at Windsor in 1212; in 1215 he betook himself to this castle as a place of security, the barons being in such power that he did not venture to quit his retreat till after the signature of Magna Charta, which took place on the 15th of June, in that year, at Runnymede, between Windsor and Staines, the barons having refused the king’s summons to attend him in his own castle; the king remained at Windsor some time afterwards.

“During the wars between King Henry the Third and his barons, Prince Edward garrisoned Windsor Castle with foreigners, who nearly destroyed the town, and did much injury to the country round about: the same year it was given up to the barons, and the king made an order, that Eleanor, wife of Prince Edward, with her daughter and all her household, should without delay retire from the castle.

“A great tournament was held in Windsor Park in the sixth year of the reign of King Edward the First. That monarch, and his successor, King Edward the Second, resided frequently at Windsor, where several of their children were born.

“Their illustrious successor was called Edward of Windsor, from this his native place: in his reign John, king of France, taken at the battle of Poitiers, in 1357, and his son Philip, were prisoners in Windsor Castle, on their

parole, having the liberty of taking the diversion of hawking at their pleasure ; David, king of Scotland, is said to have been a prisoner there at the same time.

“All our historians agree that Windsor Castle owes its magnificent fabric to the affection which King Edward the Third bore to the place of his nativity. Holinshed says, the king set workmen in hand to take down much old buildings belonging to the castle at Windsor, and caused divers other fair and sumptuous works to be set up in and about the same castle, so that almost all the masons and carpenters that were of any account within the land were sent for and employed about the same works :” but it appears that various commissions for appointing surveyors and impressing workmen had been issued some years before ; and that in 1356, William of Wickham, then one of the king’s chaplains, was made clerk of the works, with ample powers and a fee of one shilling a day whilst at Windsor, and two shillings when he went elsewhere upon business : his clerk had a salary of three shillings a week. In 1359, the architect’s powers were still further enlarged, and he was appointed keeper of the manors of Old and New Windsor. The next year, three hundred and sixty workmen were impressed, to be employed on the buildings at the king’s wages ; some of whom having clandestinely left Windsor, and engaged in other employment for greater wages, writs were issued to prohibit all persons from employing them, on pain of forfeiting all their goods and chattels, and to commit such of the workmen as should be apprehended to Newgate. The plague having carried off a great number of the king’s workmen, writs were issued to the sheriffs of several counties to impress masons and diggers of stone, to be employed in the king’s works. The counties of York, Salop, and Devon were to furnish sixty men each. Few commissions having been issued after the year 1396, and none after 1373, it may be presumed that this noble work was then completed, comprising the king’s palace, the great hall of St. George, the lodgings on the east and south sides of the upper ward, the round tower, the chapel of St. George, the canons’ houses in the lower ward, and the whole circumference of the walls, with the towers and gates.



EDWARD THE THIRD.

“The appeal of high treason brought by the Duke of Lancaster against

Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, in 1398, was heard by King Richard the Second on a scaffold erected within the castle at Windsor ; when, it being found impossible to reconcile them, a day of combat was appointed to take place at Coventry. The Earl of Salisbury and other Lords, who conspired against King Henry the Fourth soon after his acquisition of the Crown, were for a short time in possession of Windsor Castle.

"The Castle continued to be the occasional residence of our monarchs, who from time to time made various alterations in the buildings, particularly King Henry the Seventh. No remarkable events occur connected with its history for many years before the period of the unhappy civil war, in the reign of King Charles the First.

"Windsor Castle was garrisoned by the Parliament, soon after the breaking out of the civil war, and Colonel Venn, who afterwards was one of the king's judges, was appointed the governor. Prince Rupert made an unsuccessful attack upon it in the autumn of 1642. The Castle continued in the hands of the Parliament during the whole war, and in the year 1648 became the prison of its unfortunate monarch, who, as Heath expresses it, kept his sorrowful and last Christmas at Windsor. Major-General Browne, who had been governor of Abingdon, a very active officer in the Parliamentary service, having fallen under the displeasure of his employers, was sent prisoner to Windsor Castle in 1648.

"In the month of December 1659, Colonel Ingoldsby and Major Wildman having appeared before Windsor Castle with a party of horse, it was surrendered to them by Colonel Whichcote, who was the governor, for the use of the Parliament. The Earl of Lauderdale, the Earl of Lindsey, and Lord Sinclair, who had been confined four years in Windsor Castle, were discharged in the month of March 1660.

"Upon the Restoration, King Charles the Second, finding the buildings of the Castle much dilapidated by plunder and neglect, caused it to be thoroughly repaired and richly furnished. During the greater part of his reign, he made Windsor his summer residence.

"King James the Second received the Pope's nuncio at Windsor Castle with great state and ceremony, to the no small umbrage of his Protestant subjects. King William the Third resided here occasionally. Queen Anne, who when Princess of Denmark lived in a small house adjoining the Little Park, was very partial to Windsor."

“During the three succeeding reigns, Hampton Court and Kensington were the favourite royal residences.”

King William left only some formal avenues of trees, memorials of his brief residence here. Queen Anne was devoted to Hampton Court, and during the period of the two first Georges the Castle was allowed to remain almost deserted.

With the accession to the throne of George the Third, Windsor began to resume its place as the noblest of our royal residences.

The principal improvement effected at Windsor Castle during this King's reign, was the renovation of St. George's Chapel, in which, however, the good King allowed his zeal to outrun his taste; the stained-glass pictures of that most un-ideal of painters, Benjamin West, remaining a blemish and an eye-sore, seriously impairing the general effect of the interior of that beautiful structure.

The prevailing taste of George the Third led him to employ his hours of recreation from the fatigues of public business in agricultural pursuits. The present improved condition of the Home Park is owing to this direction of the taste of George the Third, the greater part of it being in the former reign a swamp, or wilderness of rushes and fern, unsightly, unhealthy, and dangerous to travellers.

The accession of George the Fourth was introductory to a total revolution in the Castle. Parliament, in 1824, having voted a grant towards the improvement of the building, and more especially towards the increase of personal accommodation for the Monarch, and his visitors and attendants, seven commissioners were appointed to carry the work into execution. By these, the Duke of Wellington, Earl of Liverpool, Earl of Aberdeen, Lord Maryborough, Sir M. W. Ridley, Mr. Goulburn, and Mr. Baring, having invited the competition of the most eminent architects in the kingdom, the designs of Mr. Jeffry Wyatt, afterwards Sir Jeffry Wyatville, were finally approved of.

At an expense of nearly a million, the Castle was restored, or rather re-modelled as we now behold it, and although those who have visited the old structure cannot fail to be struck with the superior means of accommodation of the Castle of George the Fourth as a royal residence, yet we miss much of the picturesque incongruity of architecture so eminently characteristic of the Castle of George the Third, whose towers and battle-

ments might be looked upon as chronicles of their times, and monuments to the memories of the respective monarchs by whom they were erected.

A portrait of Sir Jeffry Wyatville, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, is placed upon the staircase leading to the state apartments.

George the Fourth died at Windsor in 1830, and King William the Fourth in 1837.

The last event of historical importance connected with the Castle, was the baptism of the Prince of Wales, in the early part of the present year.

The partiality of her present Majesty to this royal residence is well known.

With this brief account of the rise and progress of Windsor, the space to which we are necessarily limited compels us to be content: indeed, if we were to enlarge upon all that there exists of historical interest in and about Windsor, we should indite as many romances as were discovered in the library of Don Quixote by the Bachelor Carrasco.

THE STATE APARTMENTS.

In these truly royal rooms, which we enter under a Gothic porch, adjoining to King John's Tower, we shall omit minute descriptions of the dimensions, ornaments, and decorations, upon which the guides will be found sufficiently communicative, and confine ourselves to an enumeration of the pictures—observing, by the way, that the order of viewing them has been lately reversed, the visitor ending instead of beginning his inspection with the Vandyke Room. The avowed cause of this alteration is, that the stranger, fatigued with wandering through the presence-chamber, guard-room, ball-room, &c., may not feel disposed to occupy so much time in viewing the pictures as he would have done, had he commenced with the apartments in which they are principally collected.

The order in which the State Apartments are now exhibited to the public is the following:—

1. THE QUEEN'S AUDIENCE-CHAMBER.
2. THE QUEEN'S PRESENCE-CHAMBER.
3. THE GUARD-ROOM.
4. ST. GEORGE'S HALL.
5. THE BALL-ROOM.
6. THE THRONE-ROOM.
7. THE WATERLOO GALLERY.
8. THE GRAND ENTRANCE AND
GRAND STAIRCASE.

9. THE VESTIBULE.
10. THE KING'S DRAWING-ROOM.
11. THE COUNCIL-CHAMBER.
12. THE KING'S CLOSET.
13. THE QUEEN'S CLOSET.
14. THE QUEEN'S DRAWING-ROOM.
15. VANDYKE ROOM.

THE QUEEN'S AUDIENCE-CHAMBER

Contains a portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, with her Execution in the background.—*Janet*.

Upon the picture are inscriptions in Latin, of which the following are translations :

“ Mary Queen of Scotland, by right Princess and legitimate heiress of England and Ireland, mother of James King of Great Britain, tormented by the heresy of her people, overcome by rebellion, and relying on the promise of her relation, Queen Elizabeth, repaired to England for safety, in the year 1568. She was perfidiously detained a prisoner for nineteen years, when the English Parliament, stimulated by religious animosity, by an inhuman sentence condemned her to death, and on the 18th of February, 1586, she was beheaded by the common executioner, in the forty-fifth year of her age and of her reign.”

“ Her most gracious Majesty, the daughter, consort, and mother of kings, is, in the presence of the officers and ministers of Queen Elizabeth, struck by the axe of the executioner, and after barbarously wounding her by a first and second blow, at the third attempt he severs her head from the body.”

“ Thus the once powerful Queen of France and Scotland ascends the fatal scaffold ; with a mind unconquered but devout, she spurns at tyranny and treachery, she upholds the Catholic faith : her past and present life openly and clearly proclaim her a daughter of the Roman Church.”

Frederick Prince of Orange, grandfather of William the Third . . . *Honthorst*.
William Prince of Orange, father of William the Third . . . *Honthorst*.

THE QUEEN'S PRESENCE-CHAMBER.

Ceiling painted by Verrio ; the walls wainscotted and adorned by four large and brilliantly-coloured tapestries of the Gobelin manufacture : the subjects are the BANQUET, the INTERCESSION FOR THE JEWS ; MORDECAI'S OBSTINACY ; HAMAN'S DOWNFALL.

Duchess of Orleans, youngest daughter of Charles the First . . . *Mignard*.
Two princesses of Brunswick, 1609 *Unknown*.

In this apartment is some admirable carved work, from the chisel of Gibbons.

THE GUARD-CHAMBER.

In this room are several highly wrought suits of ancient armour ; a colossal bust of Nelson, the work of Sir F. Chantrey : busts of the Dukes of Wellington and Marlborough, and above all, the exquisitely worked silver shield, inlaid with gold, presented by Francis the First to Henry the Eighth.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL

Is an apartment of historical interest ; and even regarded merely as a state room, its princely dimensions, and the appropriate character of its decorations, will not fail to elicit general admiration.

We are often compelled to acknowledge how seldom refined taste is associated with the boundless resources expended upon Royal residences : it is quite a relief, leaving the vermilion goddesses and bright blue ceilings of Verrio, to visit this truly magnificent hall.

To the good taste of Sir Jeffrey Wyatville we are indebted for the present state of this princely apartment ; the flat Gothic arch, forming the ceiling, its compartment divided by ribs or mouldings, springing from corbels, is much admired.

There are thirteen principal divisions of this roof, each divided into twenty-four smaller ones, containing every one two shields, charged with the armorial bearings of all the Knights of the Garter, from the institution of the order to the present time.

The ceiling is of plaster, painted in imitation of oak, and the walls of the same material coloured to represent stone.

At either end is a music-gallery, and at the east end is the throne of the Sovereign ; the furniture is of oak covered with scarlet cloth.

It would be difficult to imagine a sight more imposing than this hall brilliantly lit up, the table groaning under plate, and the guests, companions of the order of their sovereign, present, habited in their costly robes of state.

Of the illustrious and ancient order of the Garter, to whose festive occasions St. George's Hall is dedicated, or of the ceremonies performed upon the occasion of the installation of knights, the narrow limits of our work forbid any detailed history.

The learned Selden, in his "Titles of Honour," observes that the Order of the Garter "hath not only precedency of antiquity before the eldest rank of honour of that kind anywhere established, but that it exceeds in majesty, honour, and fame, all chivalrous orders in the world." Camden asserts with truth, that the mightiest princes of the Christian world consider it the highest honour they can attain to be installed knights of this illustrious order.

Nor has the muse been wanting to its celebration; Dryden thus alludes to its pre-eminence in his poem "The Flower and the Leaf:"—

Behold an order yet, of newer date,
Doubling their number, equal in their state;
Our England's ornament, the crown's defence,
In battle brave, protectors of their prince:
Unchanged by fortune, to their sovereign true,
For which their manly legs are bound with blue.
These of the garter called, of faith unstain'd,
In fighting fields the laurel have obtain'd,
And well repaid the honours which they gain'd.

The following portraits adorn St. George's Hall:—

James the First	<i>Vandyck.</i>
Charles the First	<i>Vandyck.</i>
Charles the Second	<i>Sir Peter Lely.</i>
James the Second	<i>Sir Peter Lely.</i>
William the Third	<i>Sir Godfrey Kneller.</i>
Mary the Second	<i>Sir Godfrey Kneller.</i>
Queen Anne	<i>Sir Godfrey Kneller.</i>
George the First	<i>Sir Godfrey Kneller.</i>
George the Second	<i>Zeeman.</i>
George the Third	<i>Gainsborough.</i>
George the Fourth	<i>Sir Thomas Lawrence.</i>

THE BALL-ROOM

Is adorned with brilliant specimens of tapestry, the subjects taken from the story of JASON and the GOLDEN FLEECE.

THE THRONE-ROOM

Contains the "INSTALLATION OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE GARTER," by Benjamin West; and portraits, of GEORGE THE THIRD, by Gainsborough: GEORGE THE FOURTH, by Sir Thomas Lawrence; and WILLIAM THE FOURTH, by Sir M. A. Shee.

THE WATERLOO CHAMBER.

If the time allotted to visitors for viewing the State Apartments was extended, which considering the number, would hardly be practicable, or if it were possible to be left alone in this gallery, what a host of associations might not the thoughtful faces gazing on us from those walls awaken? Here are preserved to future ages faithful resemblances of those in whose hands were placed the destinies of Europe, at a crisis pregnant with most fearful consequences; no marvel, then, that much thought and many cares should have left indelible memorials on the brow!

When we entered the room, we expected to find among the rest the portrait of Napoleon, but it was not there; and upon reflection, we could not but approve the good taste that excluded the vanquished Emperor from the society of him who trampled the Imperial ensigns in the dust.

Among this most interesting series of historical portraits, there is none comparable, as a work of art, to that of Pope Pius the Seventh. This, and its companion, Cardinal Gonsalvi, were painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, at Rome, whither he repaired for the express purpose. Sir Thomas was prophetic when he said that this "would probably be the best picture he ever painted:" never, perhaps, was the feebleness of age, but feebleness of the frame only, so truly represented; one stands before this picture with involuntary respect: there is a paternal benignity in the face, an appealing gentleness of aspect, an expression of a spirit resigned and broken, that taken together, make the picture inexpressibly touching.

The marked physiognomies which different modes of life bestow upon men are seen well contrasted in this gallery; you would almost imagine Hardenberg, Metternich, and Canning, their countenances full of speculation and deep thought, beings of a different species from the bold bluff Blücher, Platoff, and Alten.

It is strange that the portrait of the conqueror of Waterloo should be very inferior to many of the others: the countenance has by no means its true expression, and the figure is stiffly drawn, and in an ungainly attitude.

The portrait of the unfortunate Duke of Brunswick, who was killed at Waterloo, son of the Duke who died gloriously on the plains of Jena, will be regarded with a melancholy interest.

This apartment was set apart expressly as a repository for the portraits of sovereigns, diplomatists, statesmen, and warriors, in commemoration of the ever-memorable battle from which it derives its name. The portraits in the room, with the exception of the eight last mentioned, are the works of Sir Thomas Lawrence.

Duke of York.	Prince Metternich.	Baron Hardenberg.
Lord Castlereagh.	Duke de Richelieu.	Cardinal Gonsalvi.
George the Fourth.	General Czernicheff.	George Canning.
Duke of Wellington.	Pope Pius the Seventh.	Count Alten.
Earl of Liverpool.	Count Nesselrode.	Field Marshal Blucher.
Duke of Cambridge.	Alexander, Emperor of	Count Platoff.
Duc d'Angoulême.	Russia.	Baron Humboldt.
The Archduke Charles.	Francis the Second, Emperor	General Overoff.
Prince Schwartzenberg.	of Austria.	Earl Bathurst.
Charles the Tenth.	Frederick the Third, King of	Count Munster.
Duke of Brunswick.	Prussia.	
Count Capo de Istrias.		

From this magnificent room we proceed to

THE GRAND VESTIBULE,

An apartment of singularly beautiful construction, the effect peculiarly light and elegant. This room contains six suits of ancient armour of the time of Elizabeth and Charles the First.

THE GRAND STAIRCASE.

In a deeply recessed arch in this staircase, worthy of the magnificent suite of rooms to which it forms the approach, is a fine statue in marble of George the Fourth, by Chantrey.

THE COUNCIL CHAMBER.

The paintings in this splendid apartment are the following :—

Prince Rupert, <i>Sir P. Lely.</i>	A Sybil, <i>Guercino.</i>	A Magdalen, <i>Carlo Dolce.</i>
Cleopatra, <i>Guido.</i>	Landscape, <i>G. Poussin.</i>	Charles the Second, <i>Sir Peter Lely.</i>
Jonah thrown into the sea, <i>N. and G. Poussin.</i>	St. Peter, <i>Guercino.</i>	Herodias' daughter, <i>Carlo Dolce.</i>
Female head, <i>Parmegiano.</i>	Man with a book, <i>Holbein.</i>	Landscape, <i>G. Poussin.</i>
Countess of Desmond, at the age of 120 years, <i>Rembrandt.</i>	Female head, <i>Andrea del Sarto.</i>	Martin Luther, <i>Holbein.</i>
St. Paul, <i>Guercino.</i>	St. Catharine, <i>Leonardo da Vinci.</i>	Silence, <i>A. Caracci.</i>
Sea-port, <i>Claude.</i>	Holy family, <i>Garofalo.</i>	Head, <i>Parmegiano.</i>
St. John, <i>Corregio.</i>	Head of a youth, <i>Holbein.</i>	Interior of a farm-house, <i>Teniers.</i>
	Landscape, <i>G. Poussin.</i>	

Landscape, with Claude drawing, <i>Claude</i> .	Interior of a church, <i>De Neef</i> .	Landscape, with Rome in the distance, <i>Claude</i> .
Holy family, <i>A. del Sarto</i> .	Landscape and cattle, <i>Berghem</i> .	Holy family, <i>A. del Sarto</i> .
St. Agnes, <i>Domenichino</i> .		John, Duke of Marlborough, <i>Kneller</i> .

THE VESTIBULE

Contains five pictures by Benjamin West. The subjects are :—

- King Edward entertaining his prisoners after the surrender of Calais.
- Edward the Black Prince, receiving King John of France, when a prisoner, after the battle of Poitiers.
- Philippa, Queen of Edward the Third, at the battle of Neville's Cross.
- Edward the Third embracing his son after the battle of Cressy.
- Queen Philippa interceding for the valiant citizens of Calais.

In this room also are two valuable busts in terra cotta, of King Edward the Third, and his heroic queen.

THE KING'S DRAWING ROOM,

Called also the Rubens Room, all the pictures, eleven in number, being attributed to that master. The subjects are as follows :—

- Portrait of Rubens, when about forty.
- St. Martin dividing his cloak with a beggar.
- Holy Family.
- Philip the Second of Spain on horseback.
- Rubens' second wife, Helena Forman (!)—

The last-mentioned picture thus described by Dr. Waagen, and Smith, in their catalogues. Mrs. Jameson considers this portrait that of Elizabeth Brandt, the *first* wife of the painter.

- Landscape, Winter.
- Landscape, Summer. (Companion.)
- Family of Sir Balthasar Gerbier.
- Portrait of a middle-aged man, half length.
- Don Ferdinand, and the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria, at the battle of Nordlingen.

In this room is preserved the chair manufactured from the rafters of "Allowa's auld Haunted Kirk," and presented to George the Fourth when he visited Scotland.

THE KING'S CLOSET

Is occupied by the following works of art :—

The Emperor Charles the Fifth, <i>Sir A. More.</i>	The Woman at the Well, <i>Guercino.</i>	Holy Family, <i>Julio Romano.</i>
Man's Head, <i>Parmegiano.</i>	Holy Family, <i>Tintoretto.</i>	Interior, <i>Peter de Neef.</i>
The Wife of Van Cleeve, <i>Van Cleeve.</i>	Antiquary with a Shell, <i>Mireveldt.</i>	Landscape, <i>Wouvermans.</i>
Van Cleeve, by himself.	St. Catharine, <i>Domenichino.</i>	Mary anointing Christ's feet, <i>Rubens.</i>
A Fair, <i>Breughel.</i>	Officer of the Pope's Guard, <i>Parmegiano.</i>	Landscape, <i>Wouvermans.</i>
St. Catharine, <i>Guido.</i>	Landscape, with horses, <i>A. Vandervelde.</i>	Still life, shells &c., <i>Francis Franks.</i>
Madonna, <i>Carlo Dolce.</i>	Another view of Windsor Castle in the time of Charles the Second.	St. Peter released from prison, <i>Steenwyk.</i>
Interior of a Picture Gallery, <i>E. Quillmies.</i>	Guercino painting, <i>Guercino.</i>	Gardener to the Duke of Florence, <i>A. del Sarto.</i>
Garden of Eden, <i>Breughel.</i>	St. Matthew, <i>Guercino.</i>	Interior of a Dutch cottage, <i>Jan Steen.</i>
Ecce Homo, <i>Carlo Dolce.</i>	Music Master and Pupil, <i>Egton Vanderneer.</i>	Holy Family, <i>Teniers.</i>
St. Christopher, <i>Elsheimer.</i>	Virgin and Child, <i>Teniers.</i>	Holy Family, <i>C. Procaccini.</i>
Encampment, <i>Wouvermans.</i>		Interior, <i>Peter de Neef.</i>
Windsor Castle in the time of Charles the Second, <i>Vos-terman.</i>		Duke of Alva, <i>Sir A. More.</i>

THE QUEEN'S CLOSET.

In this little room, preposterously furnished with pale blue silk hangings, are the under-mentioned pictures :—

Views of an Italian seaport, <i>Carlo Varis.</i>	Landscape, <i>Claude.</i>	The Nativity, <i>Barocchio.</i>
Portrait of Henry the Eighth, <i>Holbein.</i>	A Head, <i>Rembrandt.</i>	A Head, <i>Gerard Dow.</i>
Landscape, <i>Claude.</i>	Virgin and Child, <i>Vandyck.</i>	Bishop of Antwerp, <i>Rubens.</i>
A Head, <i>Leonardo de Vinci.</i>	Italian seaport, <i>Carlo Varis.</i>	A Portrait, <i>Bassano.</i>
Duke of Norfolk, father of the unfortunate Earl of Surrey, <i>Holbein.</i>	Interior of a Gallery, <i>Old Teniers.</i>	Titian and the Chancellor Andrea Franceschini, <i>Titian.</i> —This picture in the official catalogue is called Titian and Aretino.
Duke of Hamilton, Master of the Horse to Charles the First, <i>Honthorst.</i>	Holy Family, <i>Sebastian del Piombo.</i>	Infant Christ, <i>C. Maratti.</i>
Edward the Sixth, <i>Holbein.</i>	Landscape and Figures, <i>Teniers the younger.</i>	St. John, <i>Guercino.</i>
	Interior of a Gallery, <i>Old Teniers.</i>	Erasmus, <i>George Penz.</i>
	Italian Seaport, <i>Carlo Varis.</i>	Italian Seaport, <i>Carlo Varis.</i>

THE QUEEN'S DRAWING ROOM.

The paintings in this room are :—

Jacob watering the Flock	<i>Zuccharelli.</i>
The Meeting of Isaac and Rebecca	<i>Zuccharelli.</i>
The Finding of Moses	<i>Vandyck.</i>
Earl of Pembroke	<i>Van Somer.</i>
Together with six large Landscapes by <i>Zuccharelli.</i>	

The last apartment of this suite, and the most attractive, is called

THE VANDYCK ROOM.

The pictures in this apartment are all attributed to Vandyck, and are, with very few exceptions, not only historically interesting, but exquisite specimens of the master.

The Duke of Berg.	of Buckingham, and his	Sir Kenelm Digby.
King Charles the First, his	brother, Lord Francis Vil-	Charles the Second when a
Queen, Henrietta Maria,	liers, as boys.	a boy about nine or ten
and two of their children.	The Prince of Carignano.	years old.
The Duchess of Richmond, as	Queen Henrietta Maria, in	Portrait of Vandyck.
St. Agnes.	profile.	Queen Henrietta Maria.
Thomas Killigrew and	Madame de St. Croix.	The Countess of Dorset.
Thomas Carew.	The children of Charles the	Three of King Charles' chil-
Henrietta Maria, Queen of	First, five figures, full	dren, Prince Charles, the
Charles the First, youngest	length.	Duke of York, and the
daughter of Henry the	Charles the First, in three	Princess Mary.
Fourth of France.	points of view, front, pro-	Charles the First, in armour,
Anastasia Venetia, Lady	file, and three quarters.	on horseback.
Digby.	Queen Henrietta Maria.	A portrait of a gentleman.
George Villiers, second Duke	The Countess of Carlisle.	

Her Majesty's private apartments and those set apart for the accommodation of the royal visitors, occupy the east and south side of the upper ward. The apartments in the ordinary occupation of Her Majesty and which are shown only by an order from the Lord Chamberlain, in the absence of the Court, comprise a dining room, two drawing rooms, library, and the requisite apartments of all descriptions for the personal accommodation of the monarch. The library occupies the whole of Chester Tower, which together with the principal rooms in the Black Prince's, Chester, Clarence, and the King's Towers, are lighted by oval windows of great magnificence; this part of the building has the floors arched with brick, and the girders of iron, as a security against accidents by fire.

Upon a lofty pedestal at the west end of the quadrangle is an equestrian bronze statue of Charles the Second; the base beautifully sculptured by Gibbons.

WINDSOR GREAT PARK.

HE who has not seen the Great Park at Windsor has not seen the greatest attraction that Windsor possesses : palaces are palaces, and state rooms are state rooms, all the world over : gorgeous and magnificent as they may be, they serve little more than to enrich the eyes of barren spectators ; there is a noble inutility about them ; even Rubenses and Vandycks we can behold elsewhere. The vast superiority of Windsor over other palaces, as well as its intrinsic beauty, is bestowed upon it by Nature, and it is in its association with natural beauty that the greatest pleasure of our visit is derived.

Its grand, yet gentle elevation above the surrounding country, and its isolation, mark it as the monarch of the plain : the courtier Thames, in full dress, and in his gayest smiles, pays homage to the royal hill ; for subjects, has it not myriads of stately elms, umbrageous oaks, spiral poplars, and all the aristocracy of tree ? for territory, has it not the subjacent country round ?

Yet, such is taste, nineteen-twentieths of those who visit Windsor are whirled up the steep, narrow streets of the town into the Castle, where they are hurried, like a flock of sheep, through the usual sights of the place, so rapidly, that thought, reflection, or association of ideas, is out of the question ; and then, having, perhaps, extended their drive as far as the upper end of the Long Walk, where they look about them, return to town, satisfied that they have seen all that Windsor has to be proud of.

Why forget, in doing homage to the ancient seat of royalty, that nature has also claims on our attention ? Surely there is a royalty in the gorgeous sun, reflected from the liquid bosom of yon rippling waters ; there is poetry in that landscape, and chronicles of centuries in those aged oaks ; in yonder stately towers the eye has been delighted, and the mind has participated in pleasurable sensations, but here we attain to something more and better ; the spirit is soothed, and the cares and irritations of our every-day life vanish before the sedative influences of Nature. Castles and palaces are food, if you will ; but these pastoral meads, thick embowering woods, and secluded glades, are medicine for world-wearied man : it is not merely a pleasure to come here—it is a blessing !

Look up at the "azure firmament on high:" has Verrio painted anything like it? are there hangings in Windsor or any other castle comparable for a moment with those purple and orange-tinted clouds—heaven's own tapestry? are there anywhere windows patched with parti-coloured glass, streaming with prismatic lights, like—

" the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her sun-bright face?"

Or are carpets sprinkled with stars and garters to be named in the same day with this, upon which we freely tread, rich in thousand harmonising hues of empurpled heath, and blossomy furze, and eye-refreshing strips of *greenest* green—rich, too, in commingling odours, and alive with the hum of bees, the chirp of grasshoppers, and song of various birds?

Then, as to pictures: really I do not see that we lose a gallery by coming here. There are no Vandycks or Rubenses, it is true; but look where that enormous beech of silvery stem intercepts the strong sunlight from the centre of that little prairie, and with its blackening shade makes, where it overshadows, night in the midst of day—what a Ruysdael! Then, where that forest road turns abruptly round the broken sandbank, upon whose verge, half its roots exposed, clings a withered oak, you have a noble specimen of Wynants. Everywhere, trees in all their combinations of form and colour, picturesque buildings, deer sheds, reedy ponds, foregrounds of fern and withered shrubs, and distances of blue heath blending with the bluer sky, make pictures upon pictures, such as Both or Hobbima would have been glad to paint.

Our artists, with much regret and indignation, talk of the National Gallery being deficient in landscape: here, in Windsor Great Park and the adjoining Forest, are twenty thousand priceless pictures, accessible, by railway, for half-a-crown, and yet nobody thinks it worth his while to come and copy them!

"The Great Park," we are informed by the author of the *Magna Britannia*, "according to Norden's Survey, formerly contained three thousand six hundred and fifty acres: its principal entrance from the town leads to a noble avenue of elms, nearly three miles in length (the Long Walk): the ranger's lodge (Cumberland Lodge), together with a great part of the Great Park, is in the parish of Old Windsor. The rangership of the Great and Little Park at Windsor was given by King William to the Earl of Portland, and upon his death was granted by Queen Anne, for three lives,

to Sarah Duchess of Marlborough : on the expiration of this grant, the rangership of the Great Park was given, in 1746, to his Royal Highness William Duke of Cumberland, by whom the lodge was much improved and altered : the late Duke of Cumberland, his Majesty's brother, was appointed Ranger of the Great Park on the death of his illustrious uncle ; but on the death of the late Duke, in 1791, his Majesty took this management of the park into his own hands ; it was then found to contain three thousand eight hundred acres, the greater part of which his Majesty, with a very laudable zeal for the interests of agriculture, has devoted to experiment, it having been disparked and converted into farms, under the direction of Mr. Kent, who introduced there the Norfolk and Flemish modes of husbandry."

The principal object of attraction in the Great Park is the Long Walk. The view from the summit, where is placed, upon a block of granite, a colossal statue of George the Third, is probably unrivalled in England for luxuriant beauty. When the mellow tints of autumn overspread the woods, pleasing the eye with diversities of colour, nothing can be finer than the effect of the "long-drawn aisle" of magnificent trees extending from Snow Hill to Windsor, a distance of nearly three miles, a direct line.



WINDSOR CASTLE, FROM BISHOPSGATE.

From this point the traveller usually proceeds towards Cumberland Lodge, a large straggling and melancholy edifice. It is not generally known that Cumberland Lodge boasts a vine, and producing yearly prodigious crops of delicious fruit, even larger than the monster vine at Hampton Court.

From Cumberland Lodge we proceed towards Bishopsgate. Here we have one of the most enchanting views of the Castle, which, wherever we turn, forms the terminating point of view. The foreground is formed by over-shadowing trees of enormous magnitude, and the Castle and country beyond, seen through lengthened vista, have all the effect of a landscape set in a frame of elegant arabesque work.

From Bishopsgate the usual route is to Virginia Water, a place full of artificial prettinesses in that boasted taste which, for want of a better name, we may denominate the Grand Cockney. Here are Chinese tea-houses painted all colours of the rainbow, fishing-temples of most preposterous architecture and absurd decoration, belvideres, ruins, puppet frigates floating on the lake,



VIRGINIA WATER.

and the like. Our illustration exhibits the ruins, and the building called the Belvidere. The grand defect of Virginia Water, however, and one that can never be got over, is the artificiality, the manufactured air of lake, and walks, and groves :

“ Foresta nascitur non fit : ”

Kings may inherit, but cannot create a forest : not even royal resources or power can approach that grandeur of prospect, that magnificence of shade, time and nature alone can give. Nothing about Virginia Water is more than pretty. The water collected into a lake of considerable expanse is a pleasing

object in the landscape, notwithstanding that at a glance you can see the *cut-out* character of its banks and the formality of its outline. But water in every landscape is pleasing, and compensates for many defects.

Returning from Virginia Water, the western side of the Great Park may be explored. The views on either side Queen Anne's ride, especially about Hawk's Hill, Dark Wood, and Sandpit Gate, are most magnificent. Here you have in its perfection, the true sublime of forest scenery; picturesque without infertility, and grand without horror.

The Heronry, near Sandpit Gate, should be visited. Here are some beech trees whose magnitude may be estimated from the fact, that the trunk of one



ELMS NEAR THE HERONRY.

interposed has concealed a man on horseback, at the opposite side, altogether from our view.

Cranbourn Lodge will not fail to arrest the attention of visitors to the Great Park. This strange-looking mansion was built by the Earl of Ranelagh, Paymaster of the Forces, in the time of Charles the Second. It has been successively in the occupation of Charles, Duke of St. Alban's, of the Duke of Cumberland, and of his late Royal Highness the Duke of York. The mansion, or rather the portion of it now remaining, is an hexagonal tower, of considerable elevation, and commanding, on every side, delightful and varied prospects over the Forest, Cranbourne Chase, and the Great Park.

Holly Grove, or Lodge, the residence of Sir William Freemantle, Deputy Ranger of the Great Park, is a delightful retreat, embowered in woods, among which many very fine evergreens are not the least conspicuous.

The house is large and commodious ; but the chief charm of Holly Lodge is its situation. The views from the house and grounds of the Park, Forest, and distant scenery are unrivalled.

The grounds were laid out by Repton, who employed all the skill for which he was famous, in crowding adornment into limited space, and, by a pleasing deceit, to convey an idea of extended territory.

Not far from Cranbourn Lodge is a very remarkable oak, called William the Conqueror's oak, at six feet from the ground, measuring thirty-eight feet in circumference.

Near this is another veteran of the forest, thirty-six feet in circumference. These trees, with the scenery and prospects immediately round Cranbourn Lodge, will amply repay those who may linger in this picturesque vicinity.

Of magnificent prospects, that from High Standing Hill, without the limits of the Great Park, should not be forgotten. "The thick forest scene below, with the continued mass of foliage beyond it, forms a verdant base to the Castle, whose towers, clustered in the perspective, are crowned by the stately Keep, while the town is seen climbing up, as it were, to claim the protection of the fortress above it. The chapel of Eton College rises in the luxuriant vale, which is varied by the uplands of Buckinghamshire, and extends to its distant termination in Middlesex and Surrey."

The number of fine seats, in the vicinage of Windsor Great Park, is very great, and their particular description would far exceed the narrow limits to which we are confined, but among the principal we may note :—

ST. LEONARD'S HILL, conspicuous for its elevated situation, a very noble seat, in the immediate vicinage of the Great Park. It was erected on the site of a cottage by the beautiful Countess Dowager of Waldegrave, afterwards Duchess of Gloucester, and was first called Gloucester Lodge.

The great Earl of Chatham, when Secretary at War, made this his country retreat from the fatigues of public business. One of the finest prospects of the Castle and surrounding country is overlooked by St. Leonard's Hill.

Tradition will have it that there was a Roman encampment here: in 1717, a brass lamp was discovered under a stone, with a spear head, two pieces of trumpets, cans, earthen pots, &c. The lamp, having been presented by Sir Hans Sloane to the Society of Antiquaries, has since been chosen for their crest.

There is at St. Leonard's a field called Hermitage Field, and it is conjectured that there was hereabouts an anchorite's retreat ; a well, known as

the Hermitage Well, was several years since stopped up, and although every exertion has been made to discover it, its place of concealment has been hitherto undiscovered.

Silwood Park, at present offered for sale, is another of the splendid seats on the outskirts of the Great Park. The house is situated on a rising ground, commanding beautiful and extensive views from either front; and the demesne, consisting of between two and three hundred acres, is laid out as a *ferme ornée* with great taste and judgment.

Not far from Ascot is SUNNING HILL, a small village in Windsor Forest. The medicinal well once gave to this picturesquely-situated spot all the attractions of a watering-place; public breakfasts and assemblies gave life and social cheerfulness to the residents, and the magnificent scenery in the neighbourhood formed an attraction few places of this description can boast.

Tittenhurst, or as it is pronounced Titness, in this parish, was the residence of Admiral Sir Home Popham, but has since his time frequently changed owners.

At Sunning Hill resided General Fitzpatrick, formerly known in the political world, but remembered chiefly as the friend and associate of Fox, Burke, and other distinguished Members of the Whig party.

WINDSOR FOREST was formerly of vast extent, comprising, as appears by ancient survey, part of Buckinghamshire, a considerable district in the county of Surrey, following the course of the river Wey as far as Guildford, and the whole of the south-eastern part of Berkshire, as far as Hungerford. Its original circumference was computed at one hundred and twenty miles; but Norden's map, taken in 1607, makes its circuit seventy-seven and a half miles—an immense royal demesne, certainly, and one which few monarchs could have boasted to possess.

In 1789, the entire quantity of land in the Forest was calculated by the Surveyor of the Woods at nearly sixty thousand acres; the parishes within its circuit are twelve in number, and part of five others; and it contains no less than fifteen principal or chief manors, with several that are subordinate or inferior.

The Forest has now in a great degree passed out of royal hands, a small portion contiguous to the Great Park only being reserved; the remainder having been granted, devised, or otherwise disposed of to private individuals.

The Forest contains one market-town and several villages : the principal in point of size and population is WOKINGHAM.

In the chancel of the parish church is a monument to the memory of Thomas Godwin, Bishop of Bath and Wells, who was born, and died here.

Archbishop Laud was a liberal benefactor to this parish : the proceeds of the fee farm rents, bequeathed by him, are divided, pursuant to the donor's intention, every third year, between three poor maidens, of the age of eighteen, natives of the town, and members of the Church of England :—the other years they are appropriated to apprenticing boys.

The Rose Inn at Wokingham is the scene of the whimsical, burlesque ballad, "Molly Mog,"—a production of the conjoined talent of Gay, Swift, and others of their distinguished party. The current tradition of the place is, that Gay and some of his poetic friends having agreed upon one occasion to dine at the Rose, and being kept in the house by the severity of the weather, it was proposed, for the sake of beguiling the time, that a song should be written, to which each individual might contribute a verse : the subject proposed was the maid of the inn. This highly-favoured dame—the subject of a club of poets, and more fortunate than Laura or Sacharissa, who only commanded the homage of one—was the daughter of the landlord, who rejoiced in the discordantly-sounding name of Mog.

It is reported that the combined authors intended to celebrate the praises of Molly's sister, the Beauty of the Rose, but in mistake transferred poetic immortality to the plainer sister, thus inadvertently compensating for the partiality of nature.

It would certainly be an appropriate *pendant* to the portrait of Gay which decorates the parlour of the "Rose," if an artist were to pourtray the confederate bards in the ecstasies of composing "Molly Mog," during their enforced seclusion in the parlour of the village hostelry.

BOROUGH OF WINDSOR.

OF the history of the town of Windsor, I cannot find anything that is not comprised in the history of the Castle, of which the town is strictly the dependant and the creature. The population is about seven thousand. Two Members are returned to Parliament, and the town is governed by a Mayor, Aldermen, and Councillors.

There is no object of particular curiosity in the town, unless we choose to except a stroke of sly humour displayed by Sir Christopher Wren, who, having finished the Town Hall, was remonstrated with by some of the more portly burgesses upon the apparent want of stability of the edifice. In order to allay, while he rebuked their groundless fear, he erected six stone pillars, without, however, allowing them to *touch* the beams they appear intended to uphold. The corpulent citizens, however, trusted their valuable lives to the deceptive supporters, and dismissing further solicitude, "greatly daring, dined."

We must by no means omit an example of the sublime profound—the bathos of servile adulation, as exhibited in a Latin inscription on the base of a statue of Queen Anne which ornaments the Town Hall. We subjoin a translation :—

Sculptor, thy art is vain. It cannot trace
The semblance of the Royal Anna's grace.
Thou mayest as soon to high Olympus fly
And carve the model of some deity.

S. CHAPMAN, Mayor.

When we recollect that Queen Anne was, without flattery, the plainest of the plain, we will be obliged to give Mr. Chapman, Mayor, credit for excess of loyalty, or rather, in the words of Ben Jonson, he would seem to have

"Understood things as most *chapmen* do!"

It would be improper not to make honourable mention of an institution founded here by a benevolent gentleman, Mr. Samuel Travers, for the provision of seven superannuated or disabled lieutenants in the navy, who reside here in handsome apartments, and mess together. The building

stands at the end of Datchet Lane, and commands, from its neatly-kept garden, a fine view of the Castle.

If the happiness and comfort of the inmates of any institution, where the inmates are gentlemen, were to be considered, the provision intended for them by their generous benefactor should never be made dependent upon their leading a solitary conventual life—a barbarous relic of the monkish period. Age and infirmity require the privilege of living where they please—pleasant converse of intimates chosen by themselves, and above all the sweet solicitude of female relations or friends; nor, perhaps, is there any condition of life more opposed to happiness than that of a number of sick and infirm gentlemen compelled to live as it were on shipboard, to depend upon their own, or each other's resources, and to mess together. It is like putting sick lions in the same cage; there can be neither comfort nor retirement—the best medicines for the age that succeeds a weather-beaten youth.

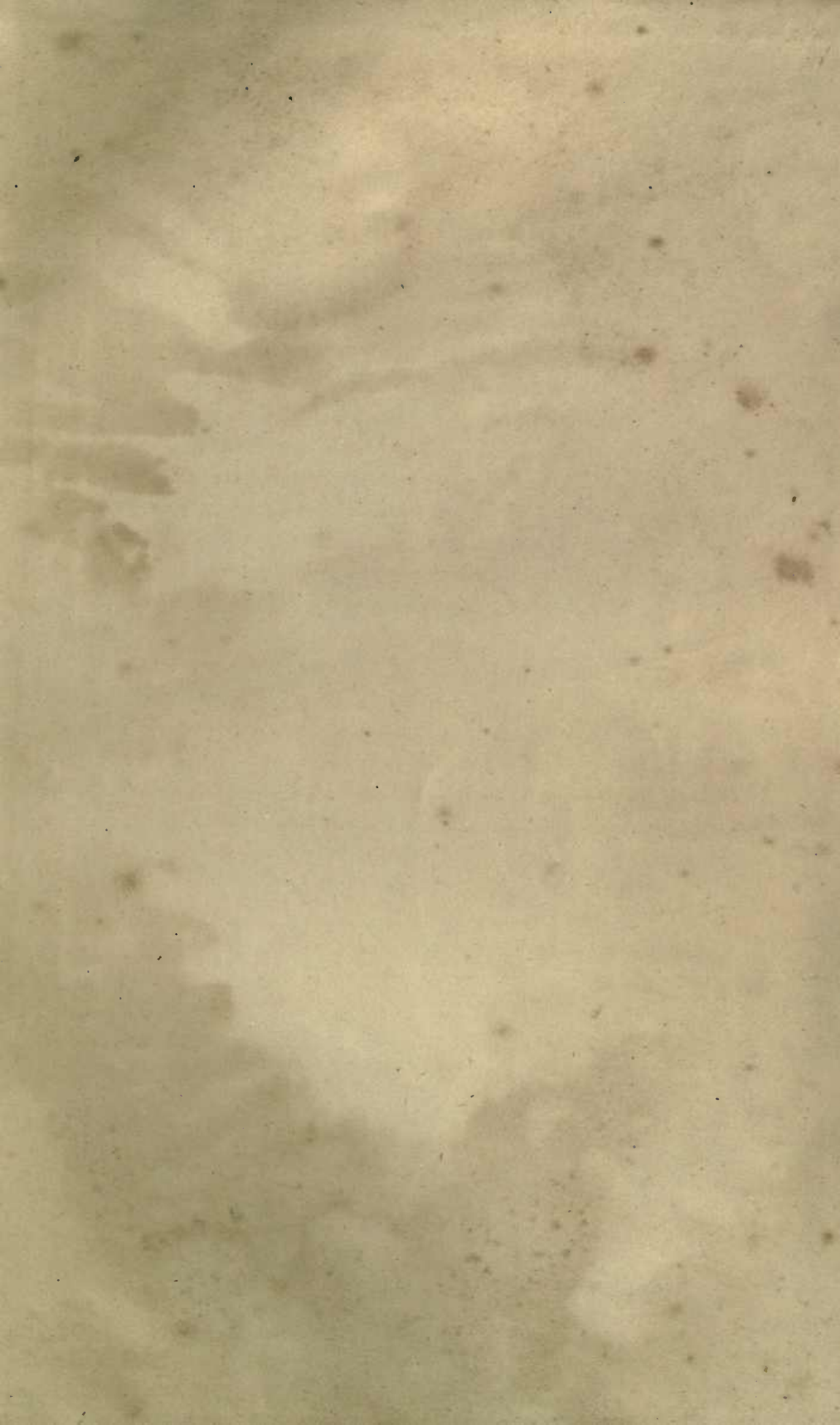
The true philanthropist, in conferring a benefit, will rather strive to hide its eleemosynary character from the receivers, or at all events, if he cannot prevent that which he gives being considered as a gift, he will not neutralise the benefit to be derived from it, by clogging its dispensation with conditions incompatible with happiness. He who provides for gentlemen upon condition that they shall live solitarily within four walls, in age and infirmity, apart from relatives and friends, may be said only to perpetuate his ostentatious benevolence by a monument whose statues are alive.

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